CANTVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE.

AT LONDON:
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LONDIN.
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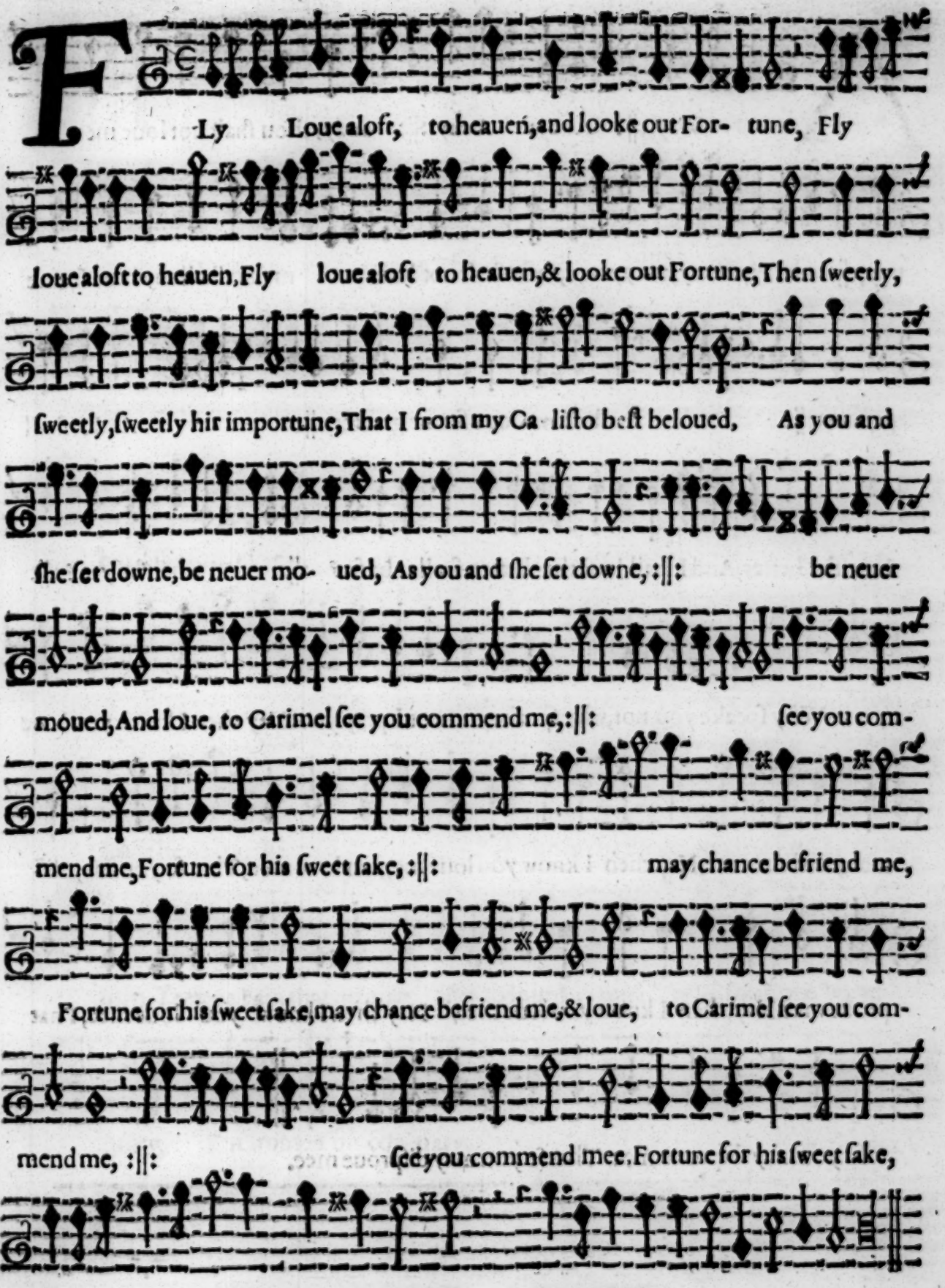
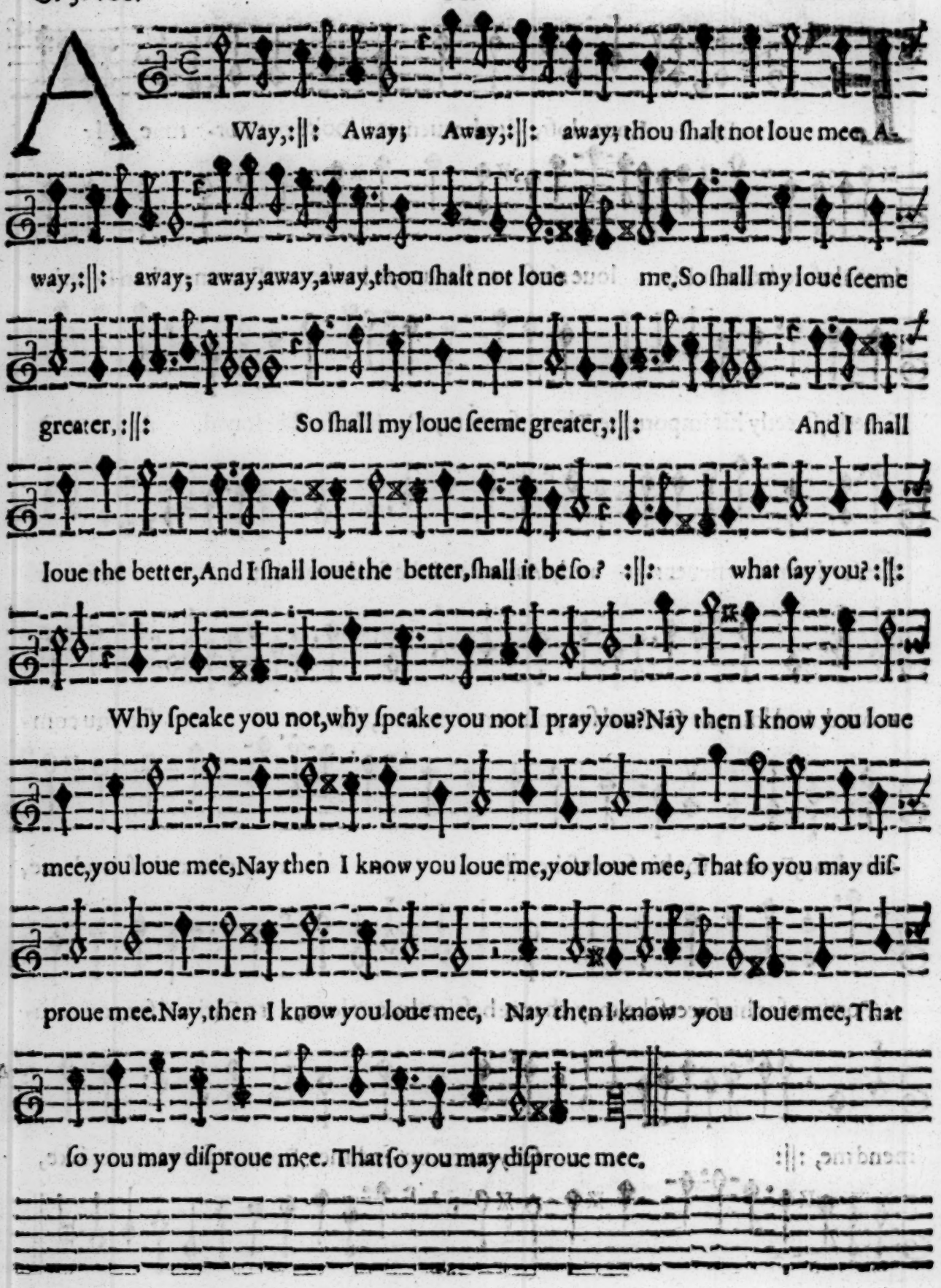
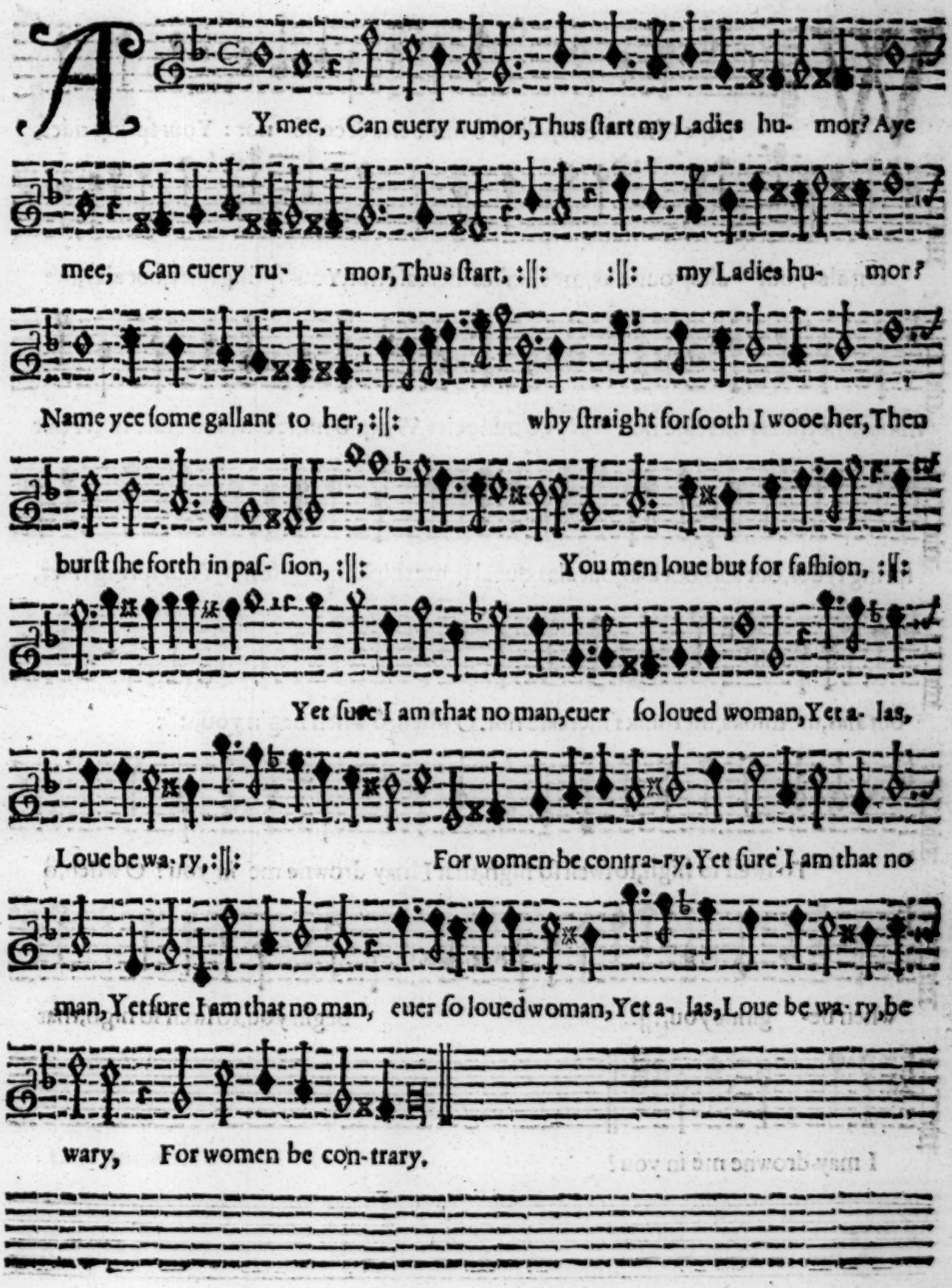
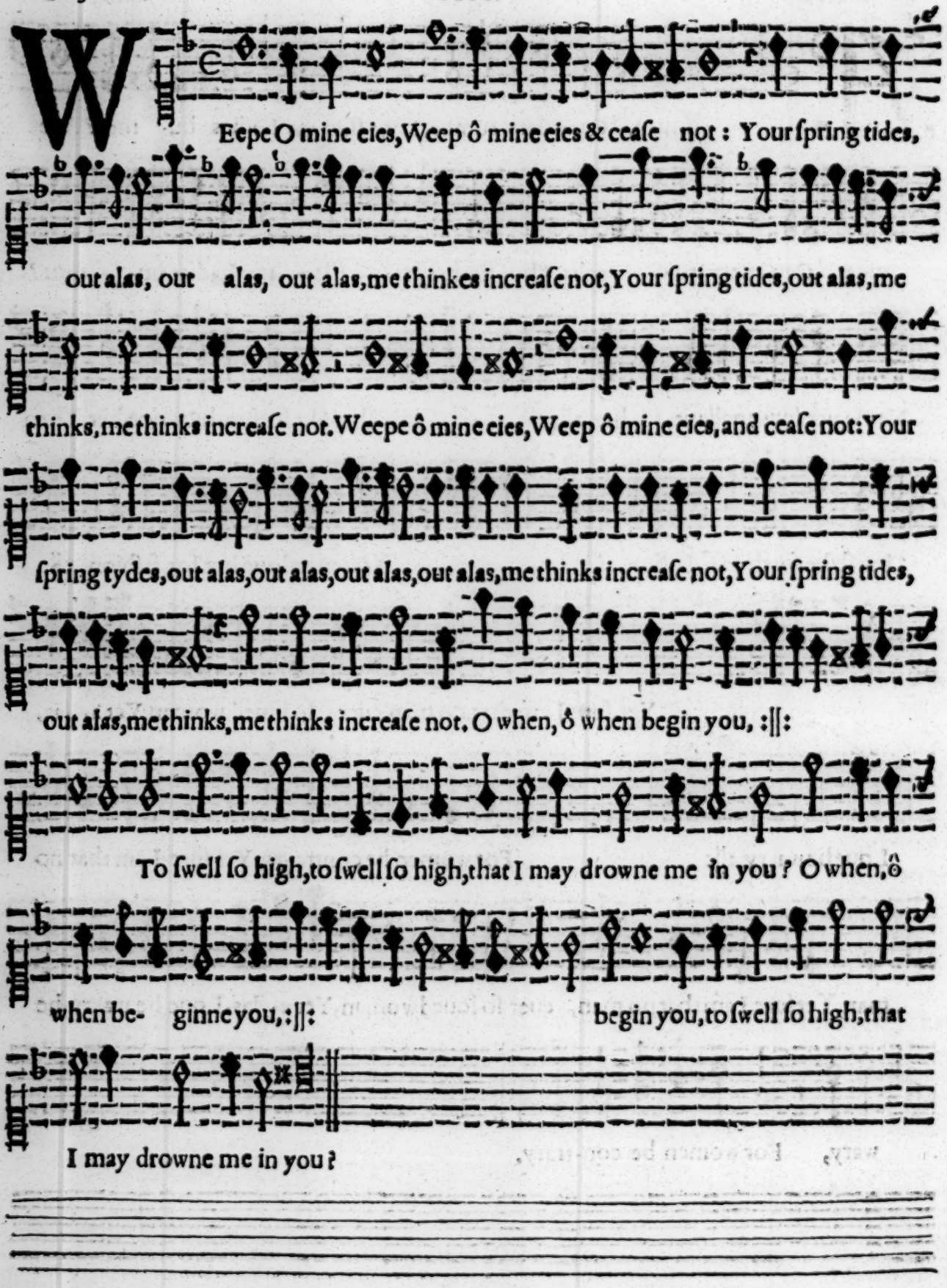
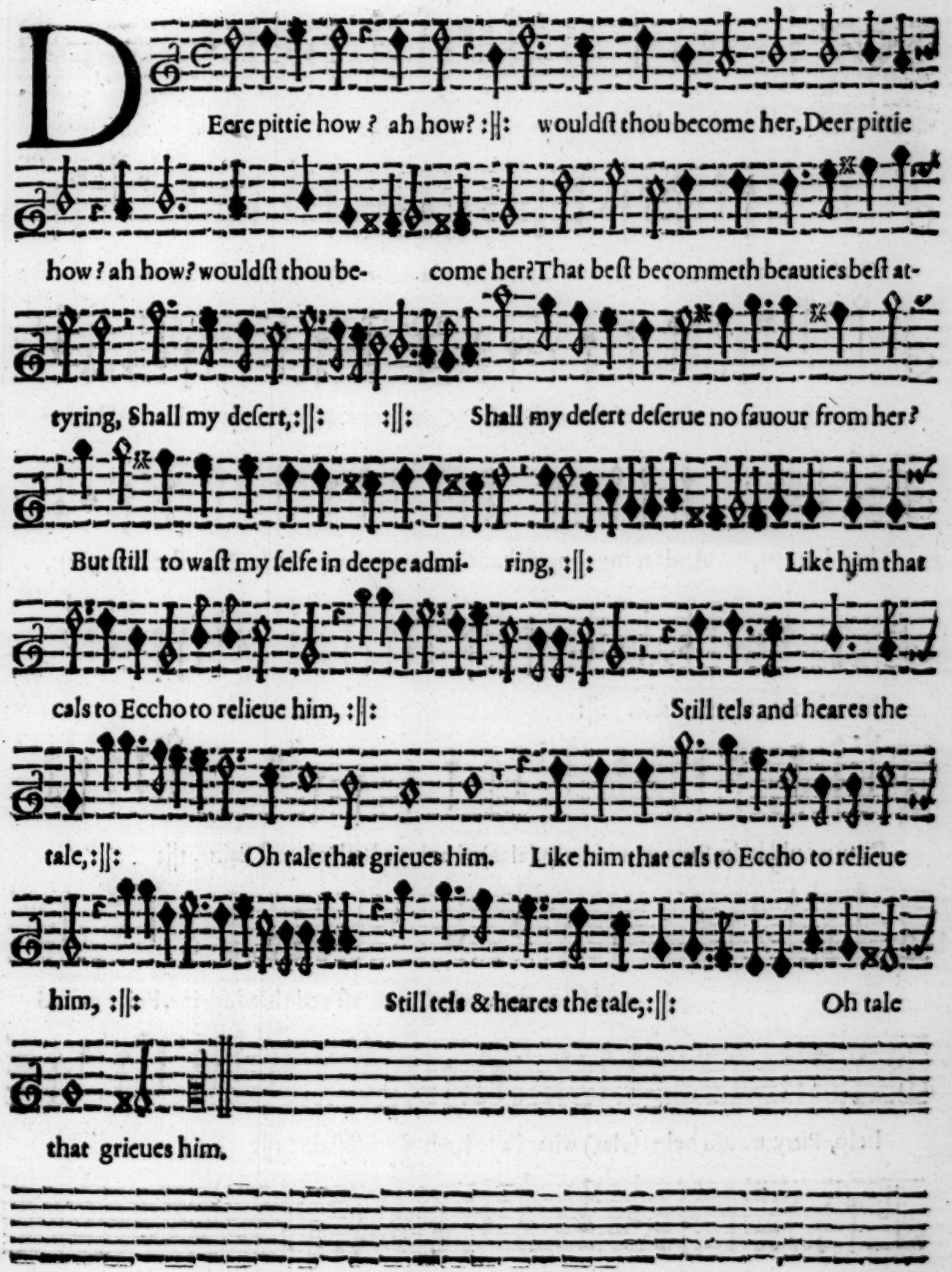
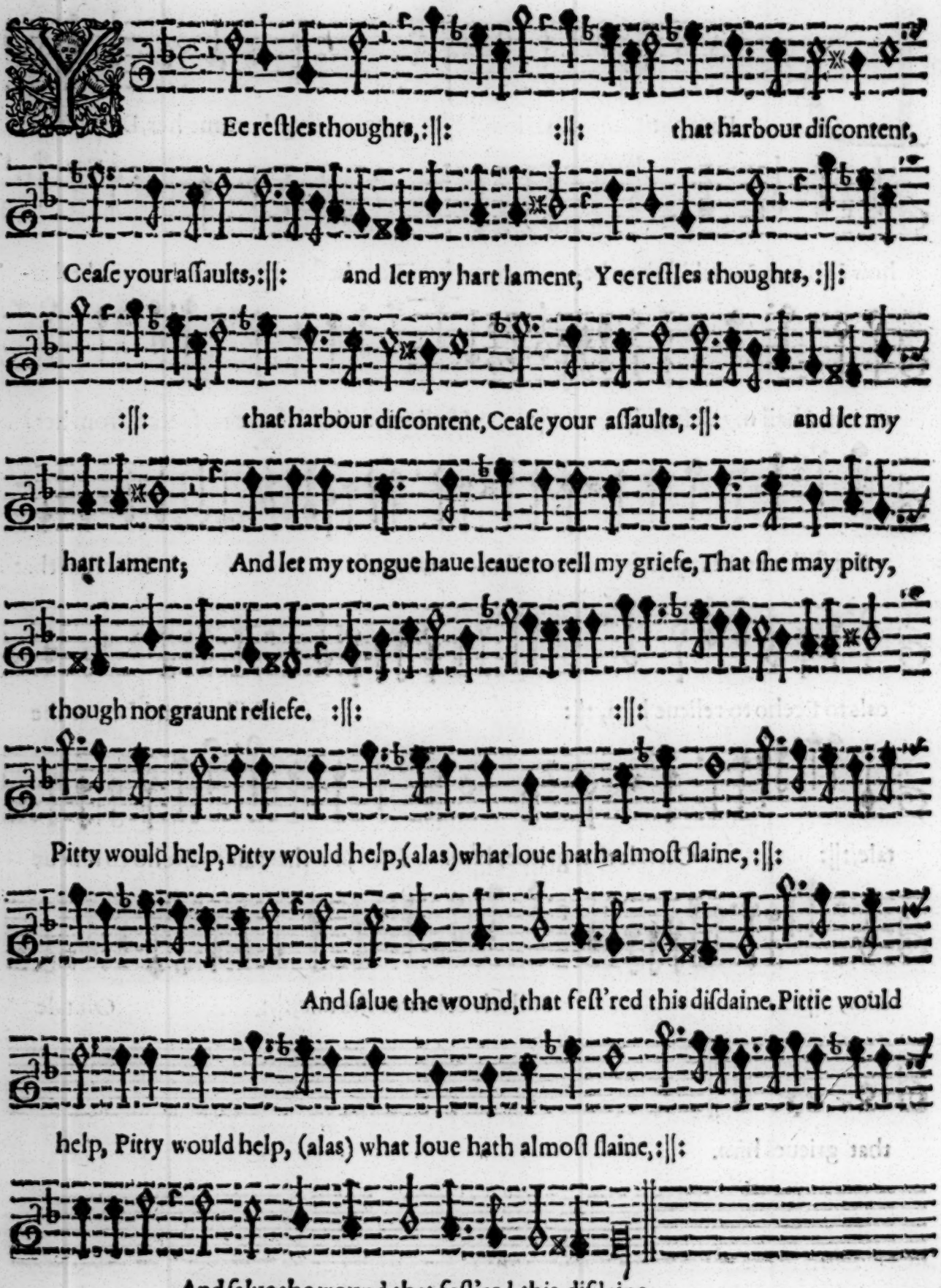

FLy Loue aloft, to heauen, and looke out For- tune, Fly
loue aloft to heauen, Fly loue aloft to heauen, & looke out Fortune, Then ſweetly,
ſweetly, ſweetly hir importune, That I from my Ca liſto beſt beloued, As you and
ſhe ſet downe, be neuer mo- ued, As you and ſhe ſet downe, :||: be neuer
moued, And loue, to Carimel ſee you commend me, :||: ſee you com-
mend me, Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||: may chance befriend me,
Fortune for his ſweet ſake, may chance befriend me, & loue, to Carimel ſee you com-
mend me, :||: ſee you commend mee. Fortune for his ſweet ſake,
:||: may chance befriend me. Fortune, &c.


Away,:||: Away; Away,:||: away; thou ſhalt not loue mee. A-
way,:||: away; away,away,away,thou ſhalt not loue me. So ſhall my loue ſeeme
greater,:||: So ſhall my loue ſeeme greater,:||: And I ſhall
loue the better, And I ſhall loue the better, ſhall it be ſo? :||: what ſay you? :||:
Why ſpeake you not, why ſpeake you not I pray you? Nay then I know you loue
mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue me, you loue mee, That ſo you may diſ-
proue mee. Nay, then I know you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, That
ſo you may diſproue mee. That ſo you may diſproue mee.

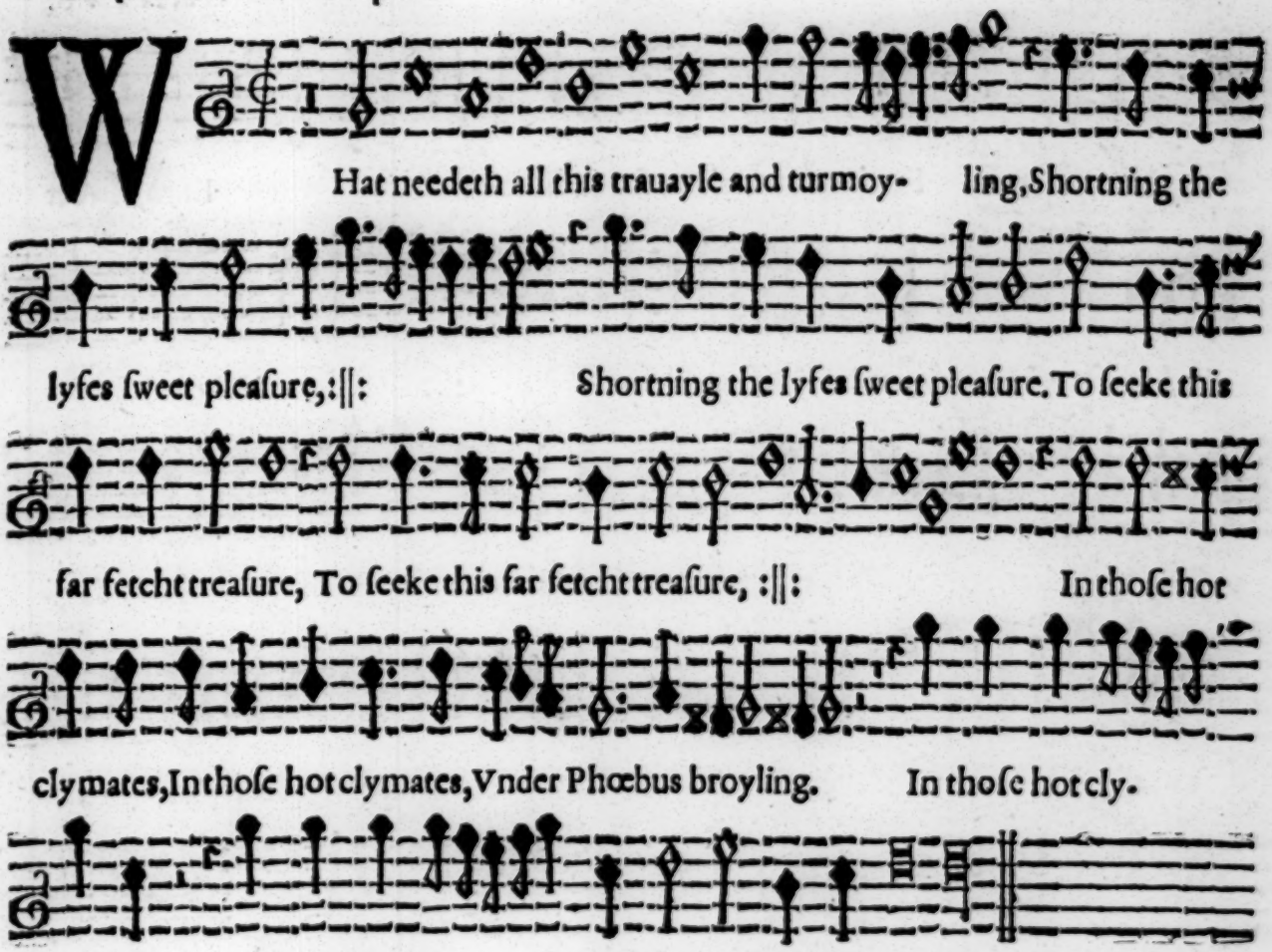

A Y mee, Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart my Ladies hu- mor? Aye
mee, Can euery ru- mor, Thus ſtart, :||: :||: my Ladies hu- mor?
Name yee ſome gallant to her, :||: why ſtraight forſooth I wooe her, Then
burſt ſhe forth in paſ- ſion, :||: You men loue but for faſhion, :||:
Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet a- las,
Loue be wa- ry, :||: For women be contra-ry. Yet ſure I am that no
man, Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet a- las, Loue be wa- ry, be
wary, For women be con-trary.

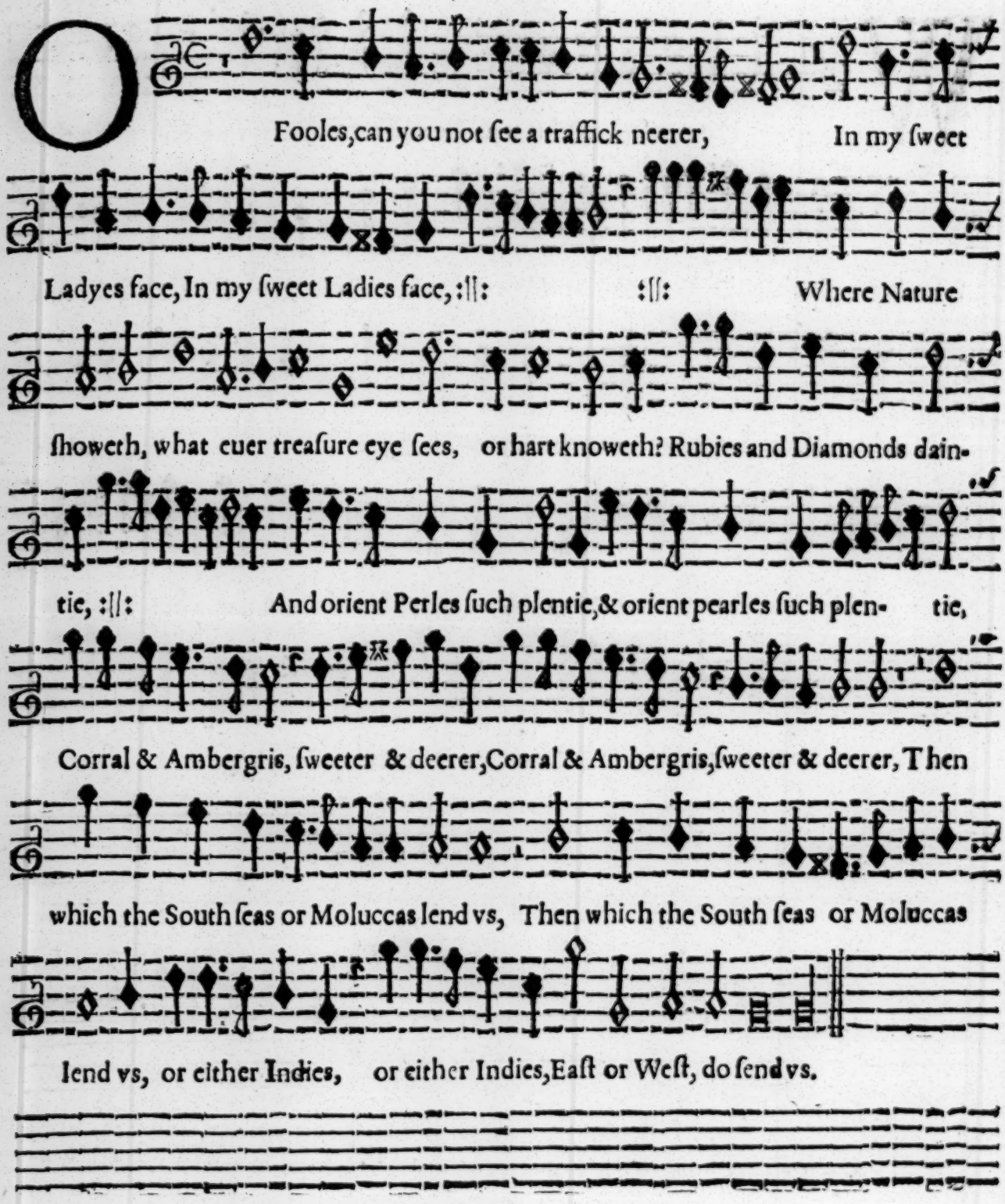

WEepe O mine eies, Weep ô mine eies & ceaſe not : Your ſpring tides,
out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinkes increaſe not, Your ſpring tides, out alas, me
thinks, me thinks increaſe not. Weepe ô mine eies, Weep ô mine eies, and ceaſe not: Your
ſpring tydes, out alas, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinks increaſe not, Your ſpring tides,
out alas, me thinks, me thinks increaſe not. O when, ô when begin you, :||:
To ſwell ſo high, to ſwell ſo high, that I may drowne me in you? O when, ô
when be- ginne you, :||: begin you, to ſwell ſo high, that
I may drowne me in you?

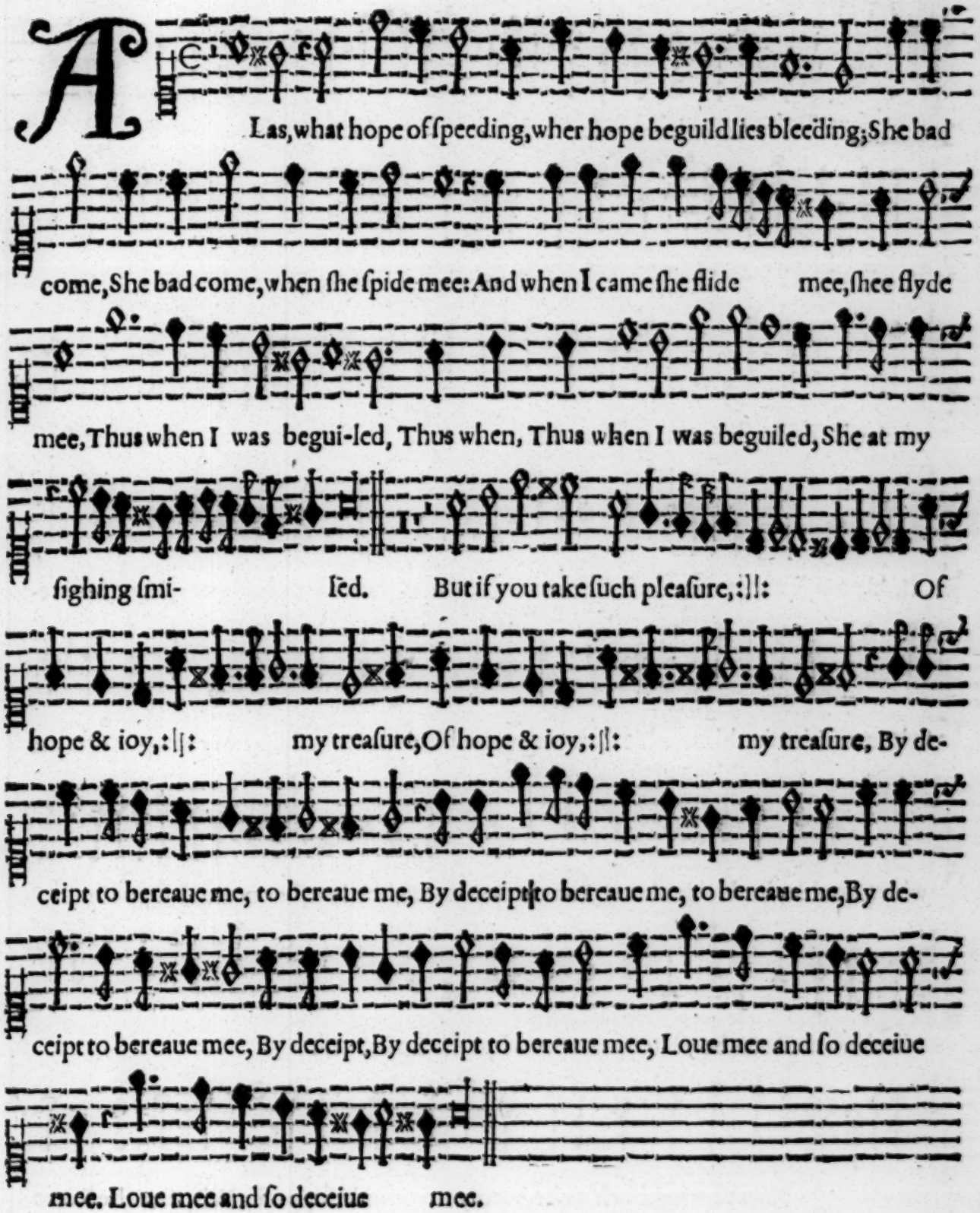

Deere pittie how? ah how? :||: wouldst thou become her, Deer pittie
how? ah how? wouldst thou be- come her? That best becommeth beauties best at-
tyring, Shall my desert,:||: :||: Shall my desert deserue no fauour from her?
But still to wast my selfe in deepe admi- ring, :||: Like him that
cals to Eccho to relieue him, :||: Still tels and heares the
tale,:||: Oh tale that grieues him. Like him that cals to Eccho to relieue
him, :||: Still tels & heares the tale,:||: Oh tale
that grieues him.

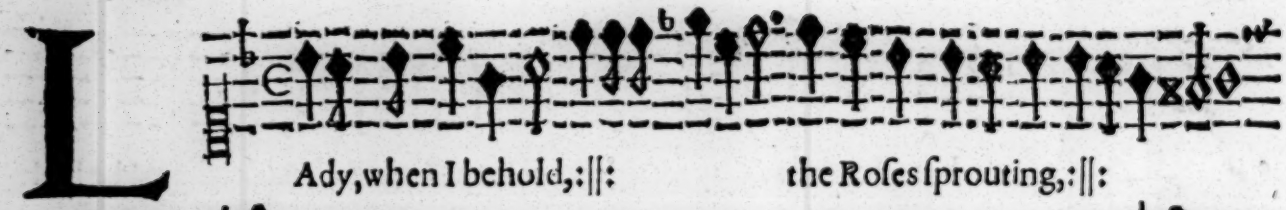


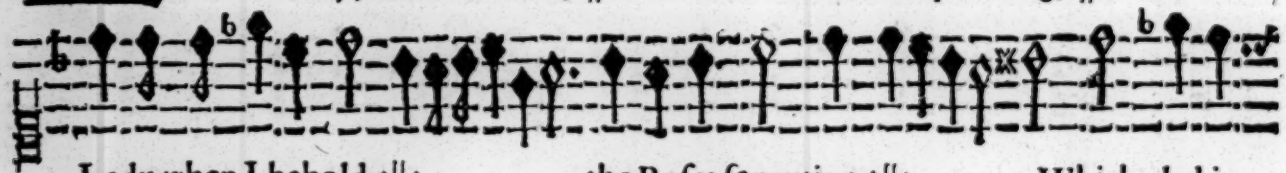
Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.

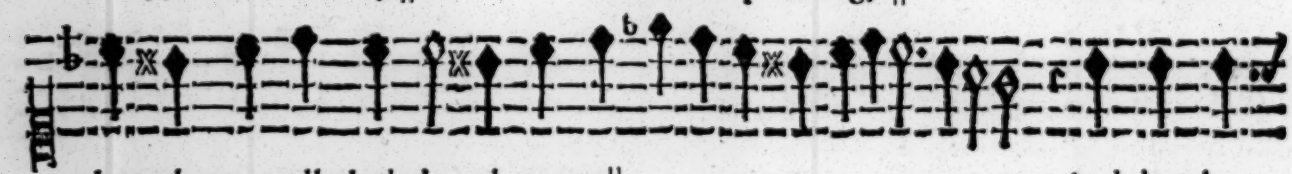

What needeth all this trauayle and turmoy- ling, Shortning the
lyfes ſweet pleaſure, :||: Shortning the lyfes ſweet pleaſure. To ſeeke this
far fetcht treaſure, To ſeeke this far fetcht treaſure, :||: In thoſe hot
clymates, In thoſe hot clymates, Vnder Phœbus broyling. In thoſe hot cly-
mats, In thoſe hot cly- mats, Vnder Phœbus broyling.


O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet
Ladyes face, In my ſweet Ladies face, :||: :||: Where Nature
ſhoweth, what euer treaſure eye ſees, or hart knoweth? Rubies and Diamonds dain-
tie, :||: And orient Perles ſuch plentie, & orient pearles ſuch plen- tie,
Corral & Ambergris, ſweeter & deerer, Corral & Ambergris, ſweeter & deerer, Then
which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas
lend vs, or either Indies, or either Indies, Eaſt or Weſt, do ſend vs.


Las, what hope of ſpeeding, wher hope beguild lies bleeding; She bad
come, She bad come, when ſhe ſpide mee: And when I came ſhe flide mee, ſhee flyde
mee, Thus when I was begui-led, Thus when, Thus when I was beguiled, She at my
ſighing ſmi- ſed. But if you take ſuch pleaſure, :|||: Of
hope & ioy, :|||: my treaſure, Of hope & ioy, :|||: my treaſure, By de-
ceipt to bereaue me, to bereaue me, By deceipt to bereaue me, to bereaue me, By de-
ceipt to bereaue mee, By deceipt, By deceipt to bereaue mee, Loue mee and ſo deceiue
mee. Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee.

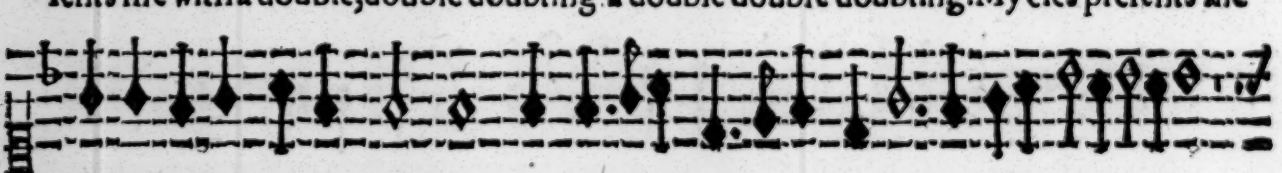

Lady, when I behold, :||: the Roſes ſprouting, :||:

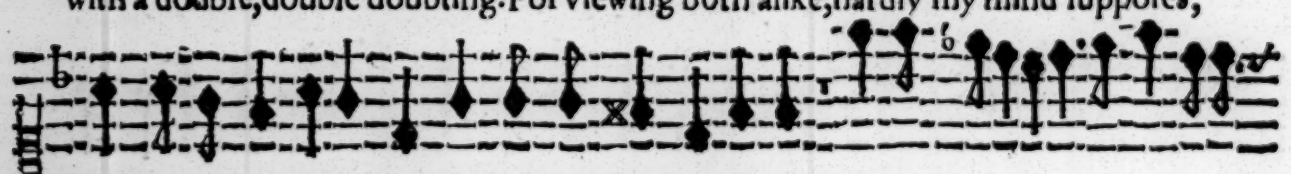

Lady, when I behold, :||: the Roſes ſprouting, :||: Which clad in

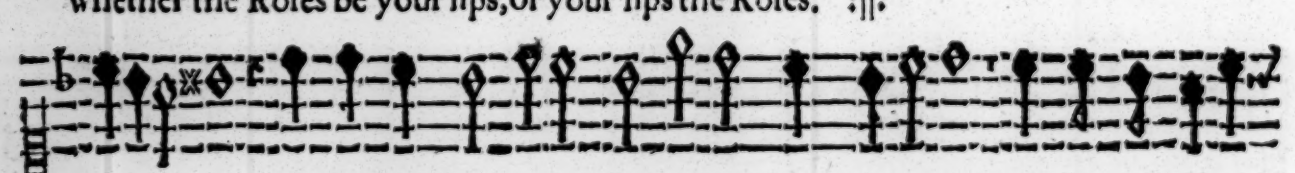

damaske mantells deck the arbours : :||: And then be-

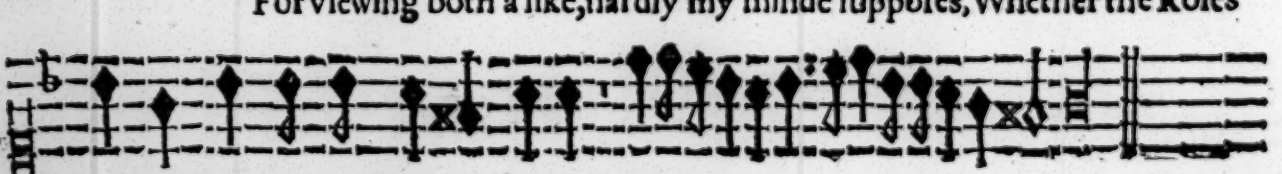
hold your lips, :||: :||: Where ſweet loue harbours, My eyes pre-

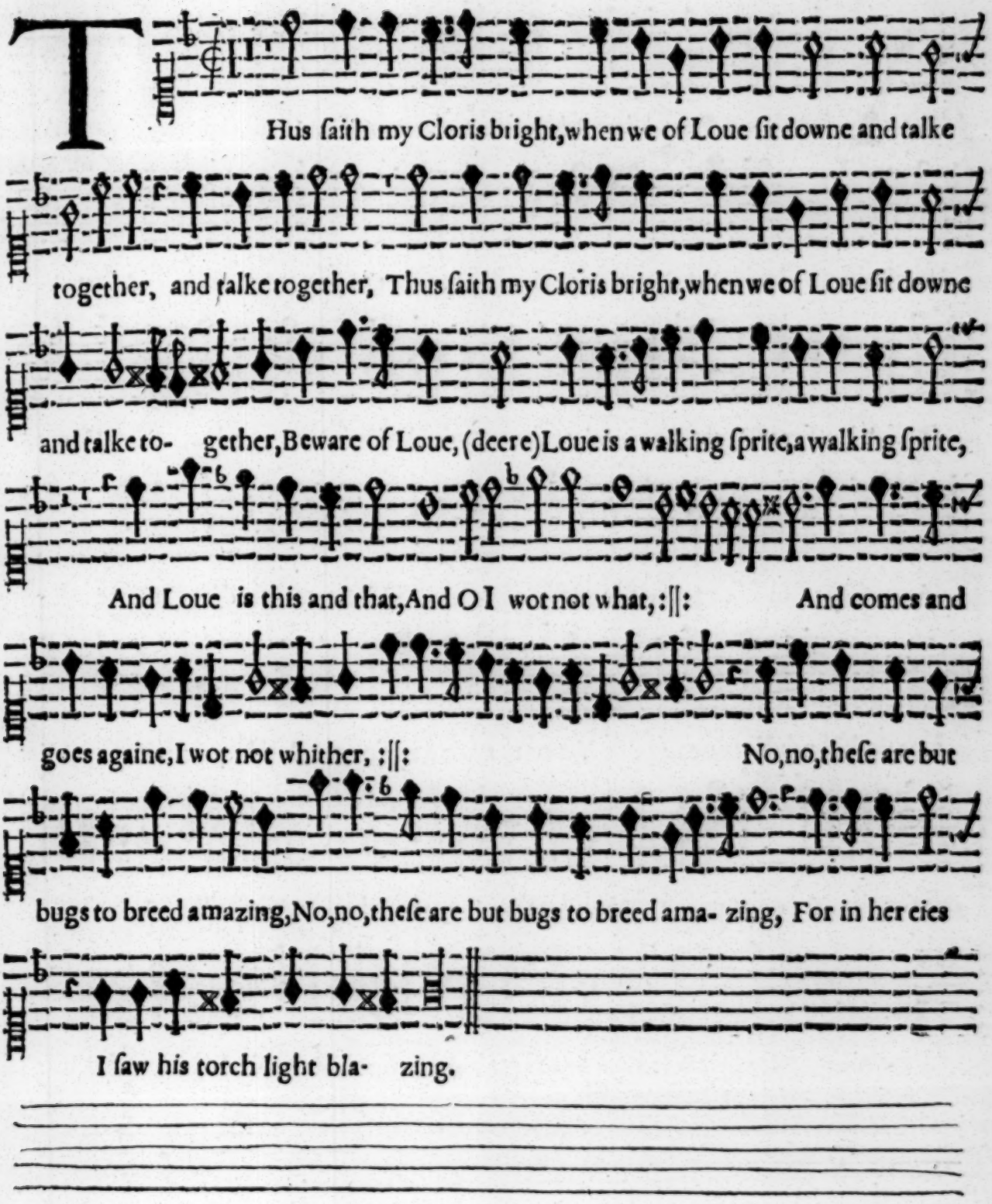
ſents me with a double, double doubting: a double double doubting: My eies preſents me

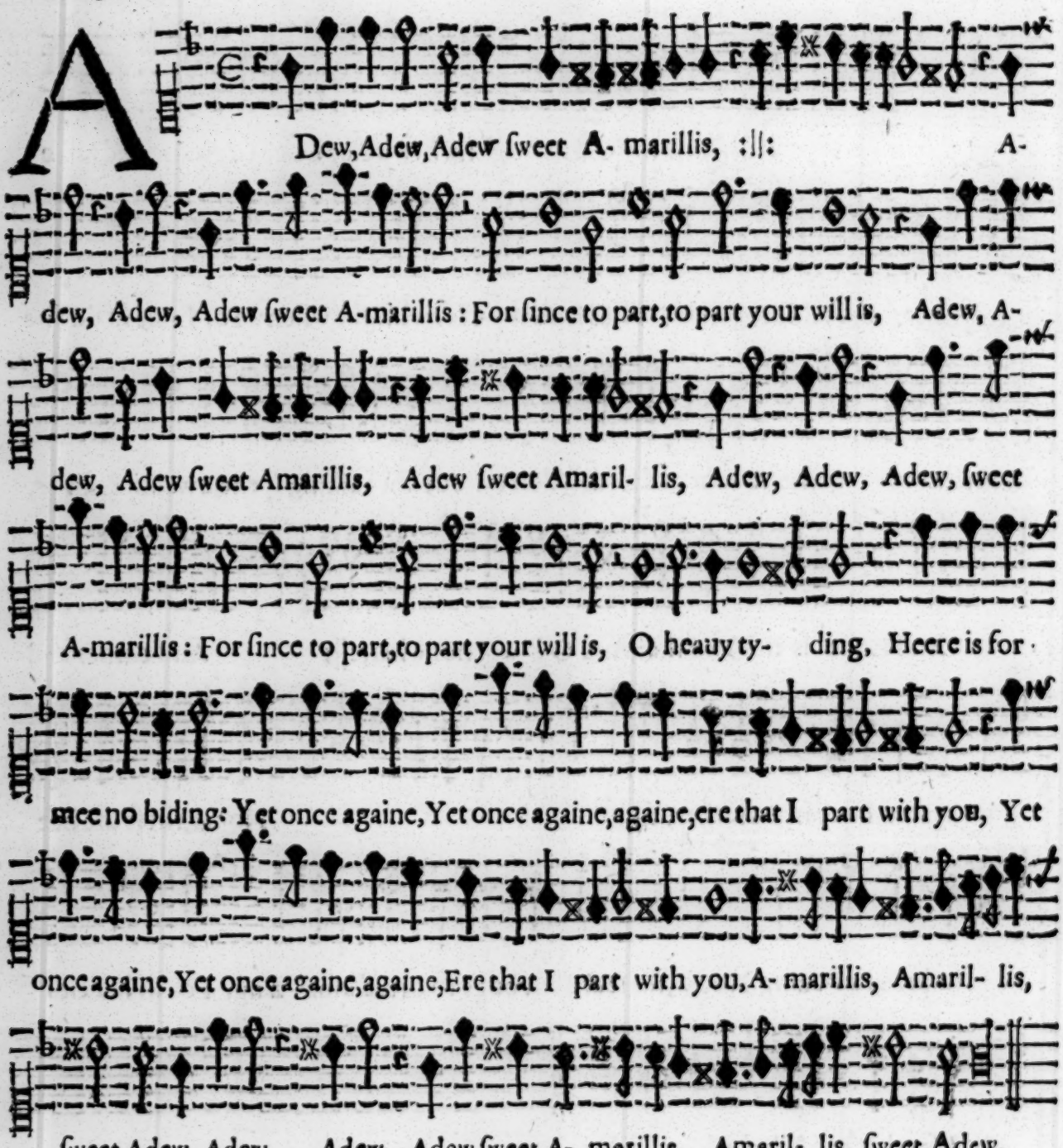

with a double, double doubting: For viewing both alike, hardly my mind ſuppoſes,


whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:

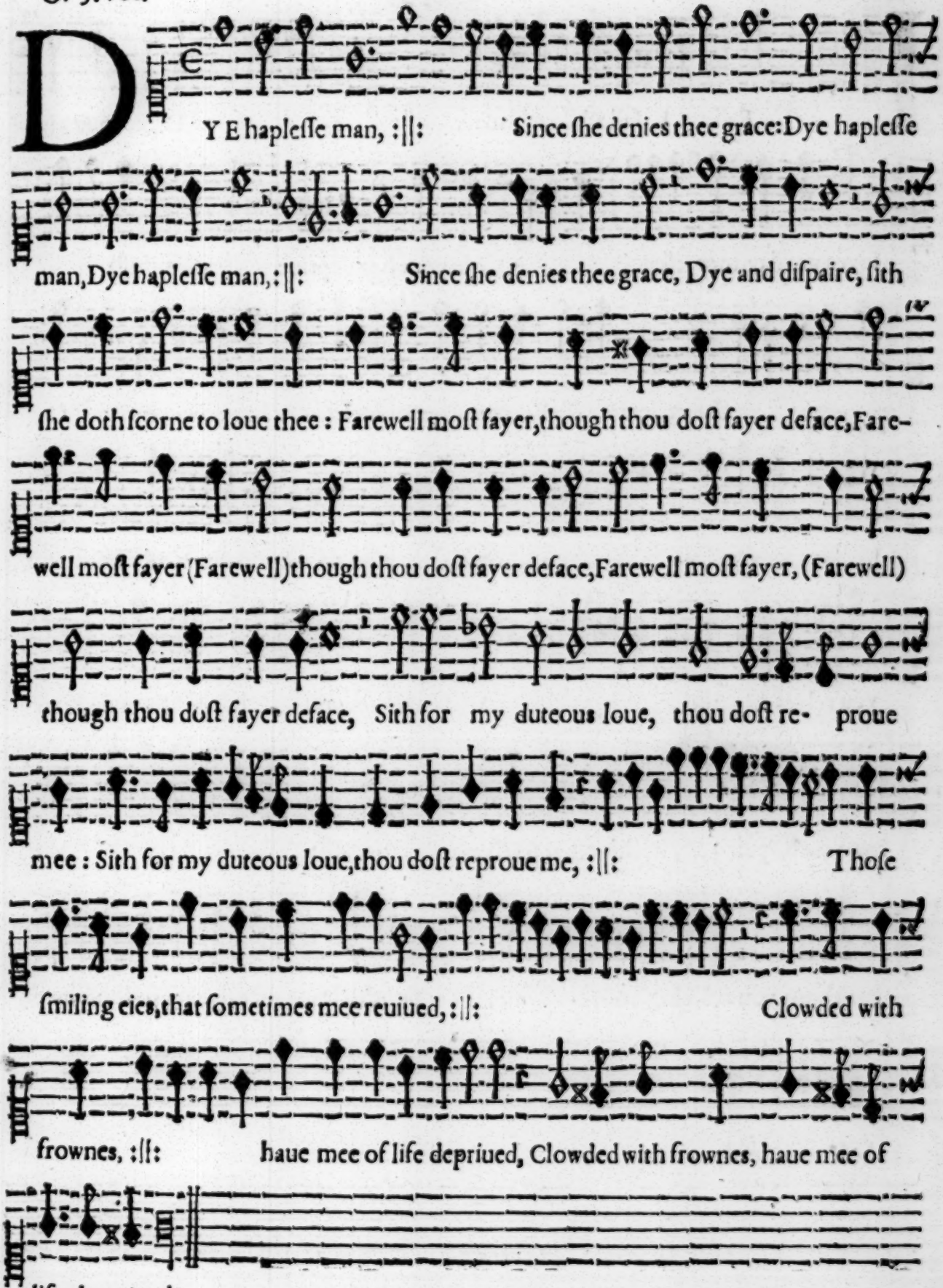

For viewing both a like, hardly my minde ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes

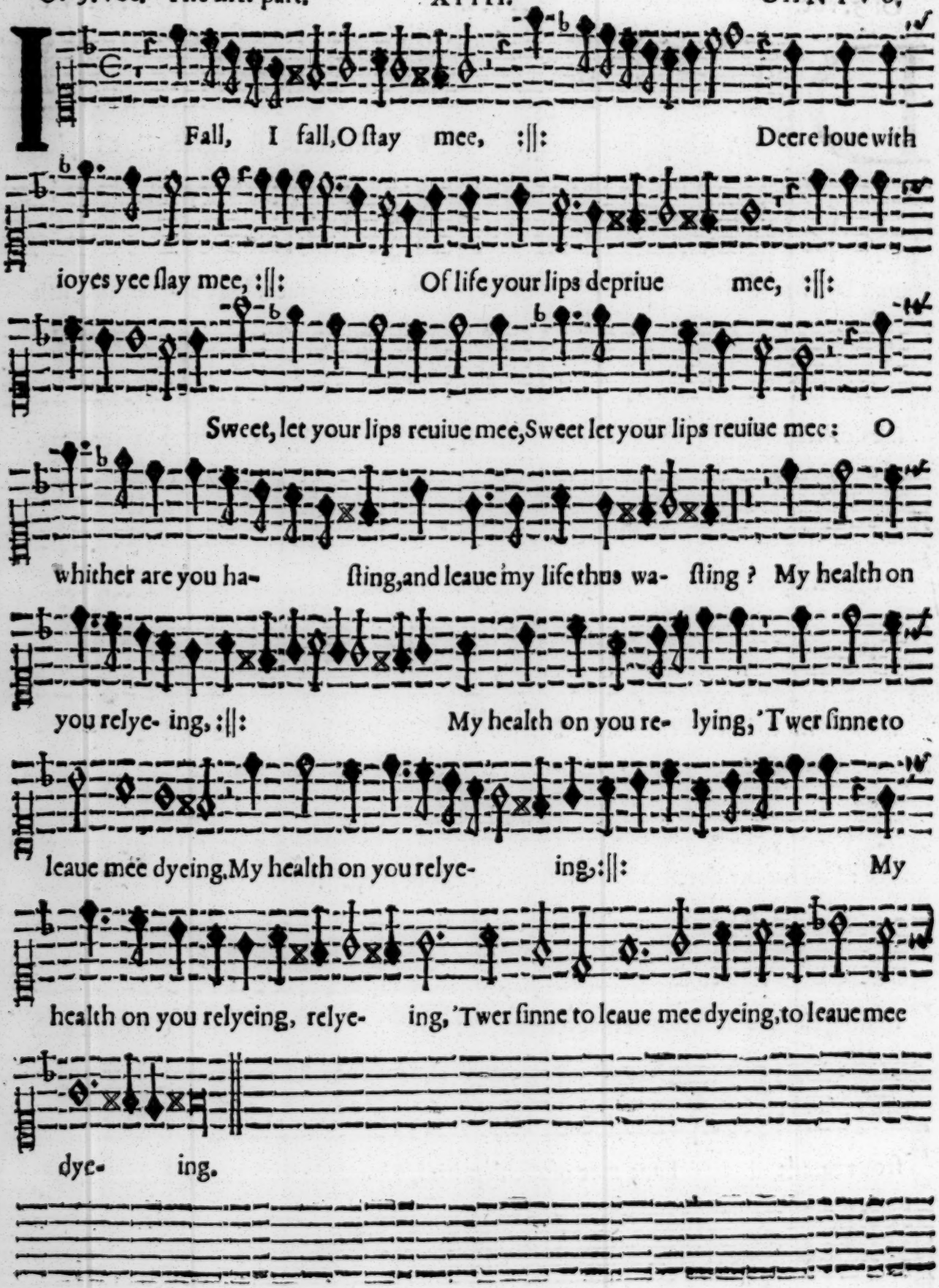

be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:

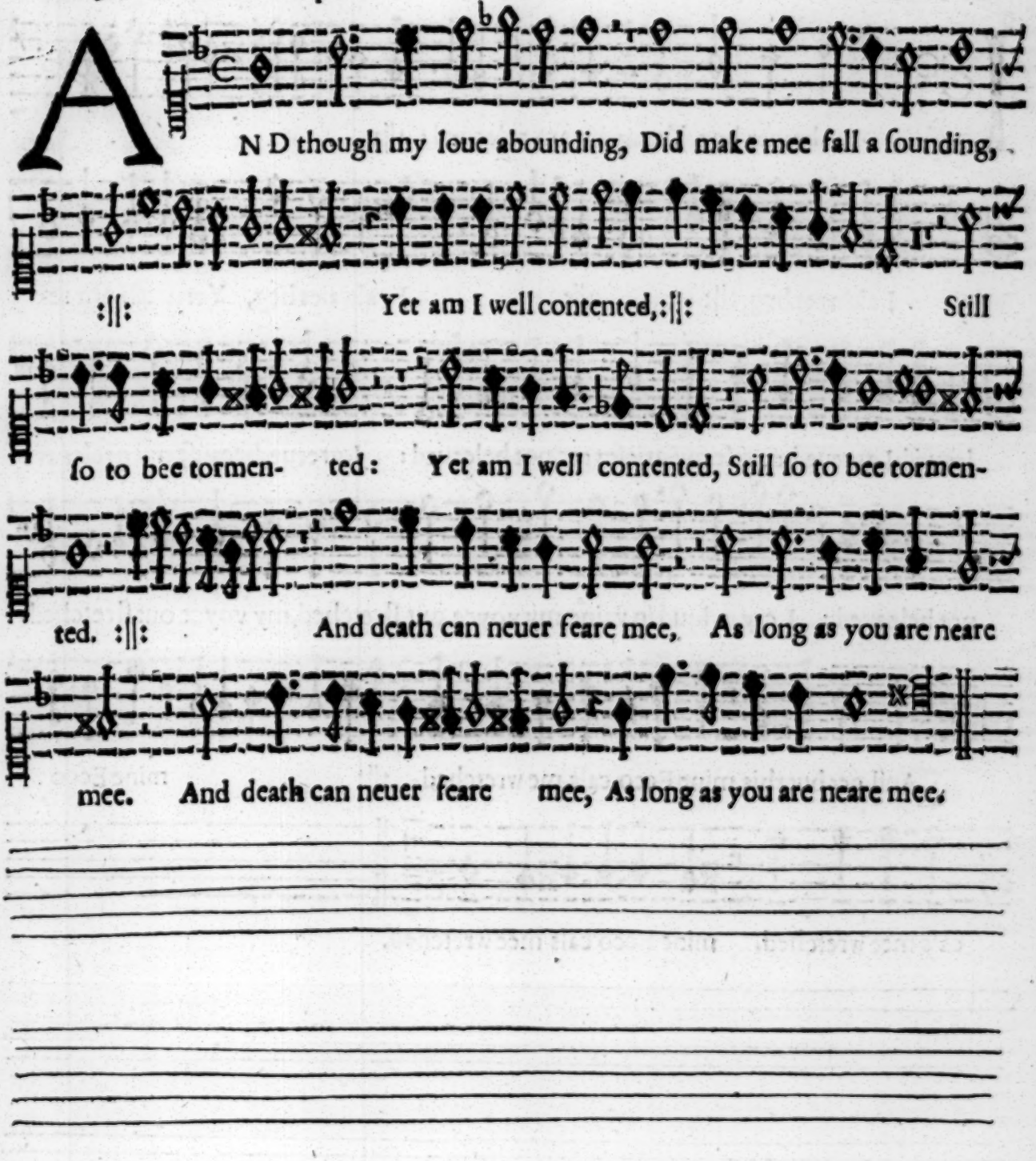

THus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe and talke
together, and talke together, Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe
and talke to- gether, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprite, a walking sprite,
And Loue is this and that, And O I wot not what, :||: And comes and
goes againe, I wot not whither, :||: No, no, these are but
bugs to breed amazing, No, no, these are but bugs to breed ama- zing, For in her eies
I saw his torch light bla- zing.

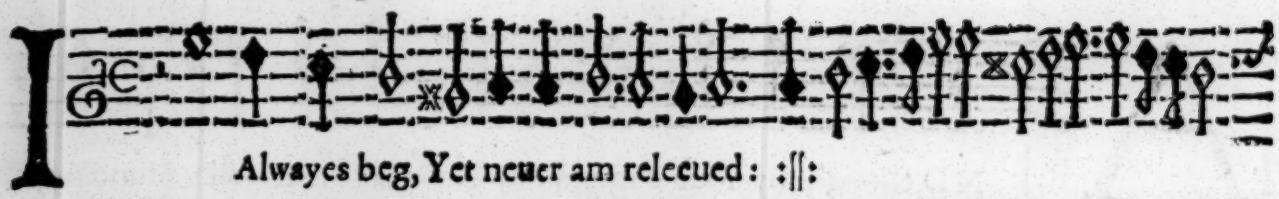


Here endeth the ſongs of 4. Parts.

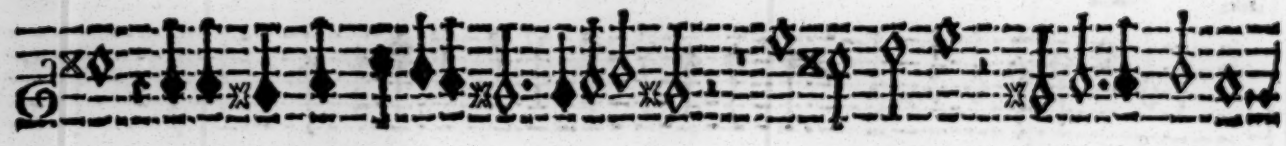

DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace: Dye hapleſſe
man, Dye hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace, Dye and diſpaire, ſith
ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, Fare-
well moſt fayer (Farewell) though thou doſt fayer deface, Farewell moſt fayer, (Farewell)
though thou doſt fayer deface, Sith for my duteous loue, thou doſt re- proue
mee: Sith for my duteous loue, thou doſt reproue me, :||: Thoſe
ſmiling eies, that ſometimes mee reuiued, :||: Clowded with
frownes, :||: haue mee of life depriued, Clowded with frownes, haue mee of
life de- priued.


I Fall, I fall, O ſtay mee, :||: Deere loue with
ioyes yee ſlay mee, :||: Of life your lips depriue mee, :||:
Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, Sweet let your lips reuiue mee: O
whither are you ha- ſting, and leaue my life thus wa- ſting? My health on
you relye- ing, :||: My health on you re- lying, 'Twer ſinne to
leaue mee dyeing. My health on you relye- ing, :||: My
health on you relyeing, relye- ing, 'Twer ſinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue mee
dye- ing.


AND though my loue abounding, Did make mee fall a ſounding,
:||: Yet am I well contented,:||: Still
ſo to bee tormen- ted: Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to bee tormen-
ted. :||: And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare
mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee.



I Alwayes beg, Yet neuer am releeued : :||:



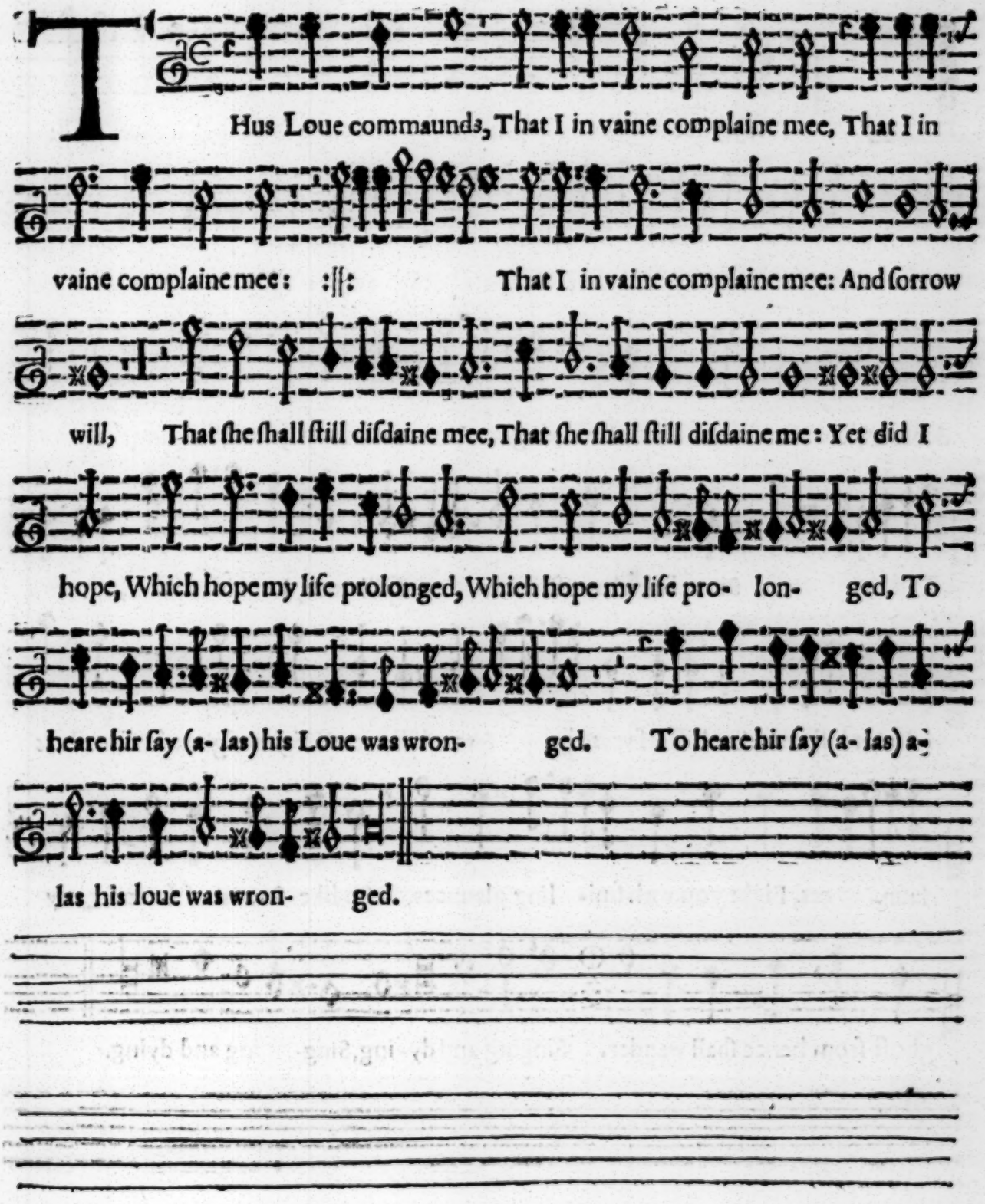
I alwayes beg, :||: :||: I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am re-

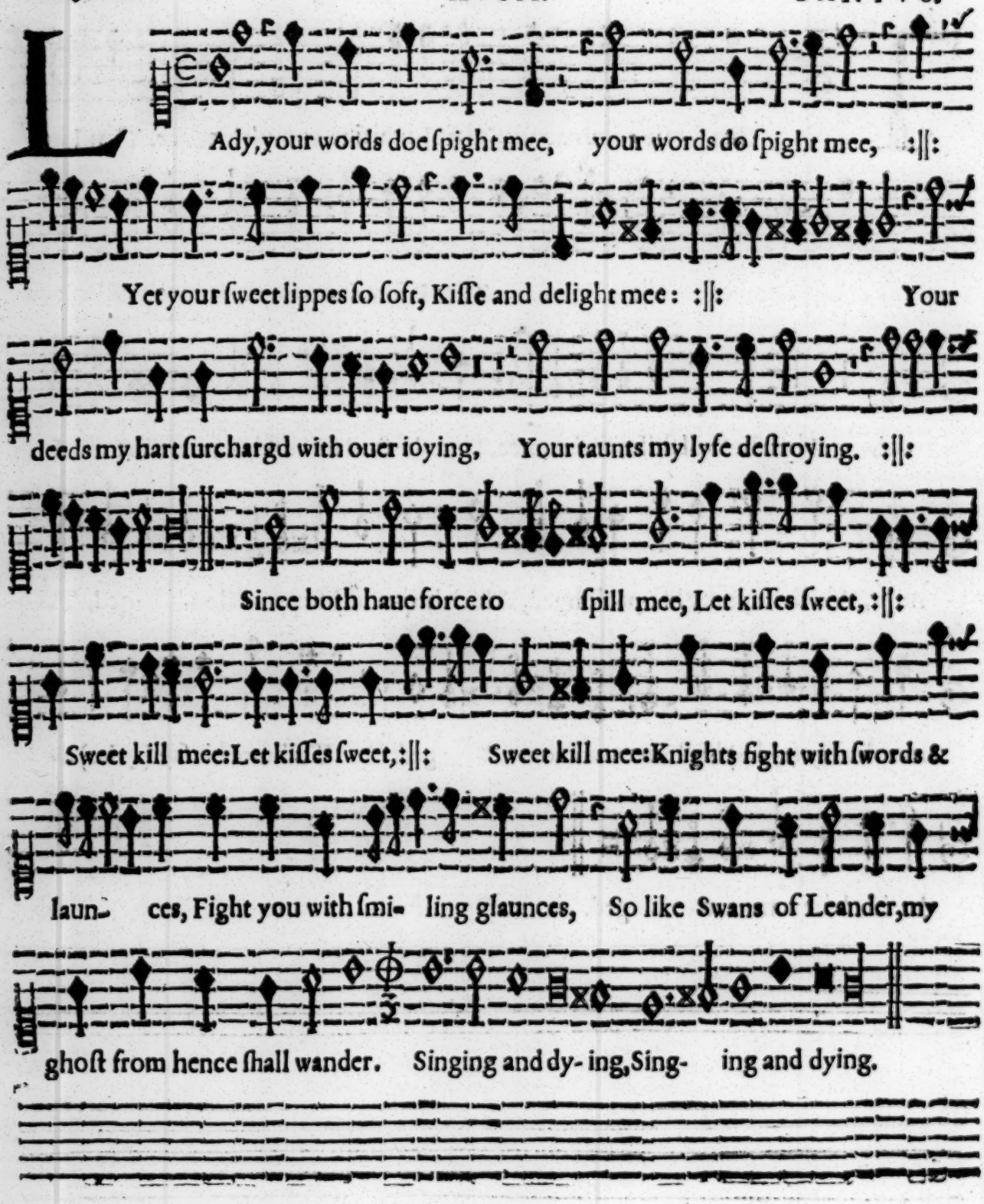
leeued: I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued : I greeue, becauſe my grefes are

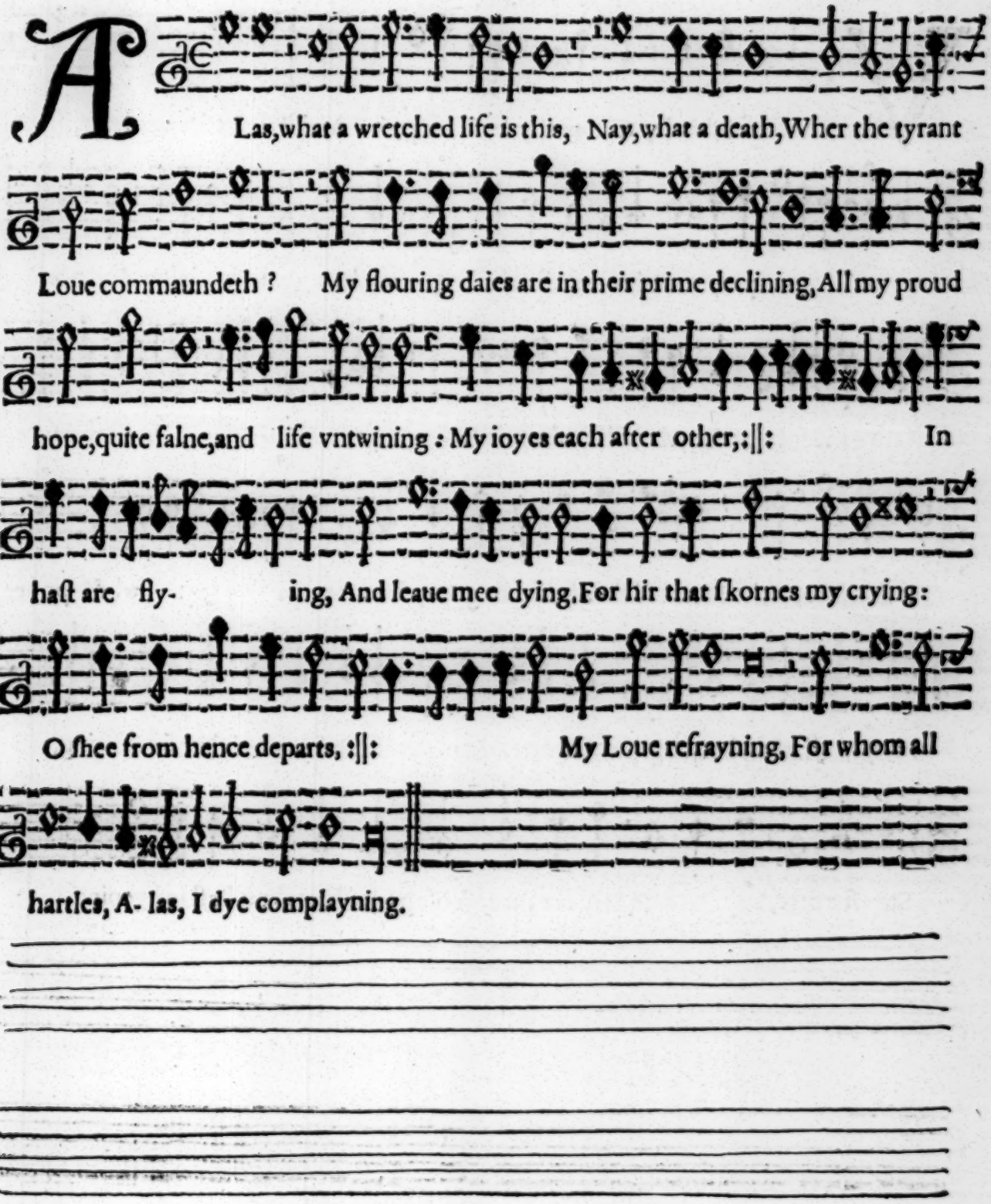
not beleeued : I cry a-loud in vaine, my voyce out ſtretched, my voyce out ſtretched:

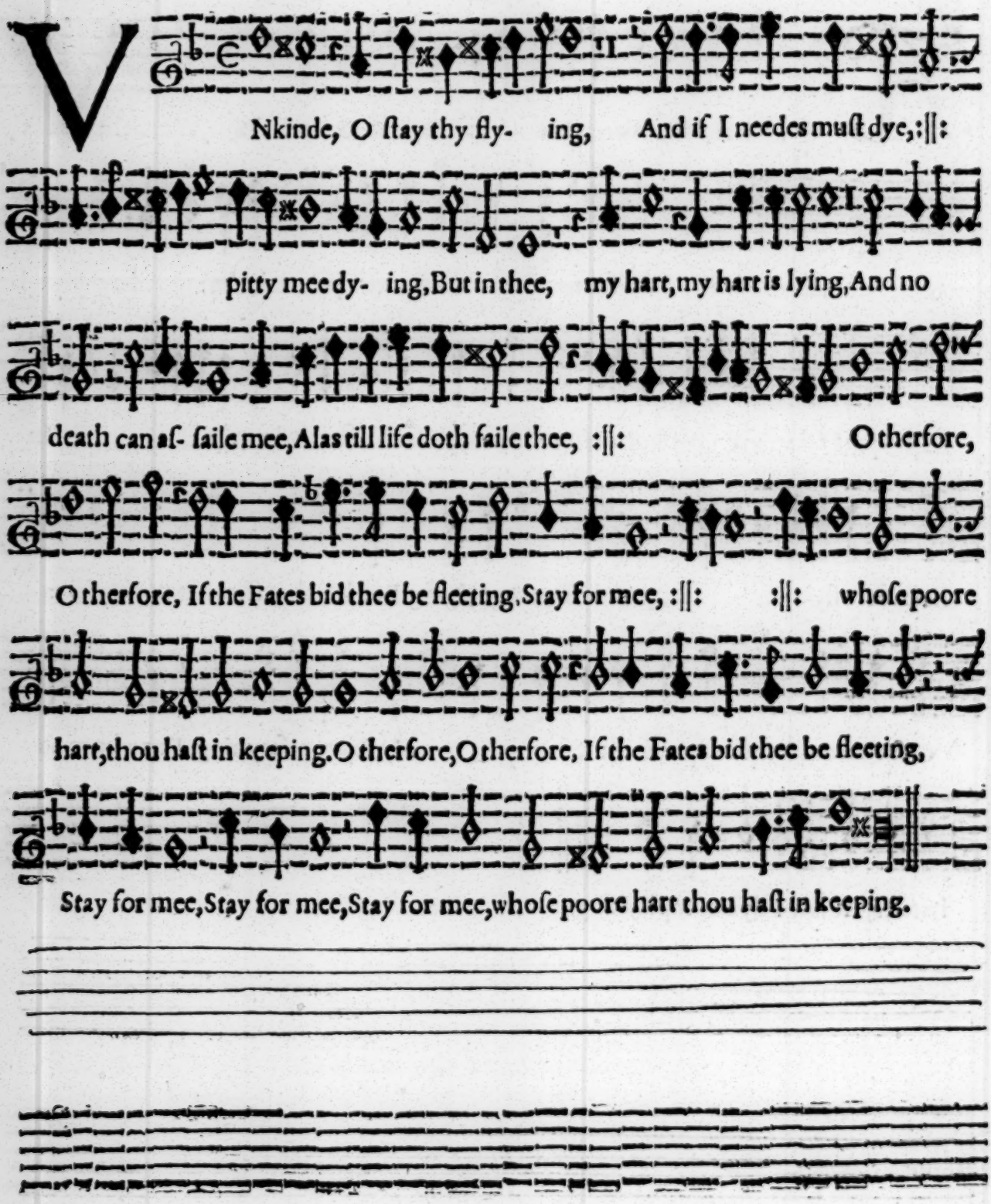
And get but this, mine Ecco cals me wretched. :||: mine Ecco

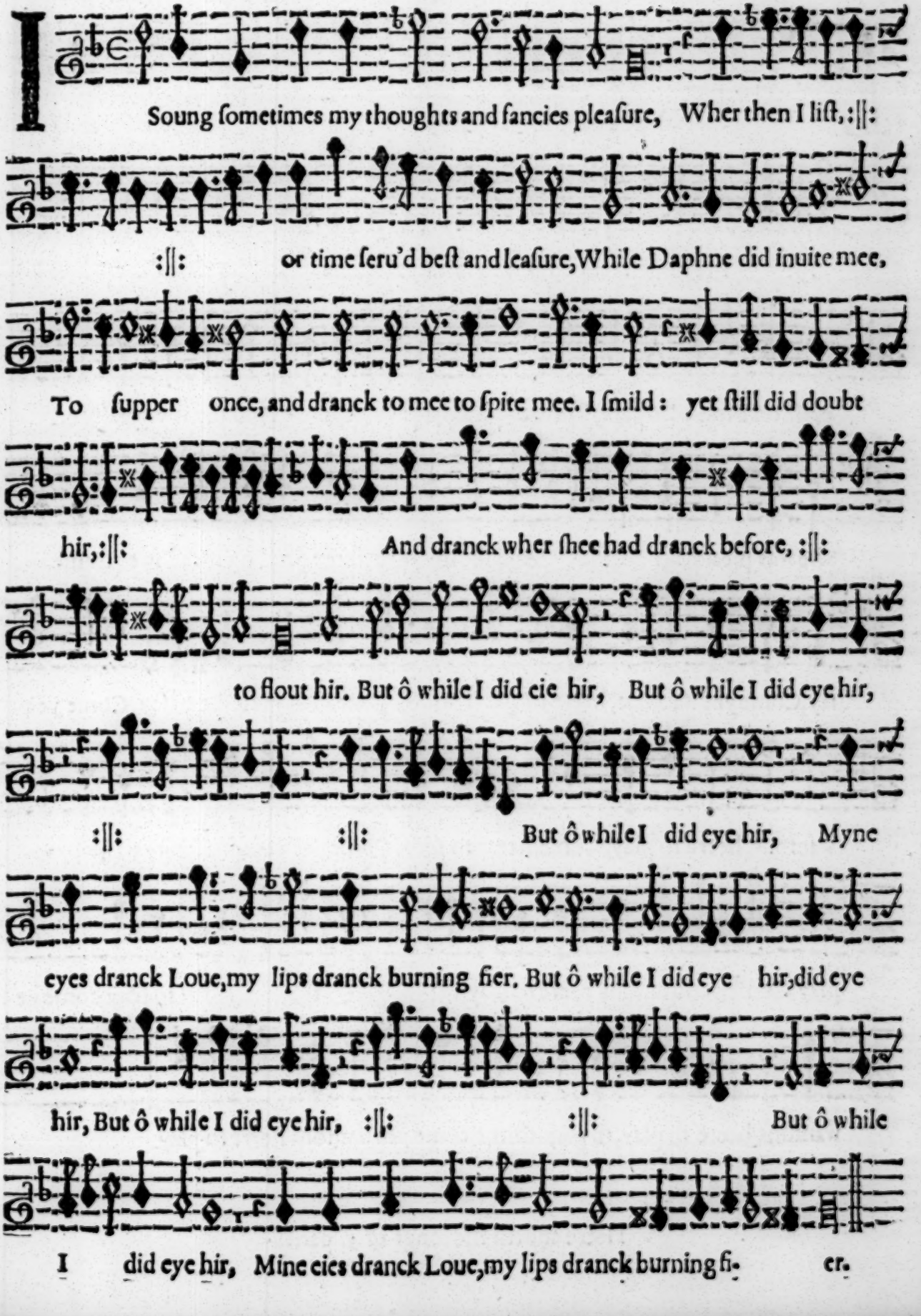
cals mee wretched. mine Ecco cals mee wretched.

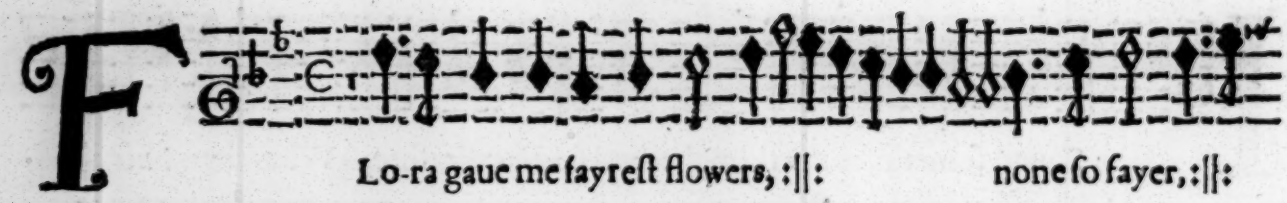

THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in
vaine complaine mee: :||: That I in vaine complaine mee: And ſorrow
will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine me: Yet did I
hope, Which hope my life prolonged, Which hope my life pro- lon- ged, To
heare hir ſay (a- las) his Loue was wron- ged. To heare hir ſay (a- las) a-
las his loue was wron- ged.


LAdy, your words doe ſpight mee, your words do ſpight mee, :||:
Yet your ſweet lippes ſo ſoft, Kiſſe and delight mee: :||: Your
deeds my hart ſurchargd with ouer ioying, Your taunts my lyfe deſtroying. :||:
Since both haue force to ſpill mee, Let kiſſes ſweet, :||:
Sweet kill mee: Let kiſſes ſweet, :||: Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with ſwords &
laun- ces, Fight you with ſmi- ling glaunces, So like Swans of Leander, my
ghoſt from hence ſhall wander. Singing and dy- ing, Sing- ing and dying.


Las,what a wretched life is this, Nay,what a death,Wher the tyrant
Loue commaundeth ? My flouring daies are in their prime declining,All my proud
hope,quite falne,and life vntwining : My ioyes each after other,:||: In
haſt are fly- ing, And leaue mee dying.For hir that ſkornes my crying:
O ſhee from hence departs, :||: My Loue refrayning, For whom all
hartles, A- las, I dye complayning.


VNkinde, O ſtay thy fly- ing, And if I needes muſt dye, :||:
pitty mee dy- ing, But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And no
death can aſ- ſaile mee, Alas till life doth faile thee, :||: O therfore,
O therfore, If the Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: :||: whoſe poore
hart, thou haſt in keeping. O therfore, O therfore, If the Fates bid thee be fleeting,
Stay for mee, Stay for mee, Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart thou haſt in keeping.


Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure, Wher then I liſt, :||:
:||: or time ſeru'd beſt and leaſure, While Daphne did inuite mee,
To ſupper once, and dranck to mee to ſpite mee. I ſmild: yet ſtill did doubt
hir, :||: And dranck wher ſhee had dranck before, :||:
to flout hir. But ô while I did eie hir, But ô while I did eye hir,
:||: :||: But ô while I did eye hir, Myne
eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fier. But ô while I did eye hir, did eye
hir, But ô while I did eye hir, :||: :||: But ô while
I did eye hir, Mine eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fi- er.



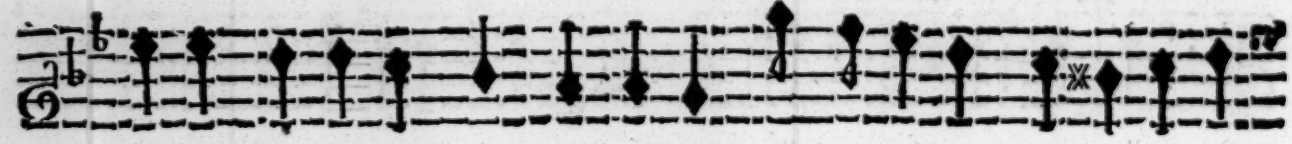
Lo-ra gaue me fayreſt flowers, :||: none ſo fayer, :||:

:||: In Floras treaſure, none ſo faier :||: :||: In Floras treaſure: Theſe I

plaſt on Phillis Bowers, She was pleaſd, :||: :||: And ſhe my pleaſure,

She was pleaſd, :||: :||: And ſhe my plea- ſure : Smiling meadowes ſeeme to

ſay, Come yee wantons, heere to play. Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay, Come yee

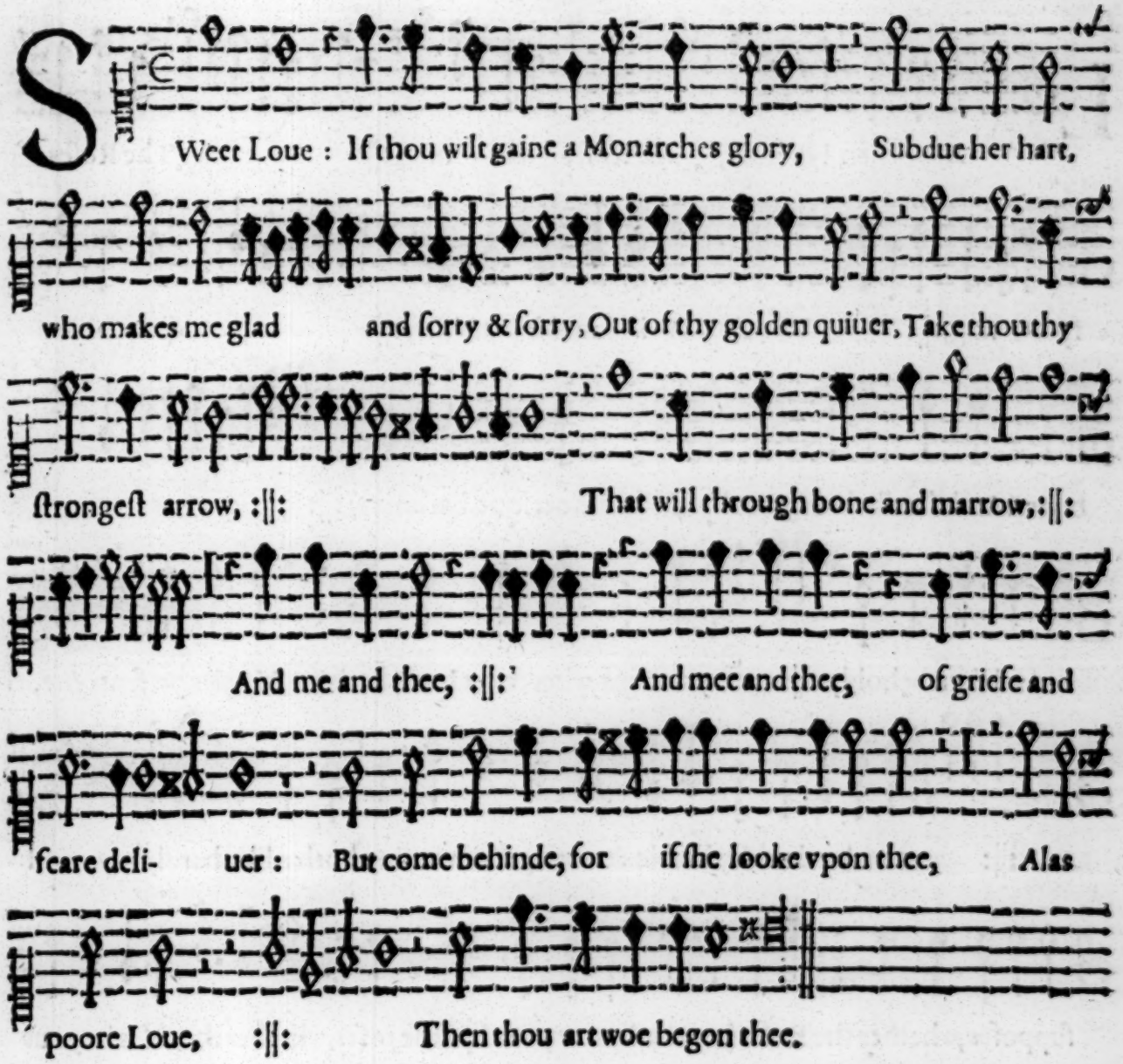


wantons, heere to play, Come heere to play. Come yee wantons heere to play, to

play, Come yee wantons heere to play, :||: :||: to play, come ye

wantons, heere to play, to play. Come, come yee wantons heere to play.

Heere endeth the ſongs of 5. parts.

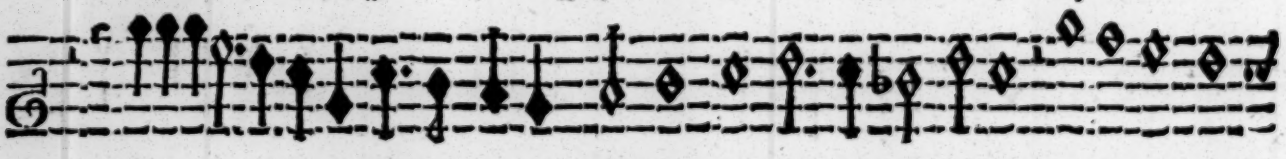

SWeet Loue : If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue her hart,
who makes me glad and ſorry & ſorry, Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy
ſtrongeſt arrow, :||: That will through bone and marrow, :||:
And me and thee, :||: And mee and thee, of griefe and
feare deli- uer : But come behinde, for if ſhe looke vpon thee, Alas
poore Loue, :||: Then thou art woe begon thee.

LAdy, when I behold, the Roſes ſprou- ting, :||: The Roſes

ſprou- ting, :||: Which clad in damask mantells, :||: deck the ar-

bours: And then behold your lips, Wher ſweet loue harbours: :||:

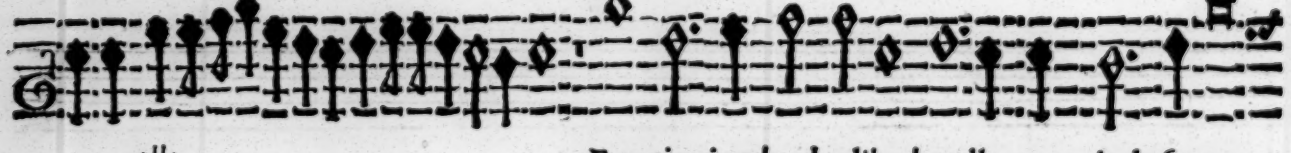
And then behold, :||: your lips, wher ſweet Loue harbors, My eies preſents me,



:||: with a double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind

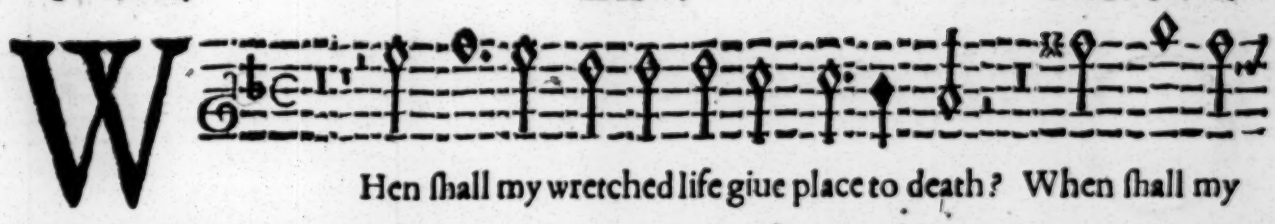
ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes, whether the roſes be your

lips, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:



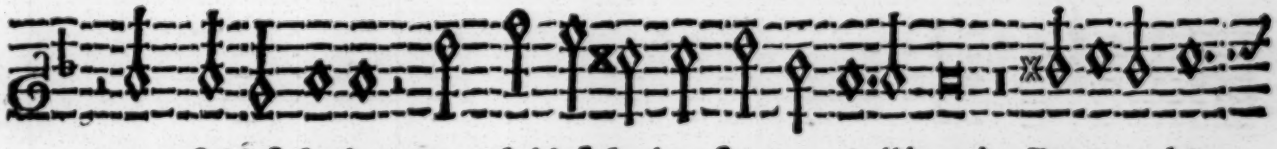
:||: For viewing both alike hardly my minde ſuppo-

ſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, whether the Roſes bee your lips, or your

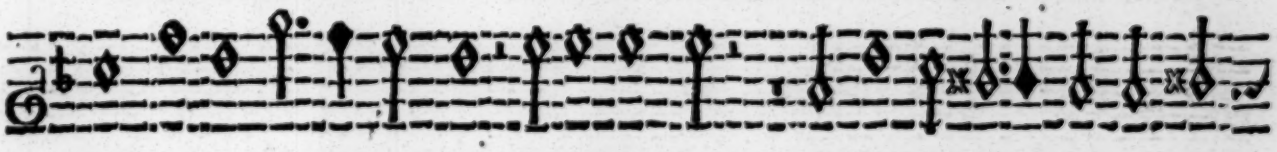


When ſhall my wretched life giue place to death? When ſhall my

wretched life giue place to death? That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:

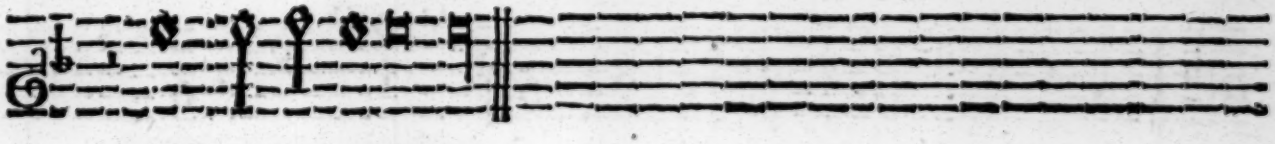


Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine,

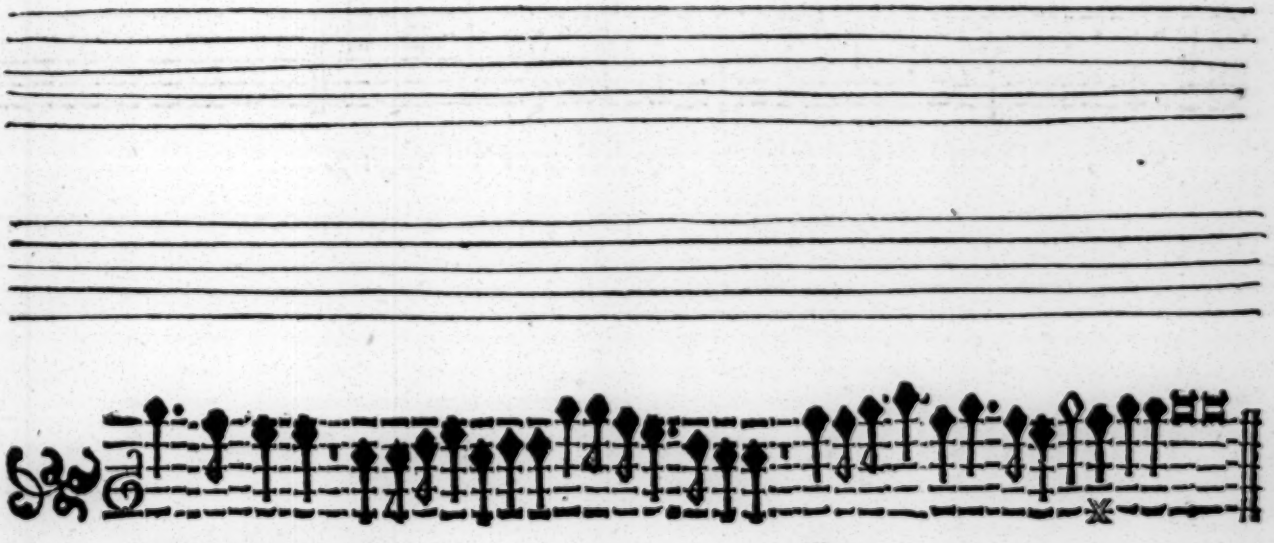


Then let not care bereaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, But with

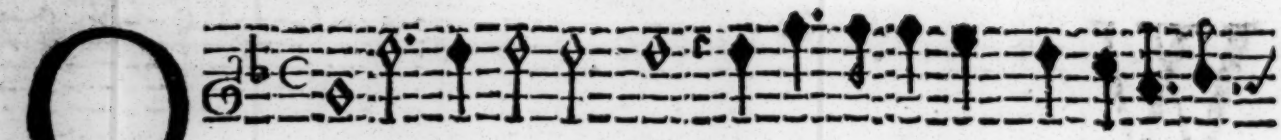
thy fatall dart, Kill care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee,



While care lies at my hart.

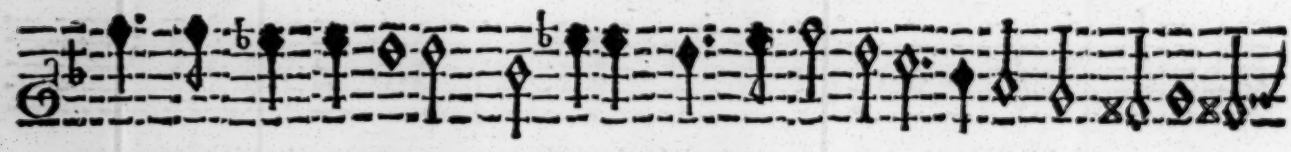


lips the Roſes. :||: :||:

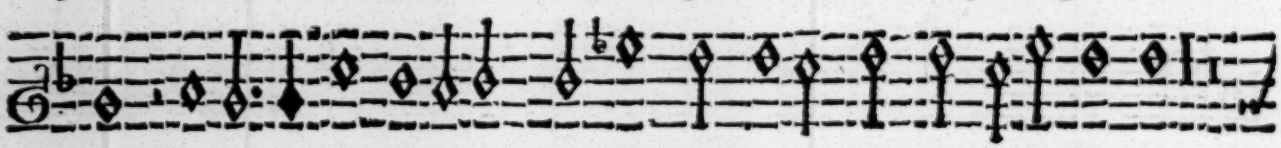


O F ioyes, and pleasing paines, Of ioyes & pleasing paines I late went

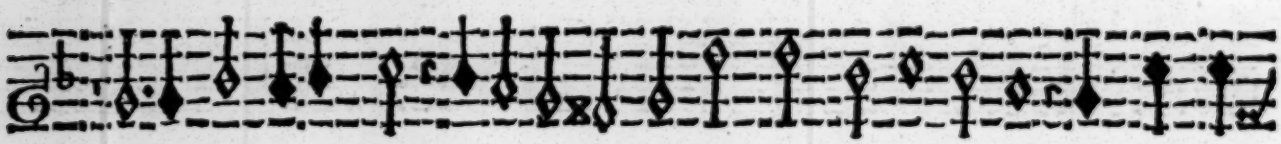
singing: :||: I late went singing, O ioyes with paines, ô



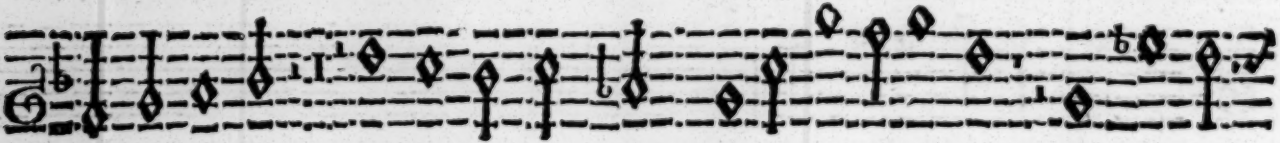
paines with ioyes consenting: And little thought as then of now repenting: And little



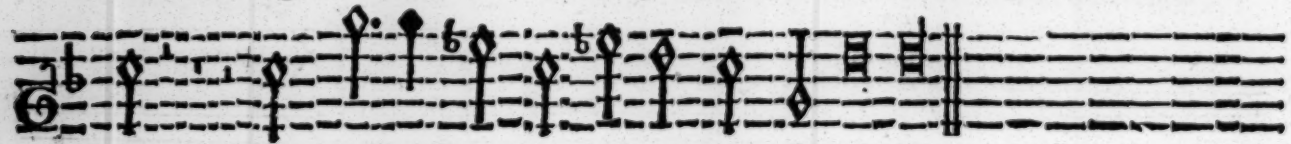
thought as then of now repenting: But now, think of my then sweet bitter stinging:



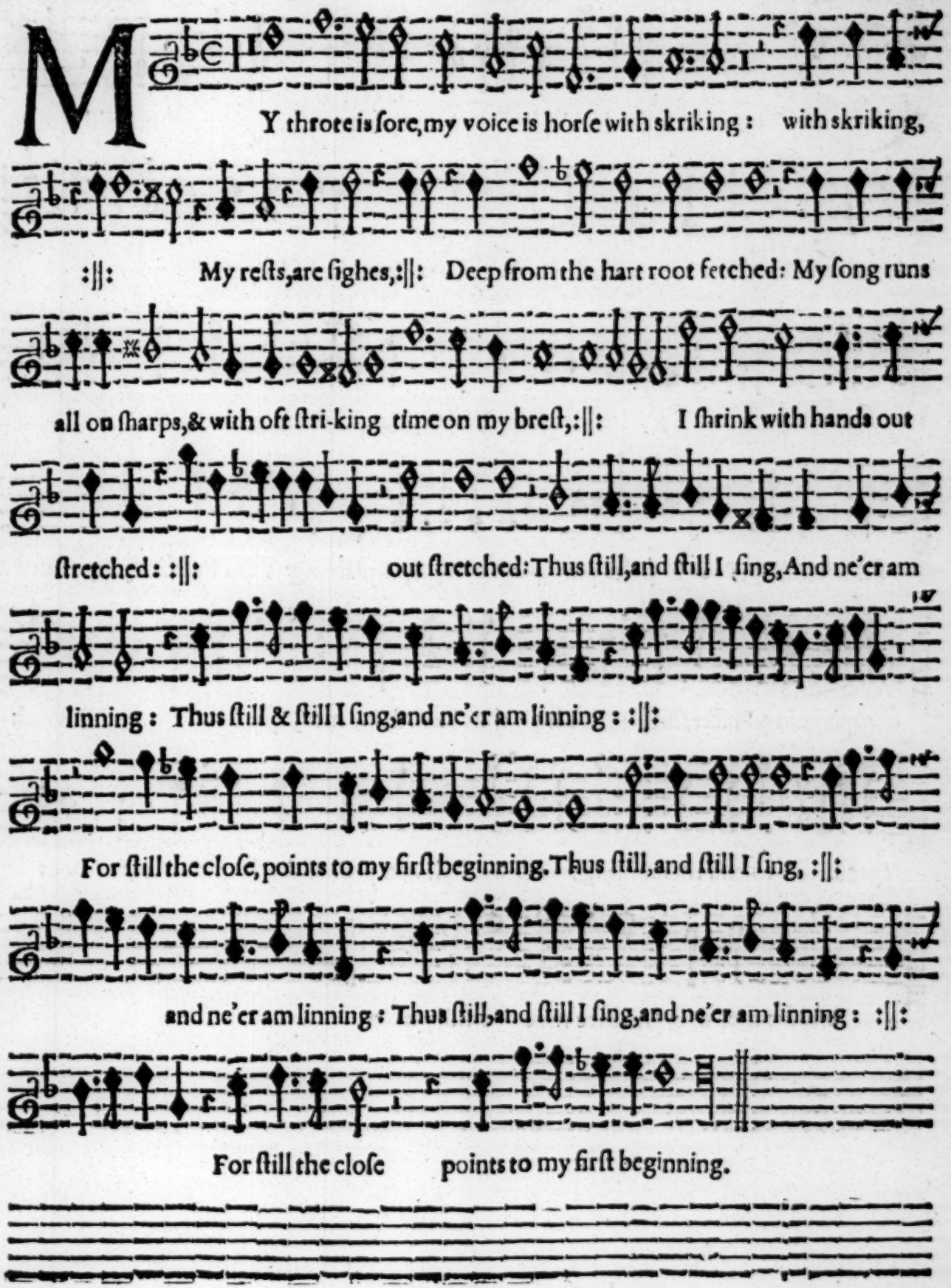
All day long I my hands, A-las, a- las, goe wringing, The baleful notes, of which my

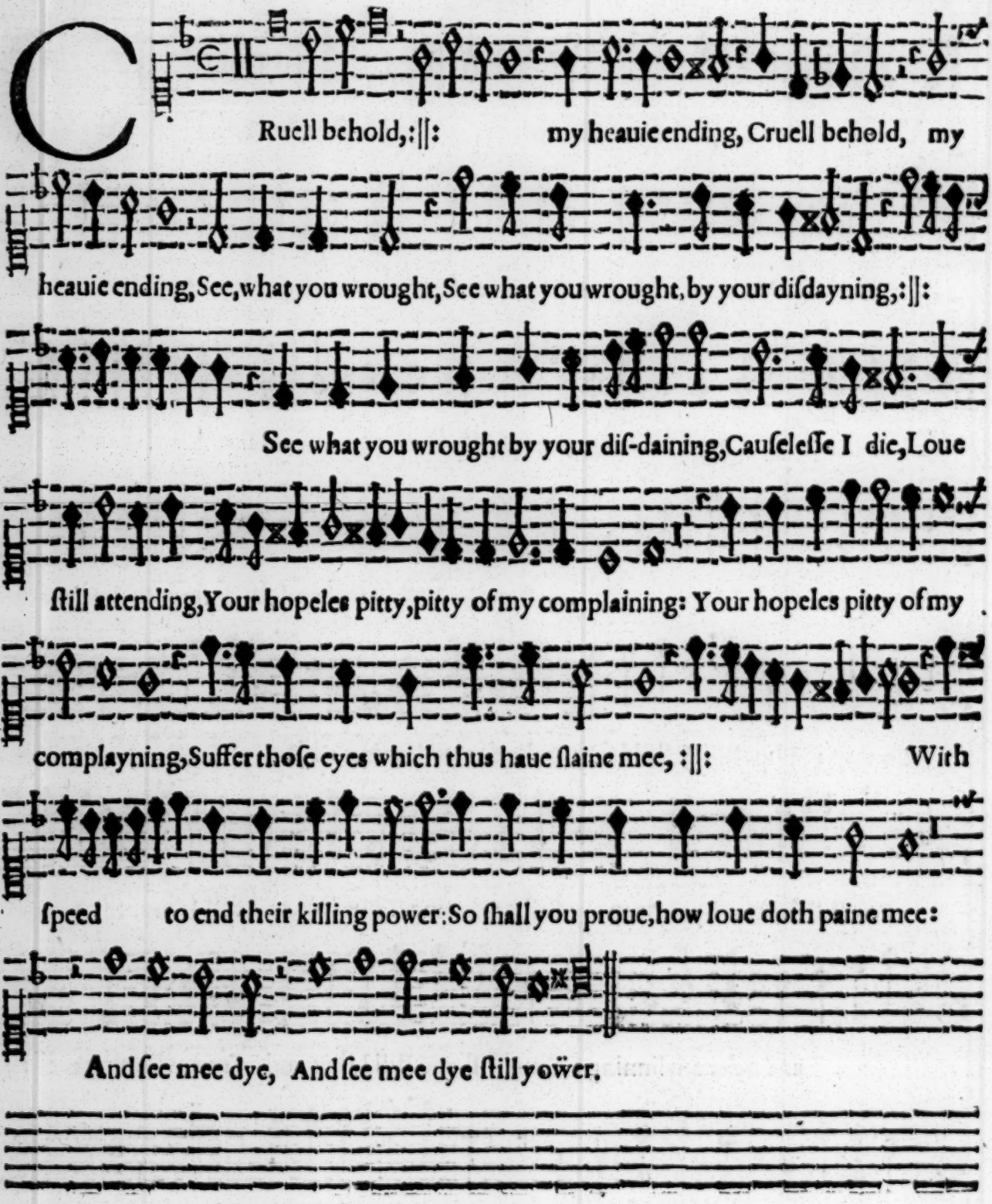


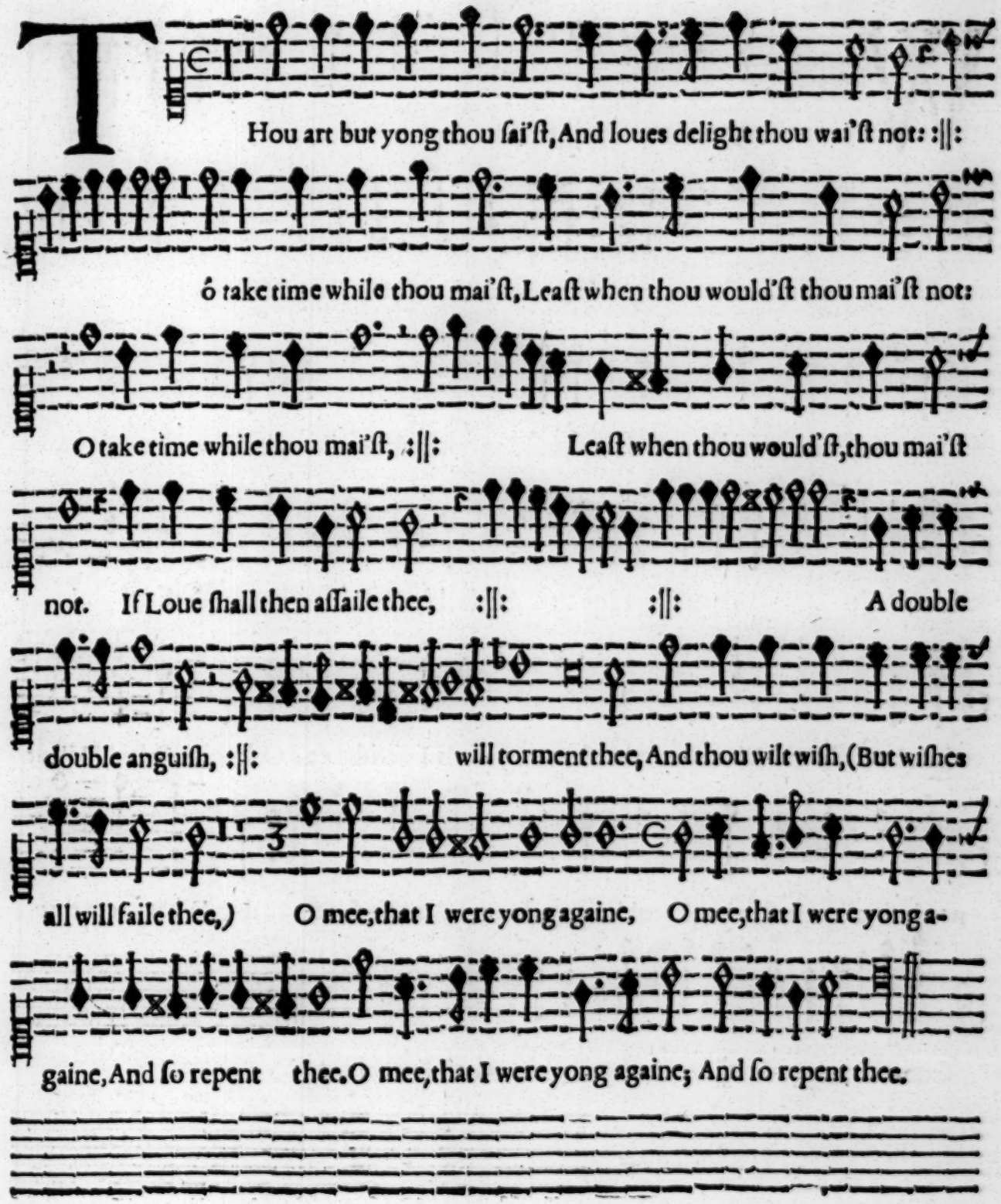
sad tormenting, Are ruth, & mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting, From hils and

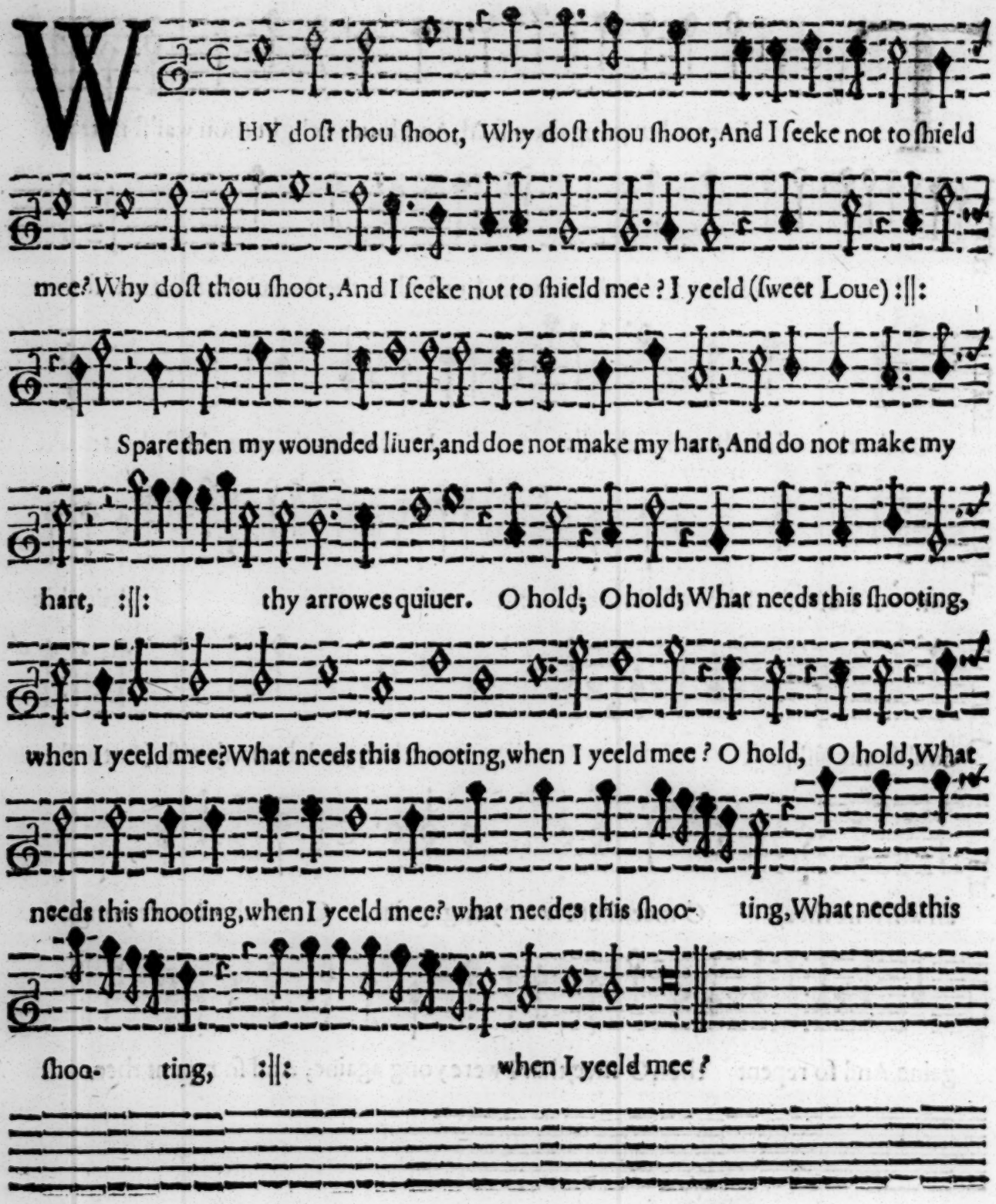


dales, From hils and dales in my dull cares still ringing.


MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking : with skriking,
:||: My reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My ſong runs
all on ſharps, & with oft ſtri-king time on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink with hands out
ſtretched: :||: out ſtretched: Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, And ne'er am
linning: Thus ſtill & ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am linning: :||:
For ſtill the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning. Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, :||:
and ne'er am linning: Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am linning: :||:
For ſtill the cloſe points to my firſt beginning.


Cruell behold, :||: my heauie ending, Cruell behold, my
heauie ending, See, what you wrought, See what you wrought, by your disdayning, :||:
See what you wrought by your dis-daining, Causeleſſe I die, Loue
ſtill attending, Your hopeles pitty, pitty of my complaining: Your hopeles pitty of my
complayning, Suffer thoſe eyes which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||: With
ſpeed to end their killing power: So ſhall you proue, how loue doth paine mee:
And ſee mee dye, And ſee mee dye ſtill yow̃er.


THou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, And loues delight thou wai'ſt not: :||:
ó take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not:
O take time while thou mai'ſt, :||: Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou mai'ſt
not. If Loue ſhall then aſſaile thee, :||: :||: A double
double anguiſh, :||: will torment thee, And thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes
all will faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that I were yong a-
gaine, And ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And ſo repent thee.


WHY doſt thou ſhoot, Why doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield
mee? Why doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? I yeeld (ſweet Loue) :||:
Spare then my wounded liuer, and doe not make my hart, And do not make my
hart, :||: thy arrowes quiuer. O hold; O hold; What needs this ſhooting,
when I yeeld mee? What needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? O hold, O hold, What
needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? what needes this ſhoo- ting, What needs this
ſhoo- ting, :||: when I yeeld mee?

FINIS.

ALTVS.

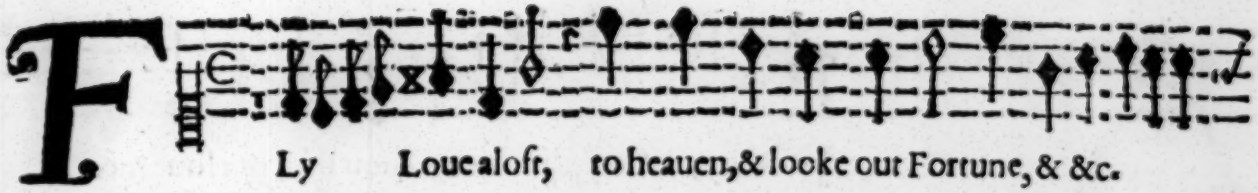
THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

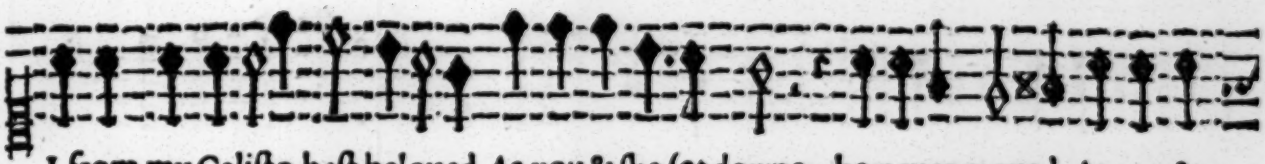
IOHN WILBYE.

AT LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

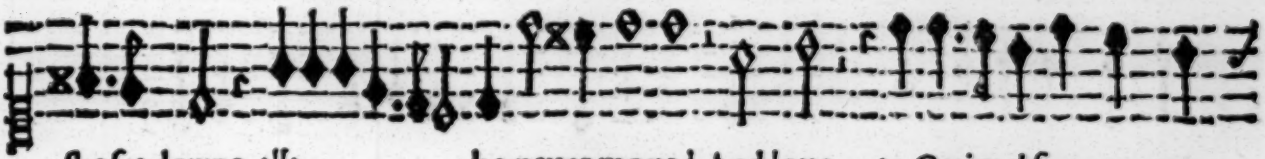


FLy Loue aloft, to heauen, & looke our Fortune, & &c.

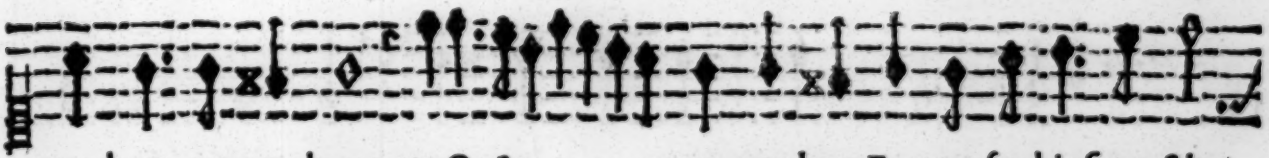
Fly loue, &c. Then ſweetly ſweetly, ſweetly hir importune, That



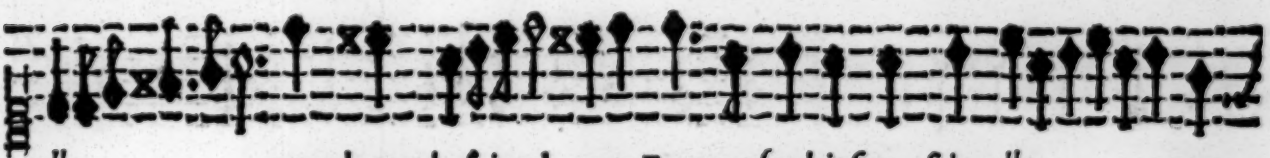
I from my Caliſto beſt beloued, As you & ſhe ſet downe, be neuer moued, As you &



ſhe ſet downe, :||: be neuer moued, And loue, to Carimel ſee you com-



mend me, commend mee, to Ca: &c. commend me, Fortune for his ſweet ſake,

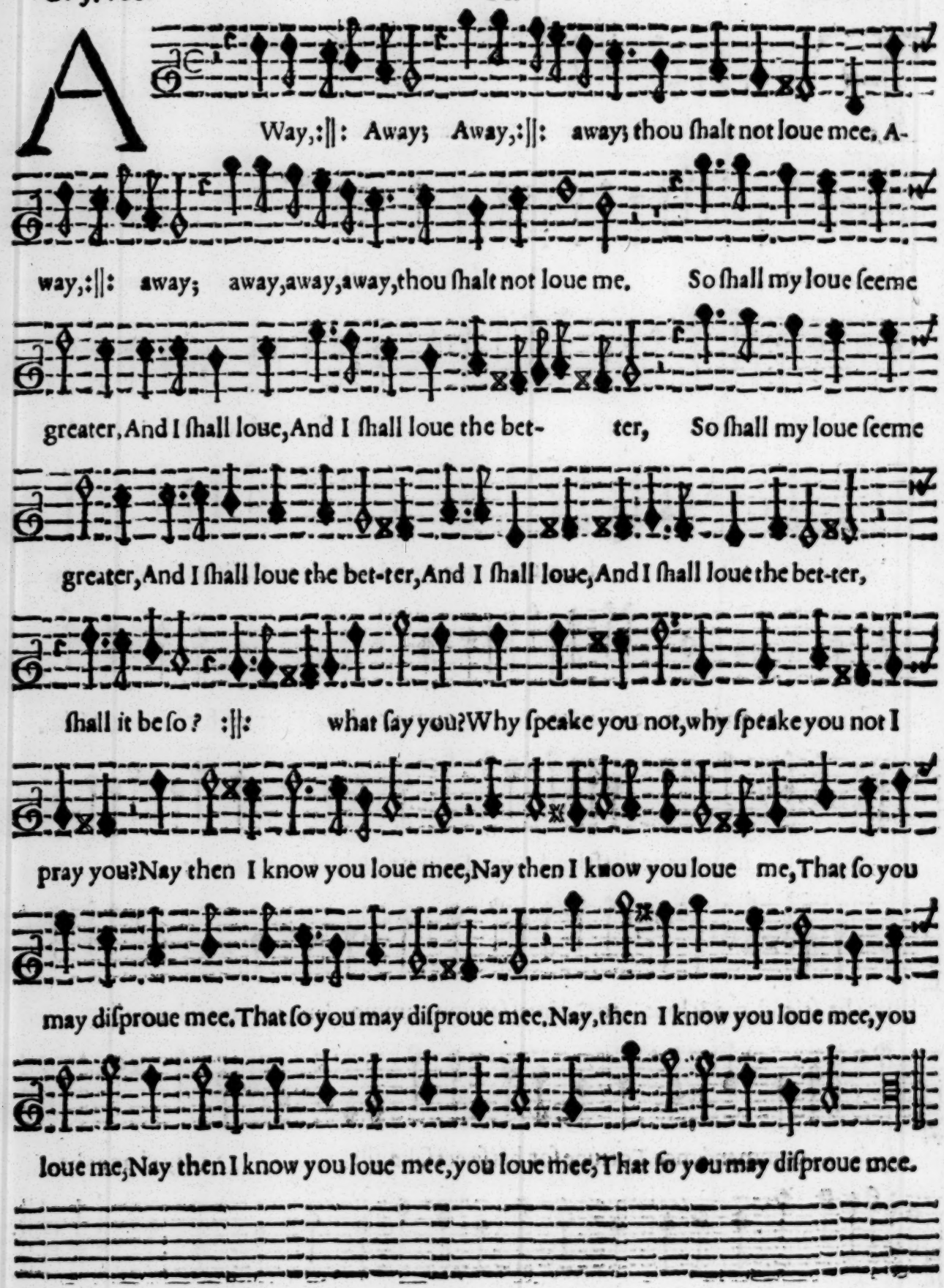


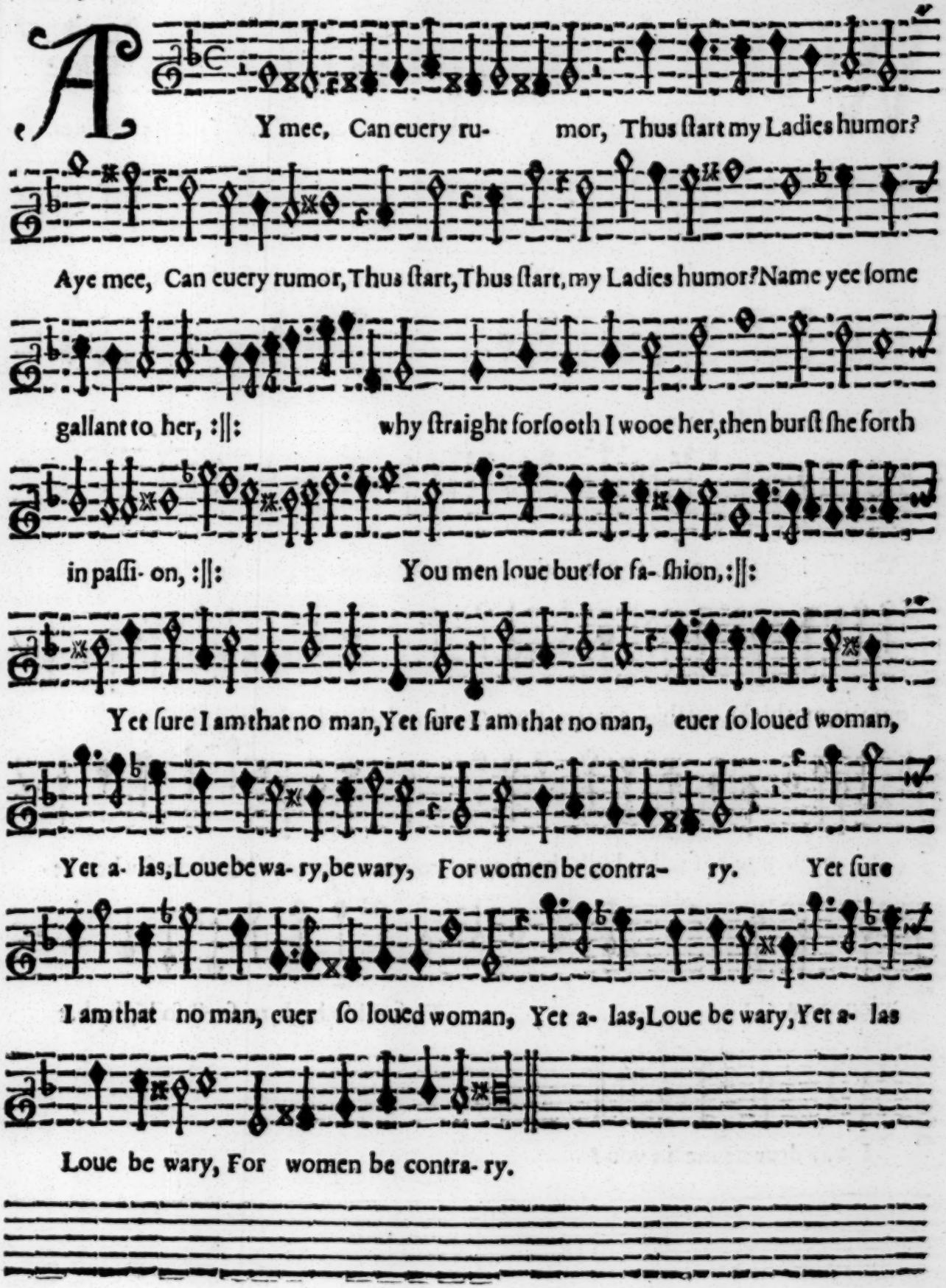
:||: may chance befriend me. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||: may

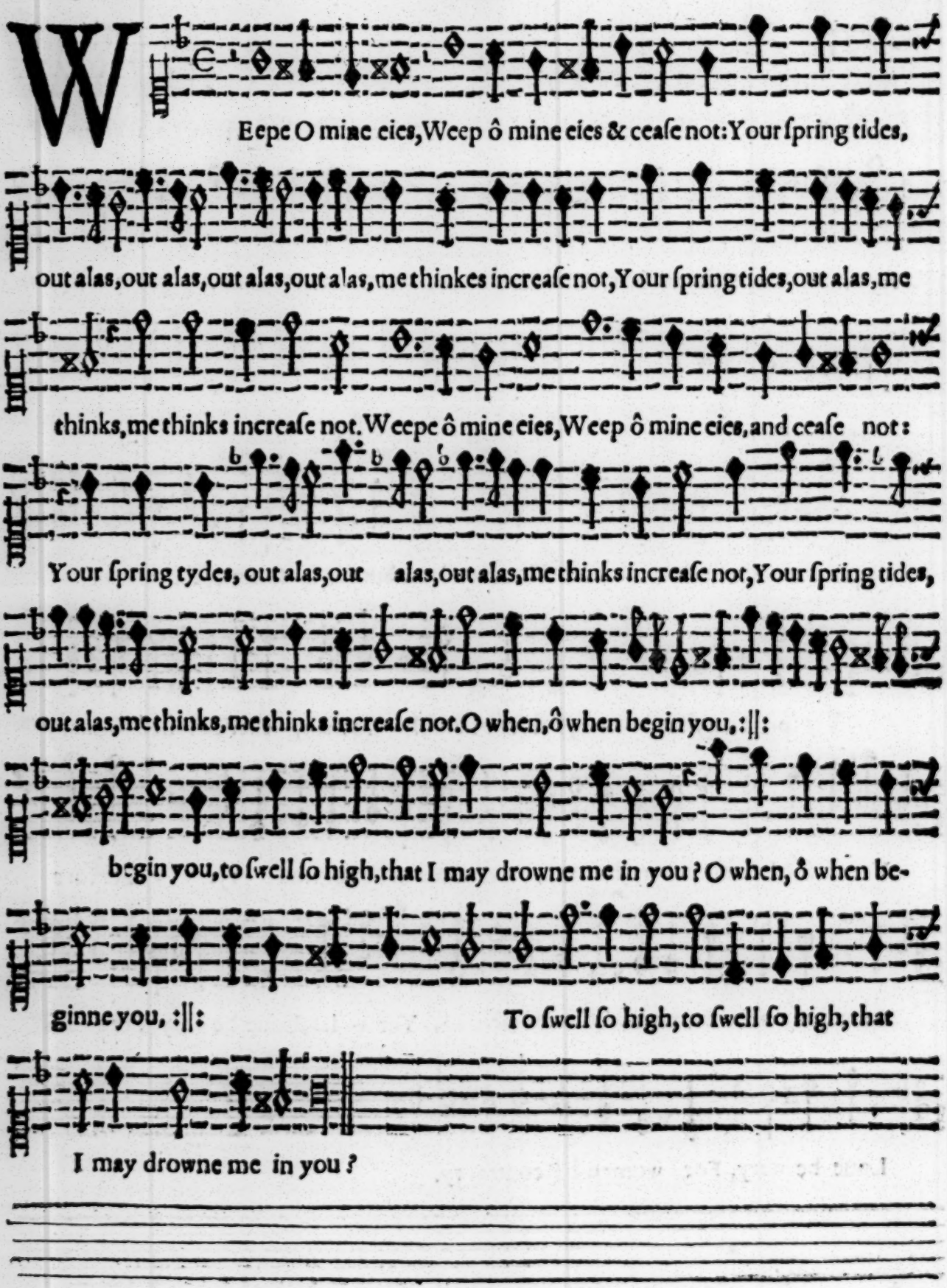
chance be-friend me & loue, to Carimel ſee you commend me, commend me, :||:

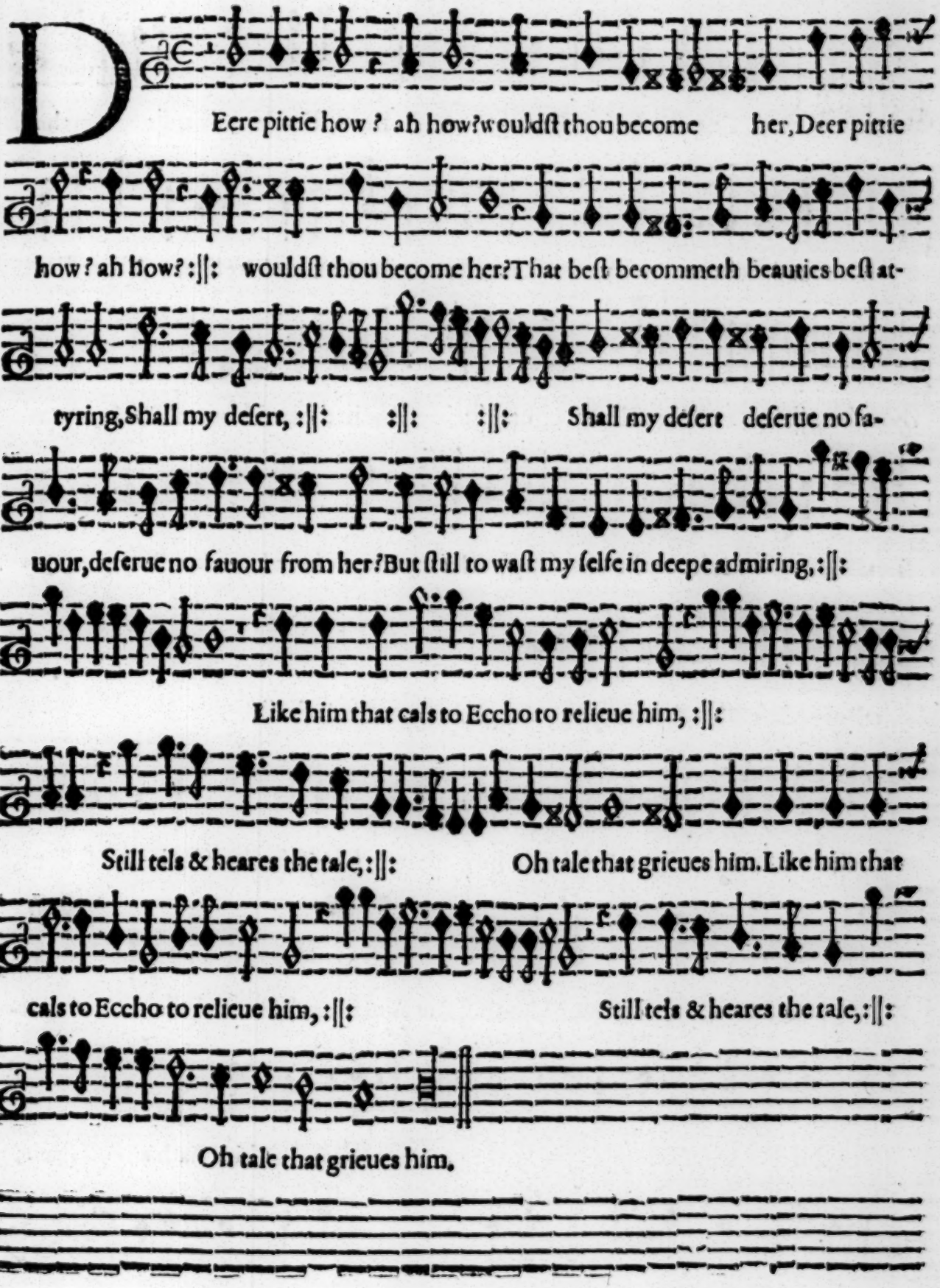
commend mee. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||: may chance be-

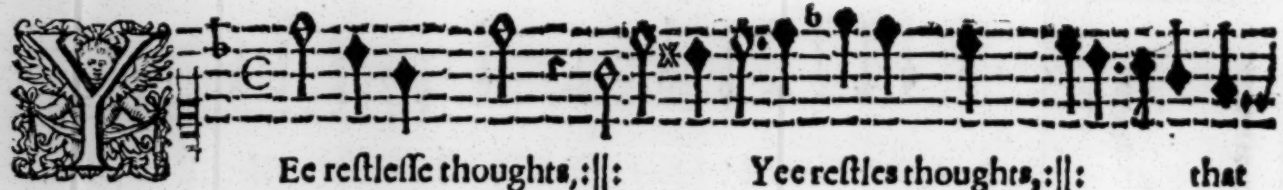
friend me. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, Fortune for his ſweet ſake may chance befriend me.


Way,:||: Away; Away,:||: away; thou ſhalt not loue mee. A-
way,:||: away; away,away,away,thou ſhalt not loue me. So ſhall my loue ſeeme
greater, And I ſhall loue, And I ſhall loue the bet- ter, So ſhall my loue ſeeme
greater, And I ſhall loue the bet-ter, And I ſhall loue, And I ſhall loue the bet-ter,
ſhall it be ſo? :||: what ſay you? Why ſpeake you not, why ſpeake you not I
pray you? Nay then I know you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue me, That ſo you
may diſproue mee. That ſo you may diſproue mee. Nay, then I know you loue mee, you
loue me, Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, That ſo you may diſproue mee.

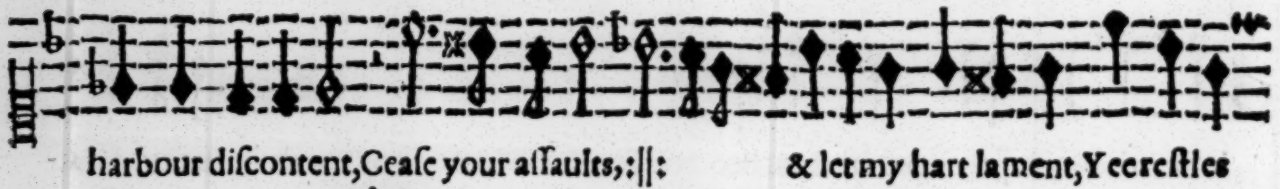

AYmee, Can euery ru- mor, Thus ſtart my Ladies humor?
Aye mee, Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart, Thus ſtart, my Ladies humor? Name yee ſome
gallant to her, :||: why ſtraight forſooth I wooe her, then burſt ſhe forth
in paſſi- on, :||: You men loue but for fa- ſhion, :||:
Yet ſure I am that no man, Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman,
Yet a- las, Loue be wa- ry, be wary, For women be contra- ry. Yet ſure
I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet a- las, Loue be wary, Yet a- las
Loue be wary, For women be contra- ry.


Weepe O mine eies, Weep ô mine eies & ceaſe not: Your ſpring tides,
out alas, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinkes increaſe not, Your ſpring tides, out alas, me
thinks, me thinks increaſe not. Weepe ô mine eies, Weep ô mine eies, and ceaſe not:
Your ſpring tydes, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinks increaſe not, Your ſpring tides,
out alas, me thinks, me thinks increaſe not. O when, ô when begin you, :||:
begin you, to ſwell ſo high, that I may drowne me in you? O when, ô when be-
ginne you, :||: To ſwell ſo high, to ſwell ſo high, that
I may drowne me in you?

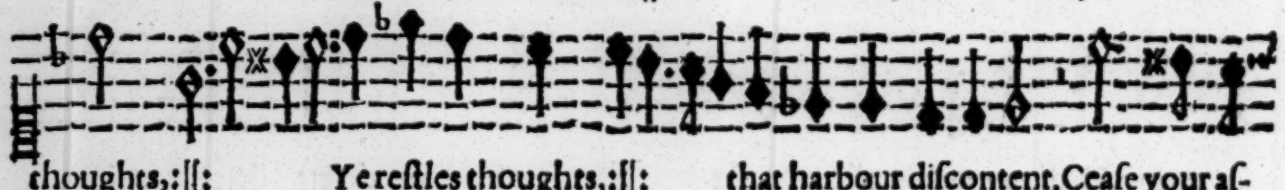

Deere pittie how? ah how? wouldst thou become her, Deer pittie
how? ah how? :||: wouldst thou become her? That best becommeth beauties best at-
tyring, Shall my desert, :||: :||: :||: Shall my desert deserue no fa-
uour, deserue no fauour from her? But still to wast my selfe in deepe admiring, :||:
Like him that cals to Eccho to relieue him, :||:
Still tels & heares the tale, :||: Oh tale that grieues him. Like him that
cals to Eccho to relieue him, :||: Still tels & heares the tale, :||:
Oh tale that grieues him.



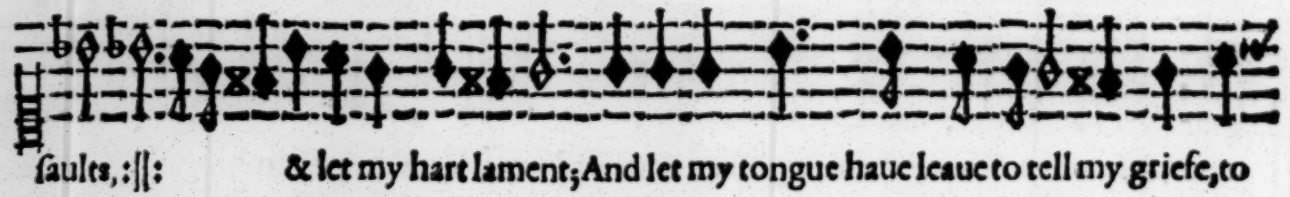
Ee reſtleſſe thoughts,:||: Yee reſtles thoughts,:||: that



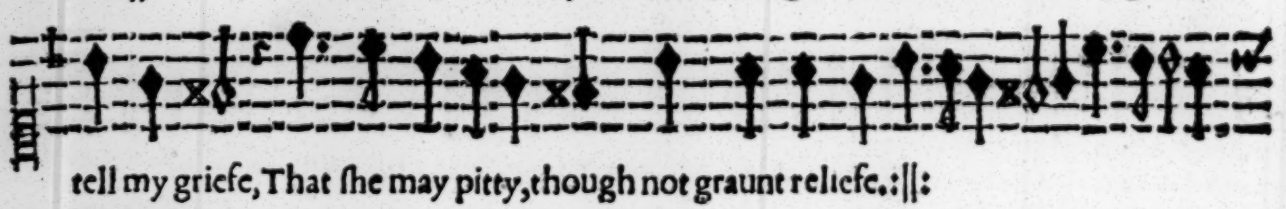
harbour diſcontent,Ceaſe your aſſaults,:||: & let my hart lament,Yee reſtles



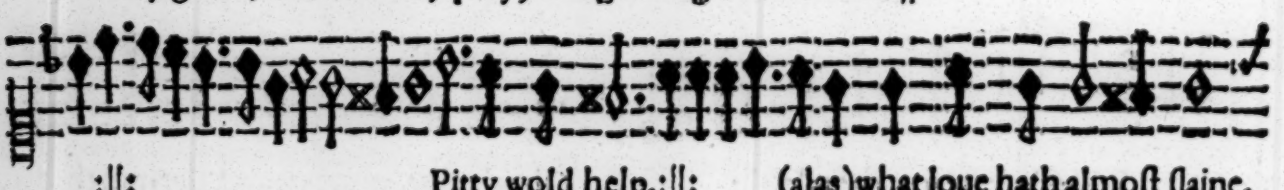
thoughts,:||: Ye reſtles thoughts,:||: that harbour diſcontent,Ceaſe your aſ-



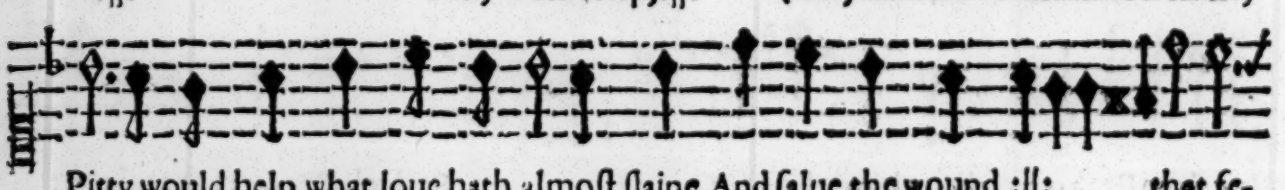
ſaults,:||: & let my hart lament;And let my tongue haue leaue to tell my griefe,to



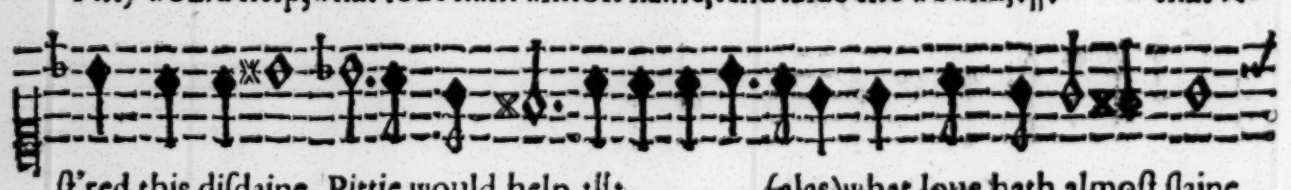
tell my griefe,That ſhe may pitty,though not graunt reliefe.:||:



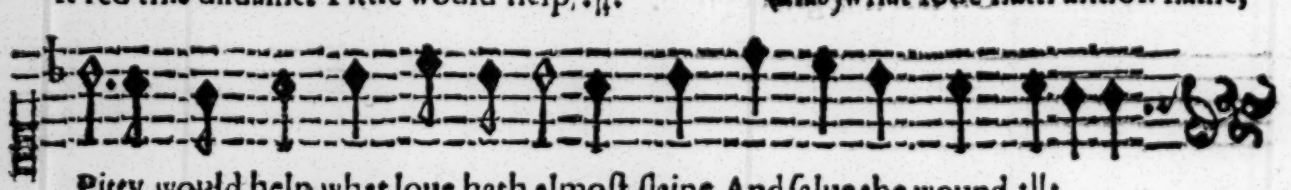
:||: Pitty wold help,:||: (alas)what loue hath almoſt ſlaine,



Pitty would help,what loue hath almoſt ſlaine,And ſalue the wound,:||: that fe-

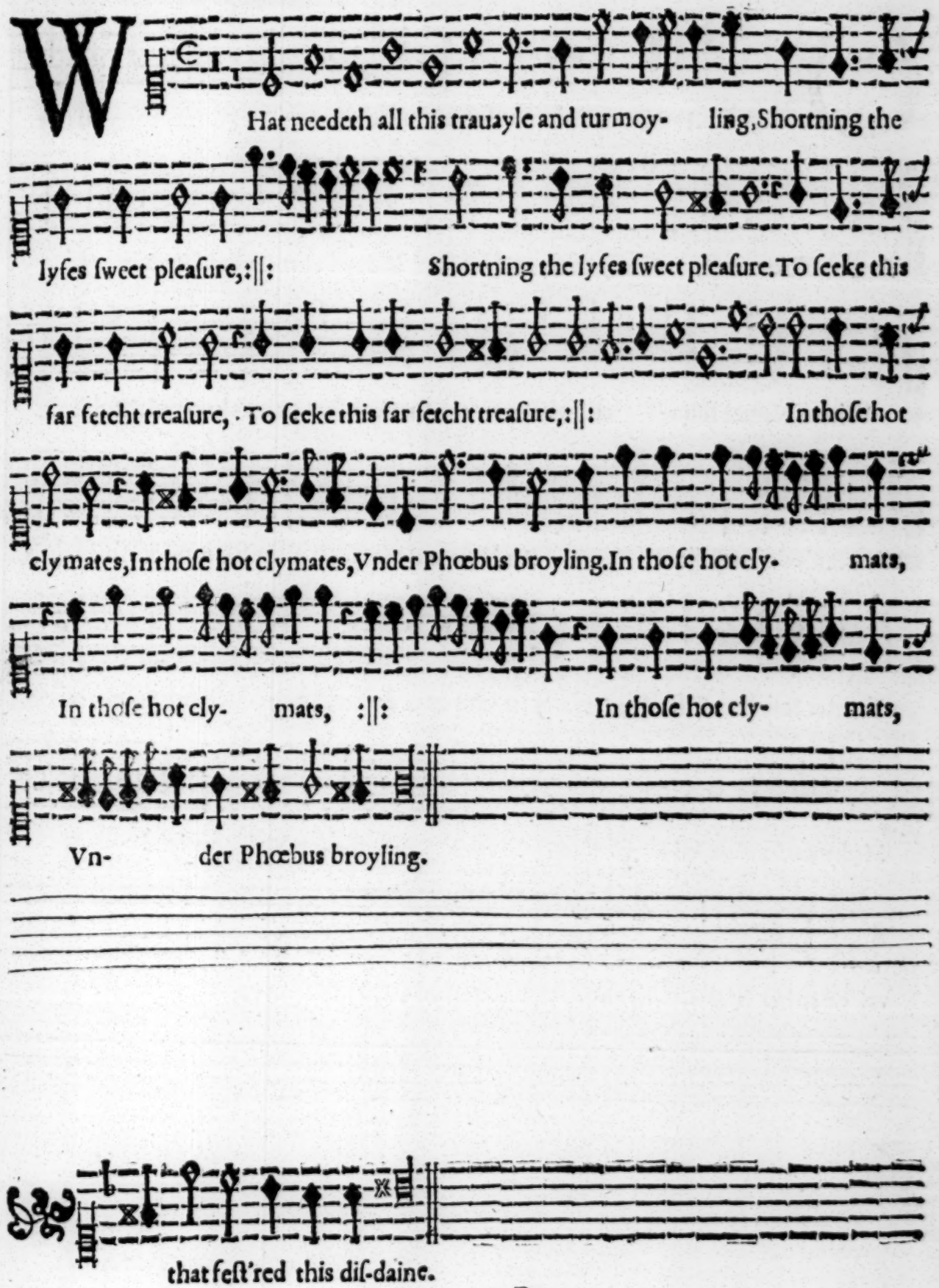


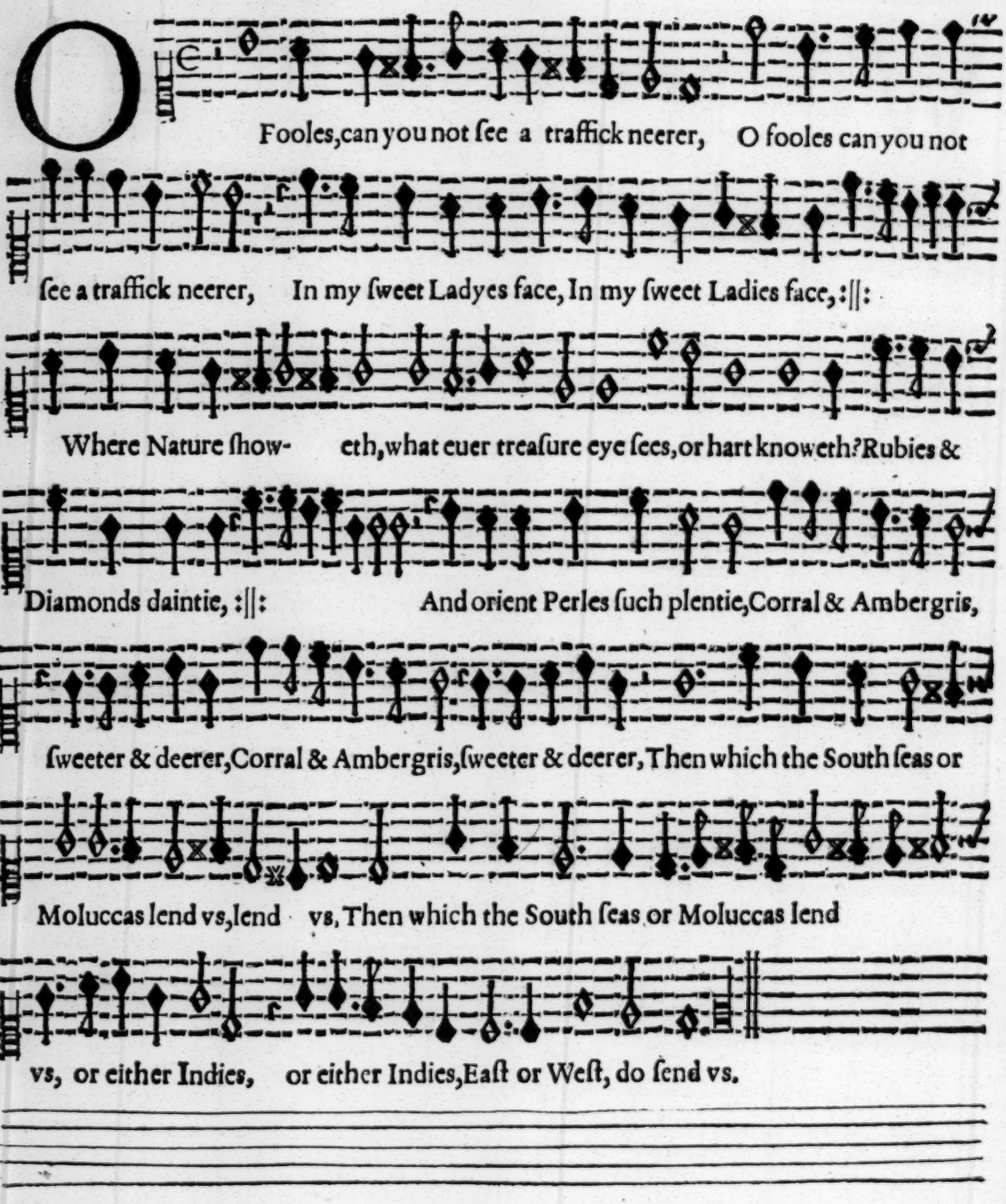
ſt'red this diſdaine. Pittie would help,:||: (alas)what loue hath almoſt ſlaine,

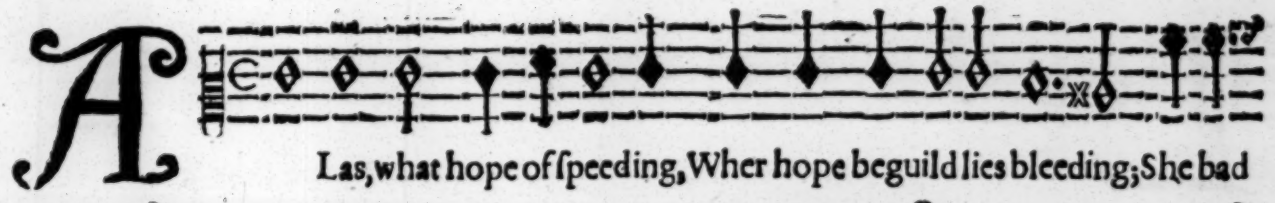


Pitty would help,what loue hath almoſt ſlaine,And ſalue the wound,:||:

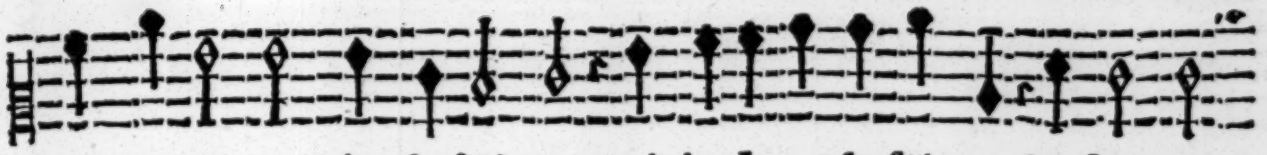
Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.


What needeth all this trauayle and turmoy- ling, Shortning the
lyfes ſweet pleaſure, :||: Shortning the lyfes ſweet pleaſure. To ſeeke this
far fetcht treaſure, To ſeeke this far fetcht treaſure, :||: In thoſe hot
clymates, In thoſe hot clymates, Vnder Phœbus broyling. In thoſe hot cly- mats,
In thoſe hot cly- mats, :||: In thoſe hot cly- mats,
Vn- der Phœbus broyling.
that feſt'red this diſ-daine.


O Fooles,can you not ſee a traffick neerer, O fooles can you not
ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet Ladyes face, In my ſweet Ladies face, :||:
Where Nature ſhow- eth,what euer treaſure eye ſees,or hart knoweth?Rubies &
Diamonds daintie, :||: And orient Perles ſuch plentie,Corral & Ambergris,
ſweeter & deerer,Corral & Ambergris,ſweeter & deerer,Then which the South ſeas or
Moluccas lend vs,lend vs,Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend
vs, or either Indies, or either Indies,Eaſt or Weſt, do ſend vs.



ALas, what hope of ſpeeding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding; She bad

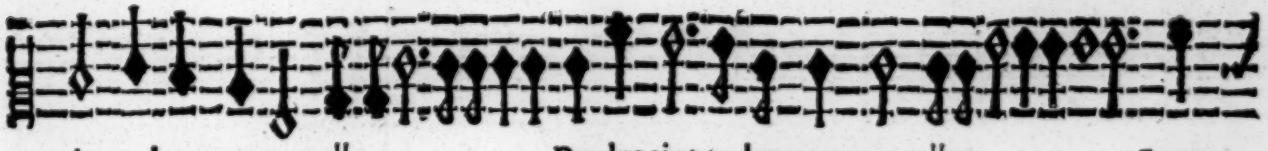


come, She bad come, when ſhe ſpide mee: And when I came ſhe flide mee, ſhee flyde mee,

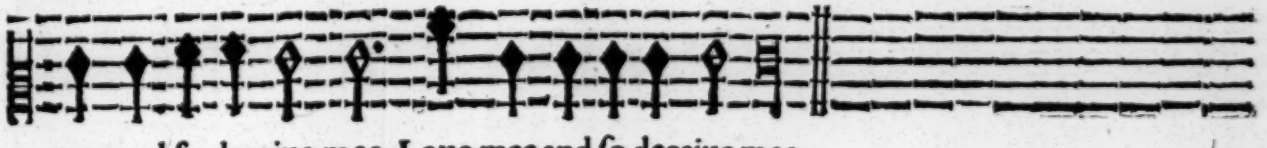
Thus when I was begui- led, Thus when I was beguiled, She at my ſighing ſmiled.

But if you take ſuch pleaſure, :||: Of hope & ioy my treaſure, Of

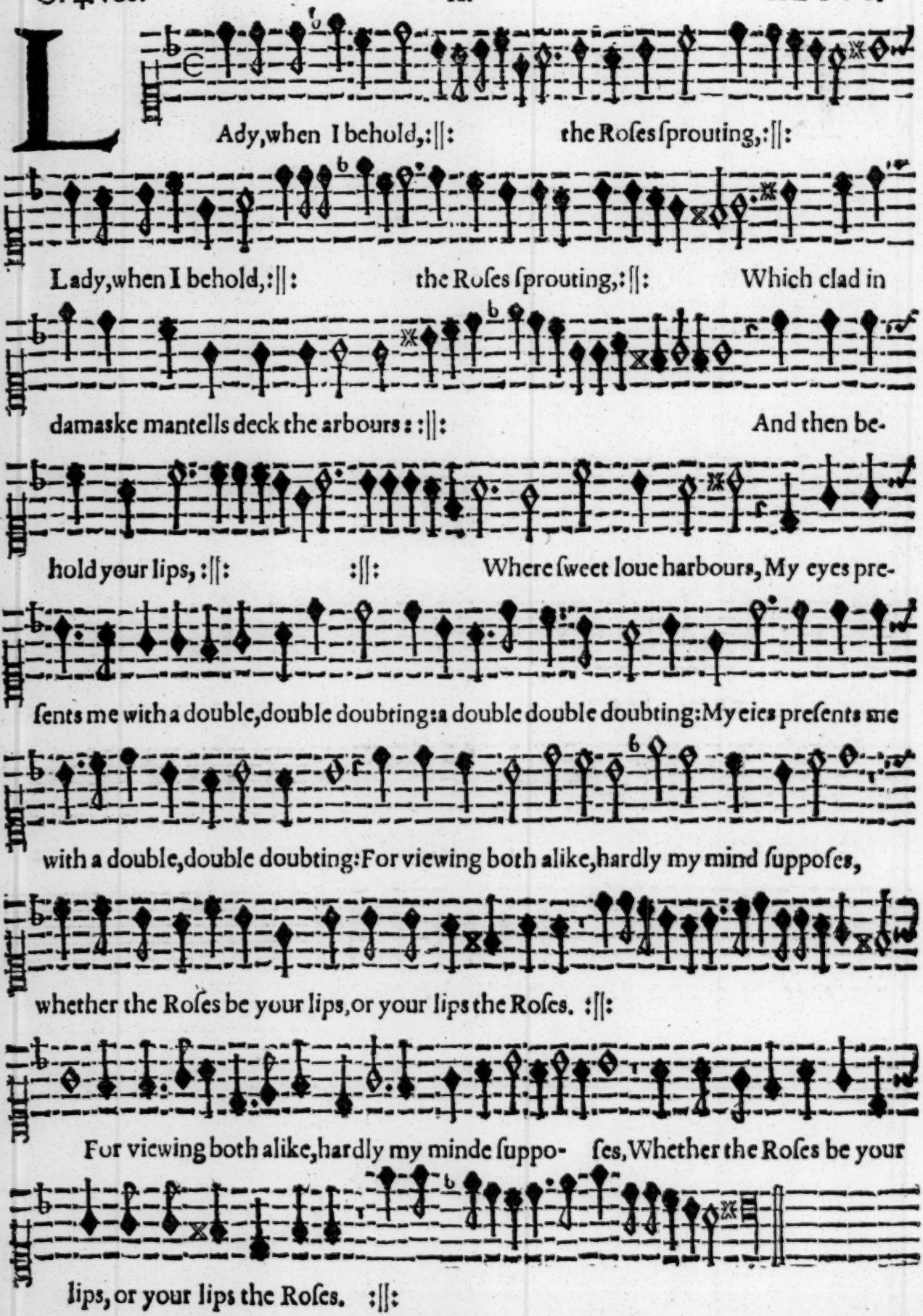
hope & ioy my trea- ſure, :||: By deceipt to bereaue me, By de-

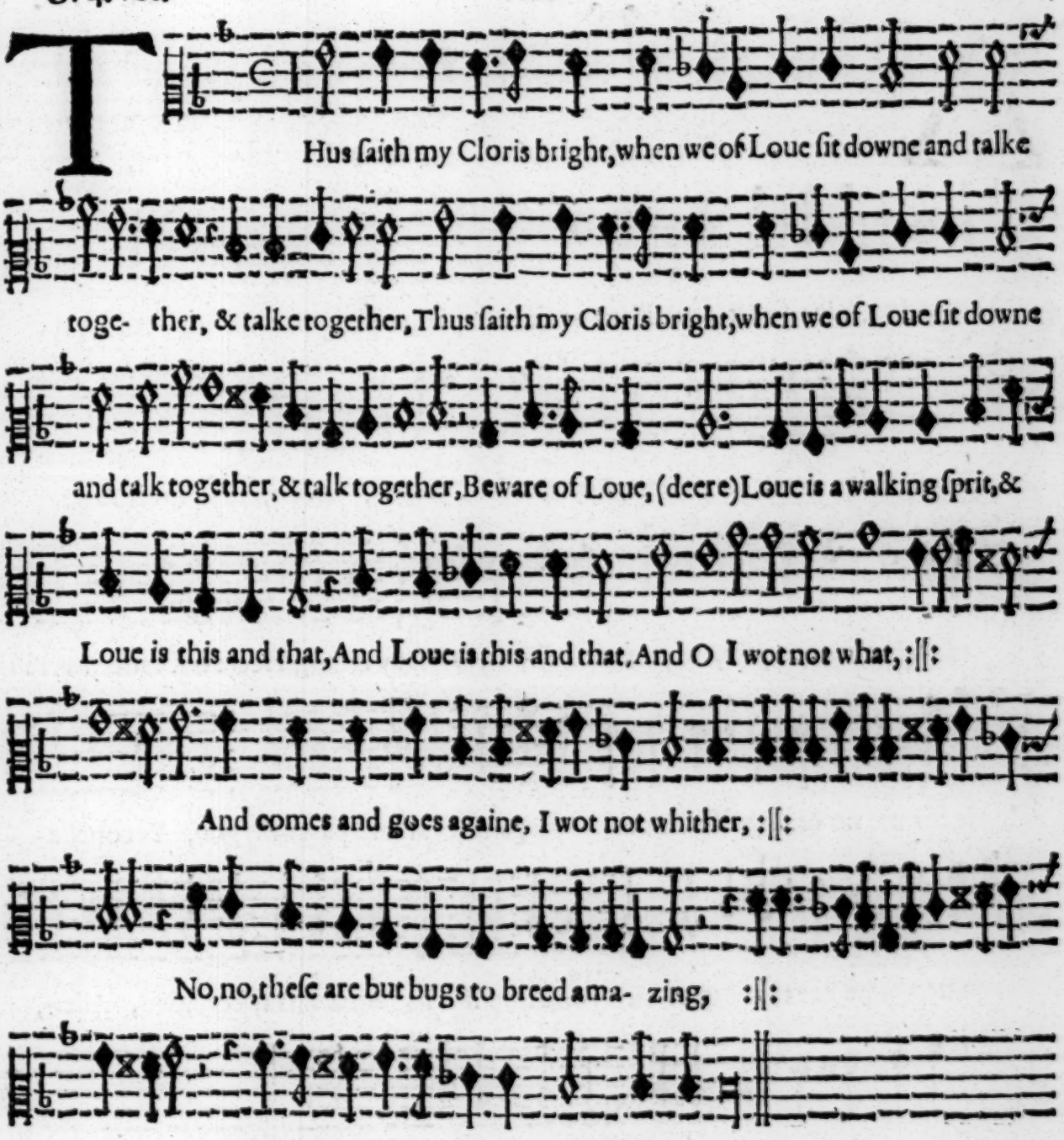


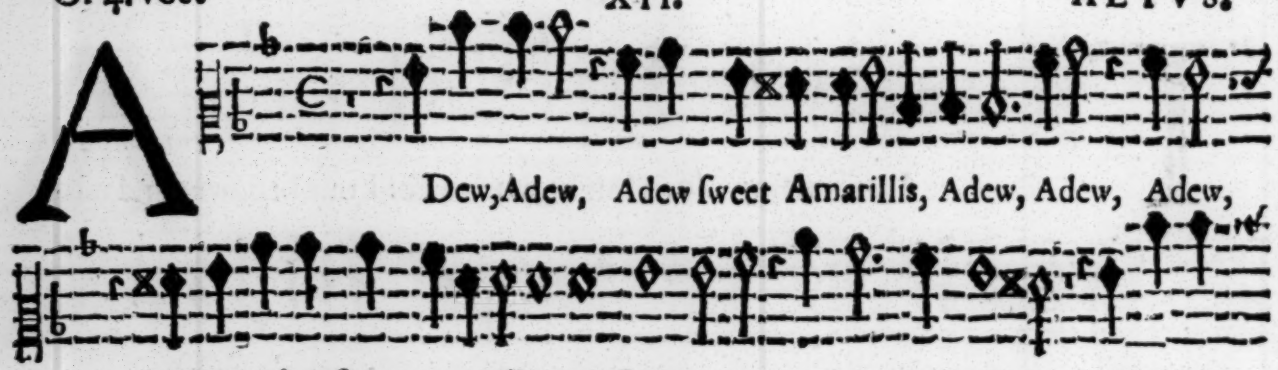
ceipt to bereaue me, :||: By deceipt to bereaue me, :||: Loue



mee and ſo deceiue mee. Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee.

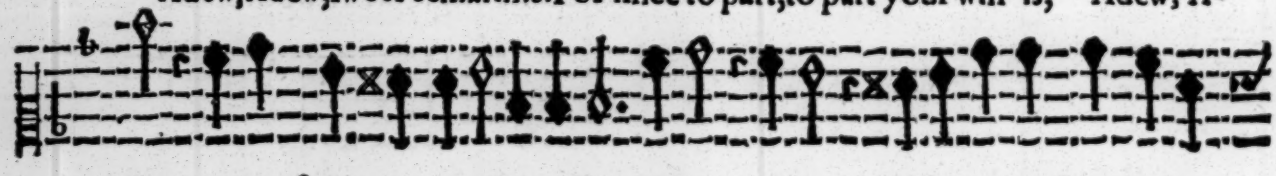

Lady, when I behold, :||: the Roſes ſprouting, :||:
Lady, when I behold, :||: the Roſes ſprouting, :||: Which clad in
damaske mantells deck the arbours : :||: And then be-
hold your lips, :||: :||: Where ſweet loue harbours, My eyes pre-
ſents me with a double, double doubting: a double double doubting: My eies preſents me
with a double, double doubting: For viewing both alike, hardly my mind ſuppoſes,
whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:
For viewing both alike, hardly my minde ſuppo- ſes, Whether the Roſes be your
lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:


THus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe and talke
toge- ther, & talke together, Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe
and talk together, & talk together, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprit, &
Loue is this and that, And Loue is this and that, And O I wot not what, :||:
And comes and goes againe, I wot not whither, :||:
No, no, these are but bugs to breed ama- zing, :||:
For in her eies I saw his torch light blazing.



ADew, Adew, Adew ſweet Amarillis, Adew, Adew, Adew,

Adew, Adew, ſweet Amarillis: For ſince to part, to part your will is, Adew, A-



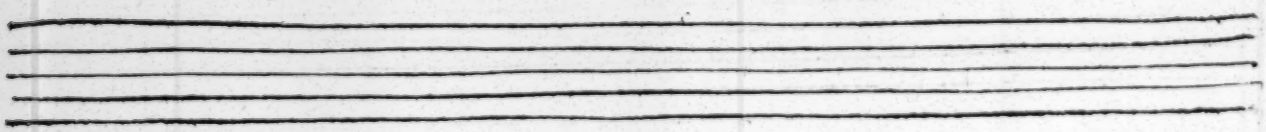
dew, Adew ſweet A- marillis, Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew ſweet Ama-

rillis: For ſince to part, to part your will is, O heauy tyding, Heere is for mee, heere

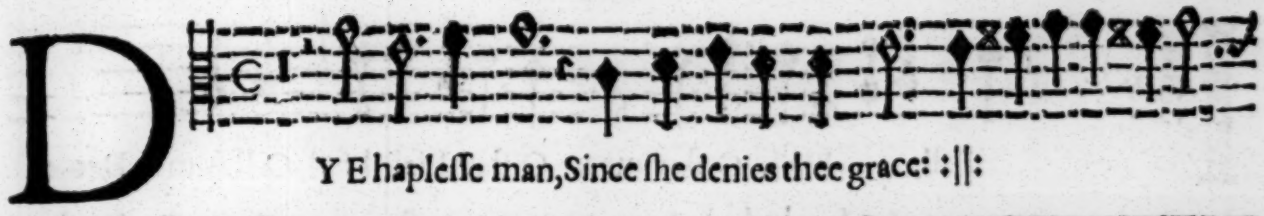
is for me no biding: Yet once againe, againe, ere that I part with you, Yet once a-

gaine, againe, Ere that I part with you, Amaril- lis, Amarillis, ſweet Adew, Adew,

Adew, A- dew ſweet Amaril- lis, Amarillis, ſweet Adew.



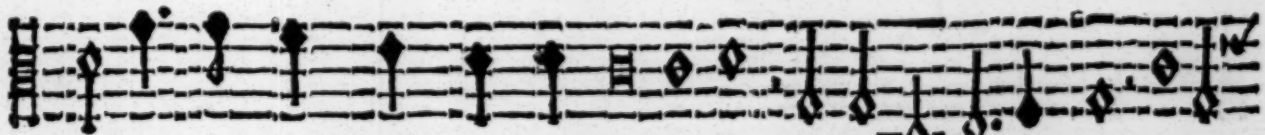
Here endeth the ſongs of 4. Parts.

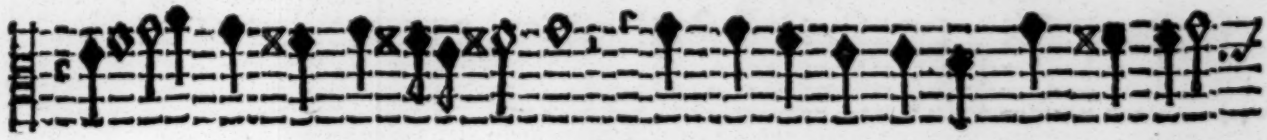

DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhe denies thee grace: :||:

Dye hapleſſe man, Since ſhe denies thee grace, :||: Dye

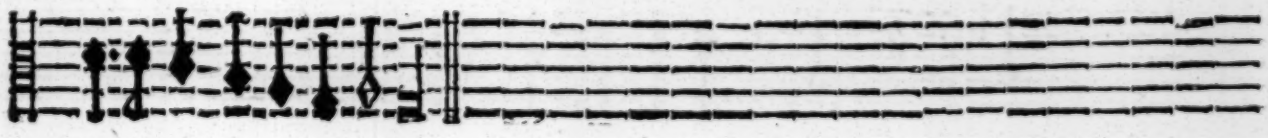
and diſpaire, ſith ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Dye and diſpaire, ſith ſhe doth ſcorn to

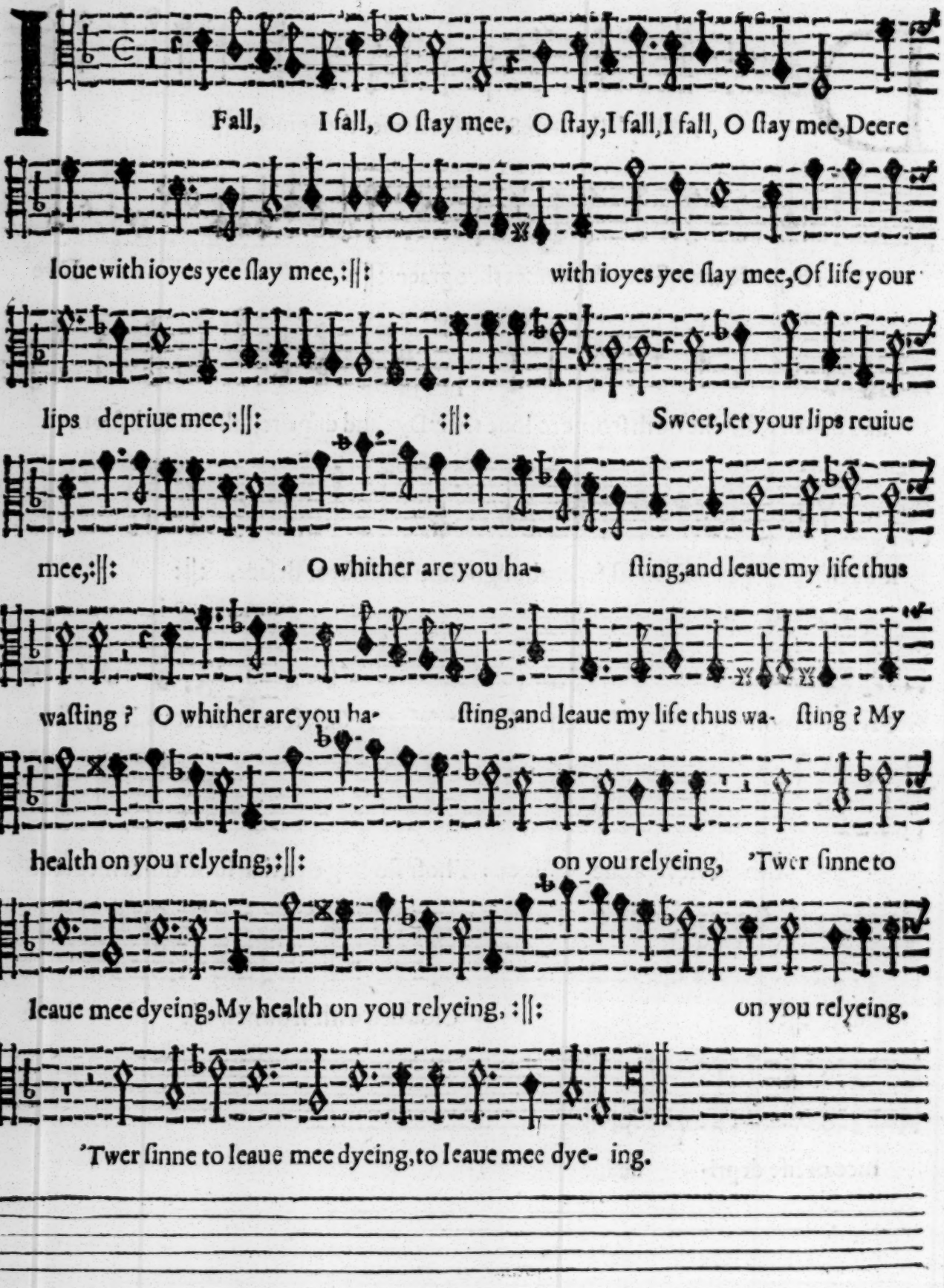
loue thee, Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, :||:

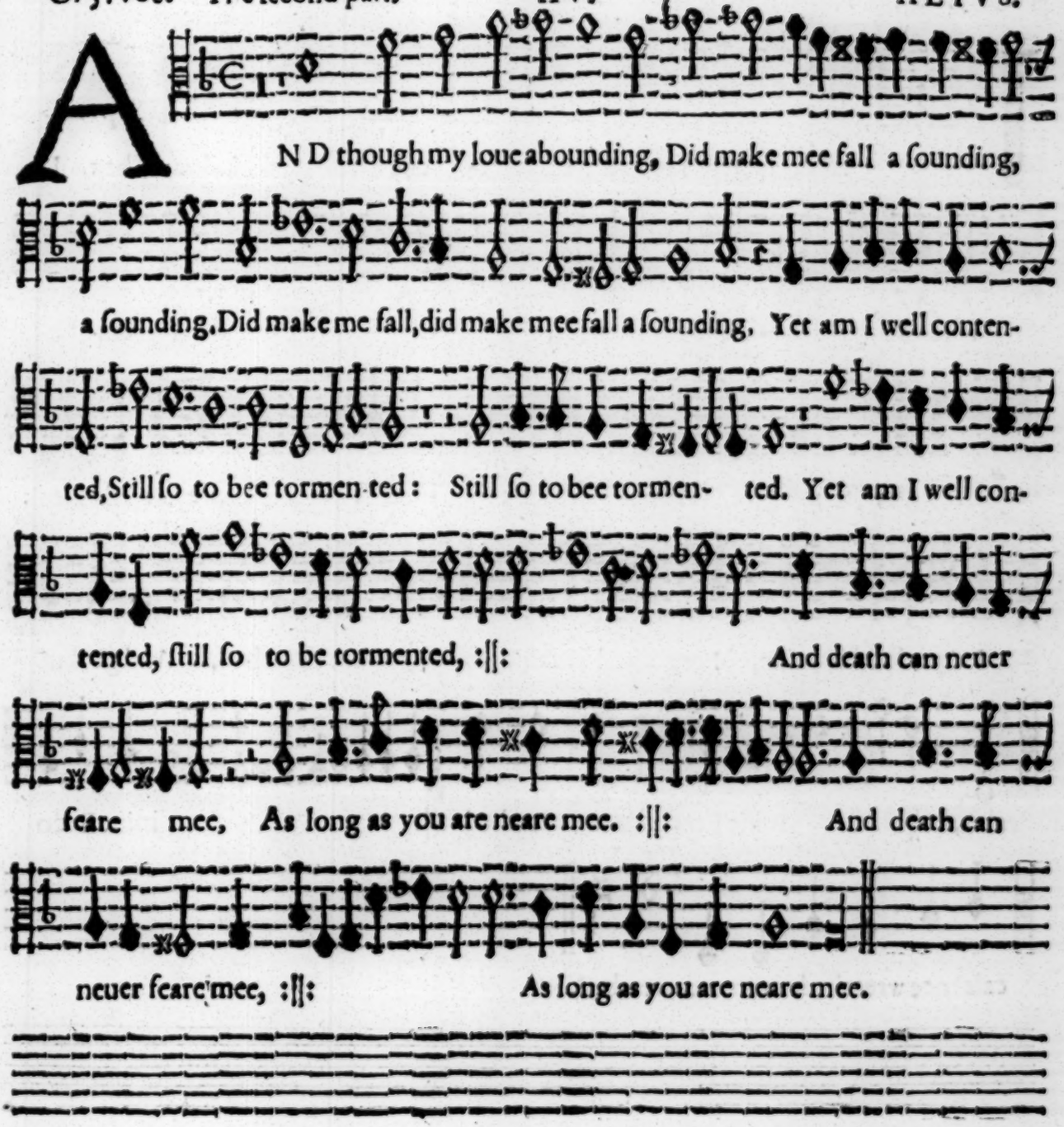

Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, Sith for my duteous loue, :||:

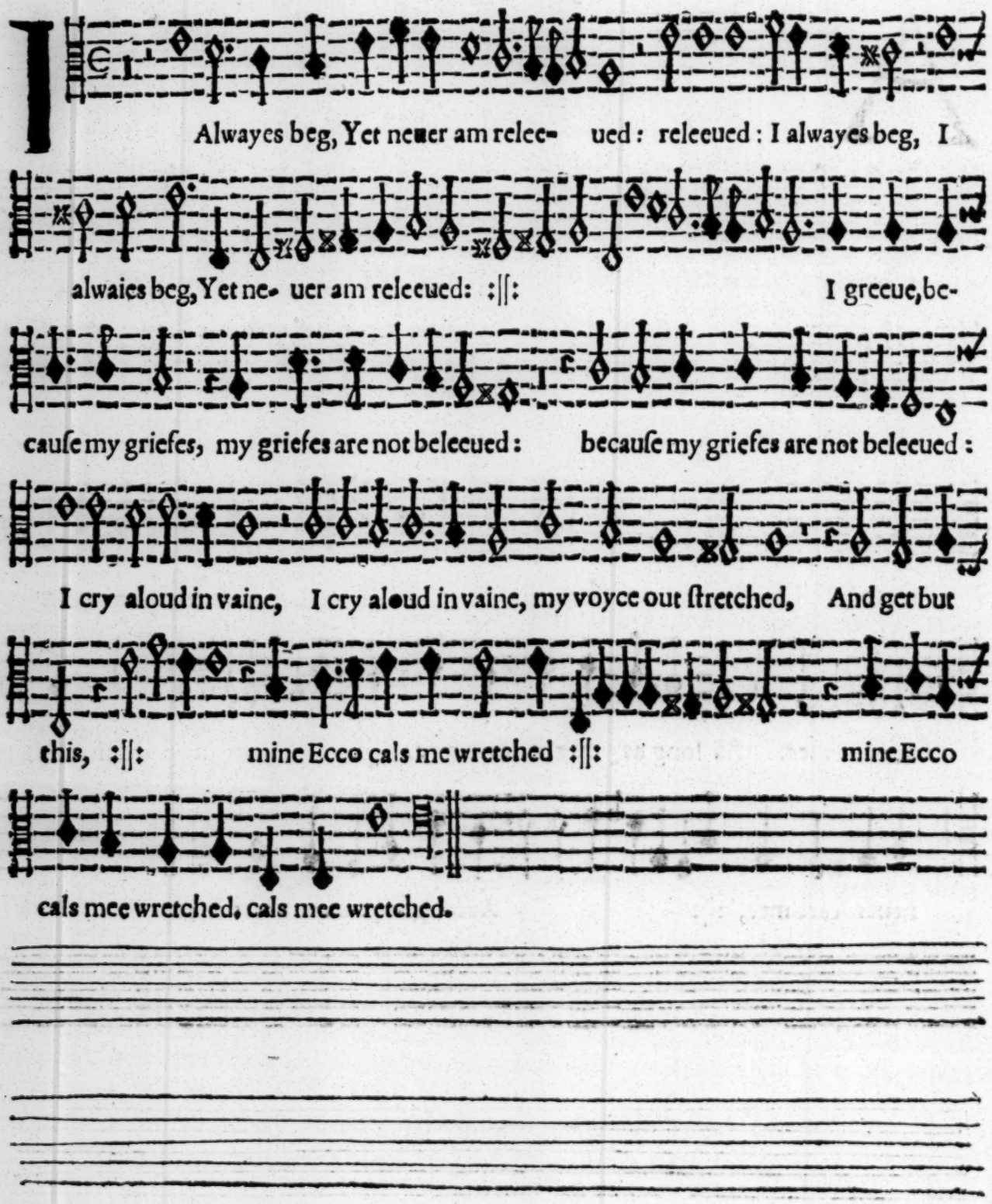

thou doſt reproue mee: Thoſe ſmiling eies, that ſometimes mee reui-

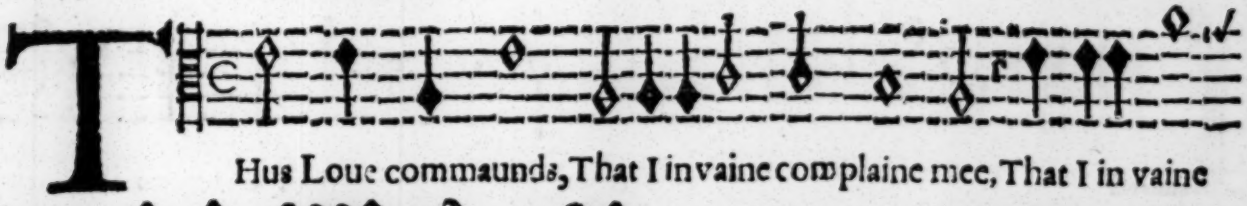
ued, :||: Clowded with frownes, :||: haue


mee of life depri- ued.


I Fall, I fall, O ſlay mee, O ſlay, I fall, I fall, O ſlay mee, Deere
loue with ioyes yee ſlay mee, :||: with ioyes yee ſlay mee, Of life your
lips depriue mee, :||: :||: Sweet, let your lips reuiue
mee, :||: O whither are you ha- ſting, and leaue my life thus
waſting? O whither are you ha- ſting, and leaue my life thus wa- ſting? My
health on you relyeing, :||: on you relyeing, 'Twer ſinne to
leaue mee dyeing, My health on you relyeing, :||: on you relyeing,
'Twer ſinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue mee dye- ing.


AND though my loue abounding, Did make mee fall a ſounding,
a ſounding, Did make me fall, did make mee fall a ſounding, Yet am I well conten-
ted, Still ſo to bee tormen-ted: Still ſo to bee tormen- ted. Yet am I well con-
tented, ſtill ſo to be tormented, :||: And death can neuer
feare mee, As long as you are neare mee. :||: And death can
neuer feare mee, :||: As long as you are neare mee.


I Alwayes beg, Yet neuer am relee- ued: releeued: I alwayes beg, I
alwaies beg, Yet ne- uer am releeued: :||: I greeue, be-
cauſe my griefes, my griefes are not beleeued: becauſe my griefes are not beleeued:
I cry aloud in vaine, I cry aloud in vaine, my voyce out ſtretched, And get but
this, :||: mine Ecco cals me wretched :||: mine Ecco
cals mee wretched, cals mee wretched.

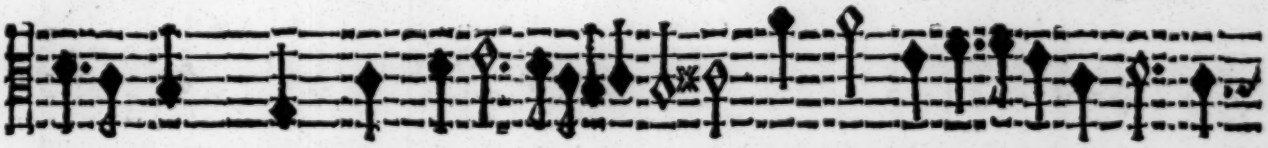


THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in vaine

complaine mee: :||: That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in vaine com-

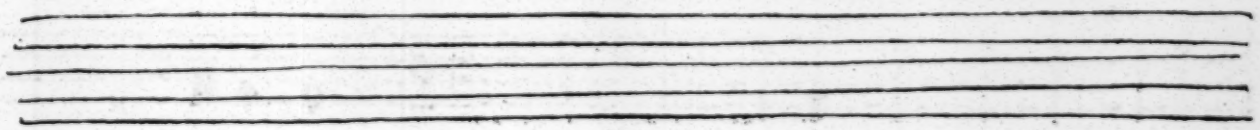
plaine mee: And ſorrow will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee, :||:

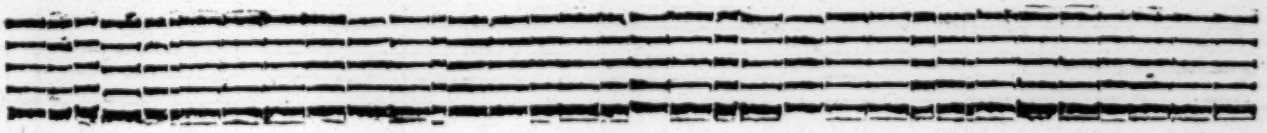
That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine me: :||: Yet did I hope, Which hope my

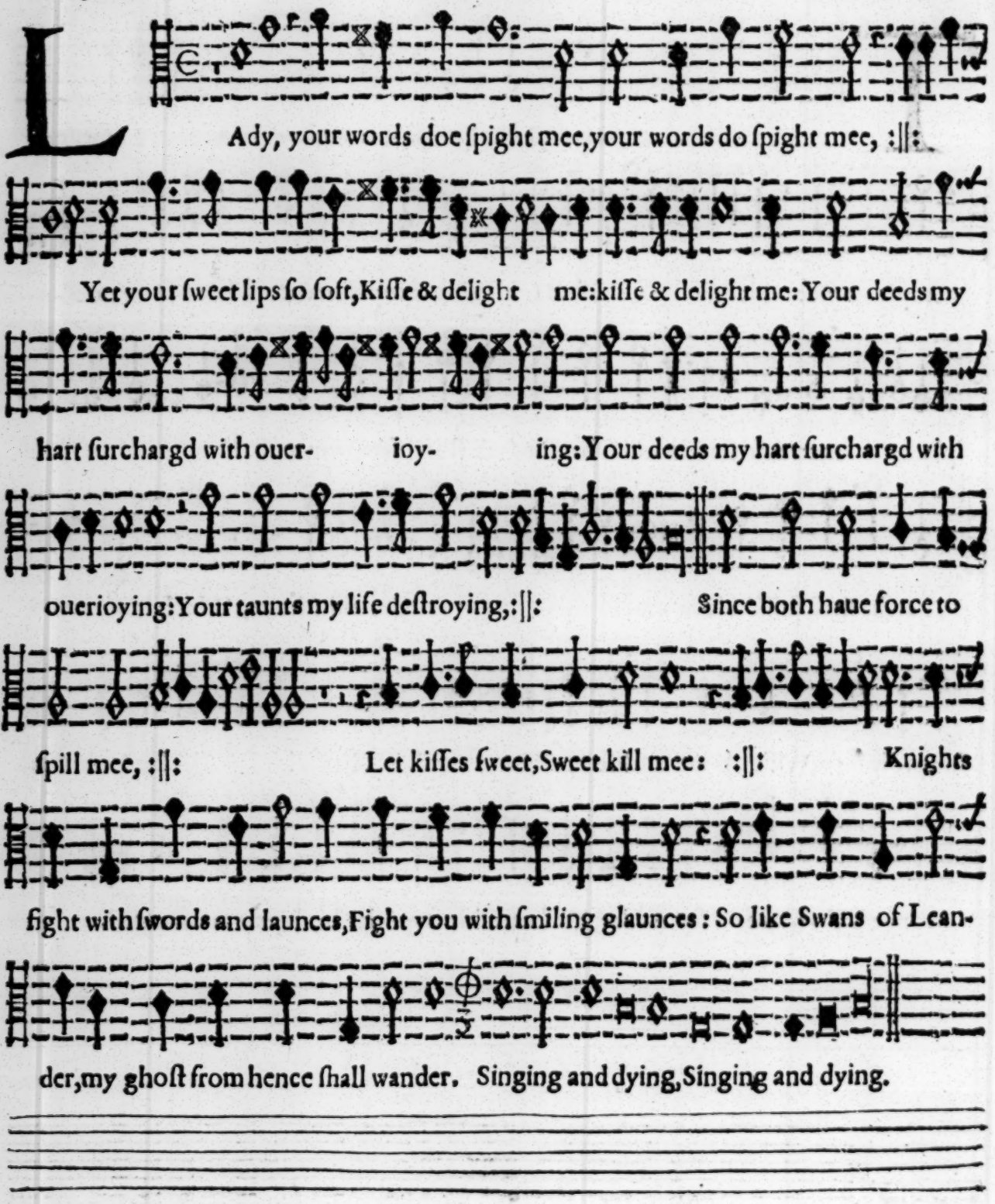


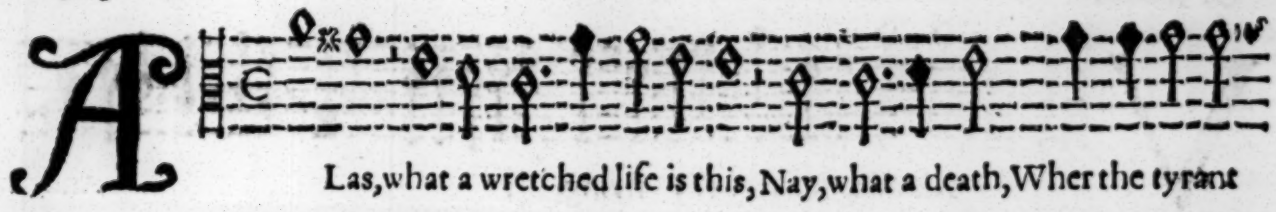
life prolong'd, Which hope my life prolon- ged, To heare hir ſay Alas his Loue was

wronged. To heare hir ſay A- las, To heare hir ſay, A-las his loue was wronged.






Lady, your words doe ſpight mee, your words do ſpight mee, :||:
Yet your ſweet lips ſo ſoft, Kiſſe & delight me: kiſſe & delight me: Your deeds my
hart ſurchargd with ouer- ioy- ing: Your deeds my hart ſurchargd with
ouerioying: Your taunts my life deſtroying, :||: Since both haue force to
ſpill mee, :||: Let kiſſes ſweet, Sweet kill mee: :||: Knights
fight with ſwords and launces, Fight you with ſmiling glaunces: So like Swans of Lean-
der, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander. Singing and dying, Singing and dying.

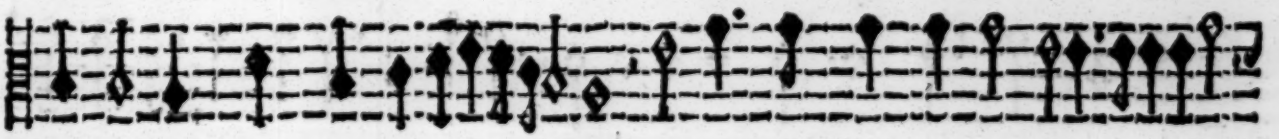


Las, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant

Loue commaundeth, commandeth? My flouring daies are in their prime decli- ning, :||:

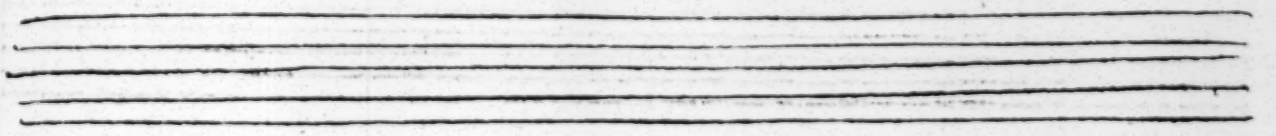
All my proud hope, quite falne, and life vntwining: My

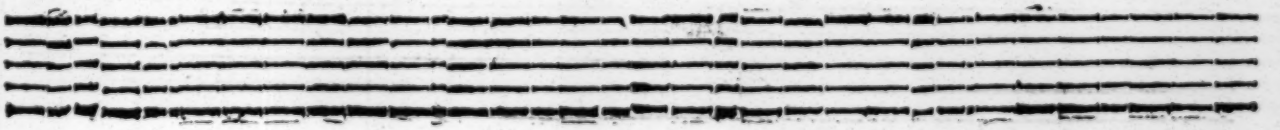
ioyes each after other, :||: In haſt are flying, And leaue mee dying,

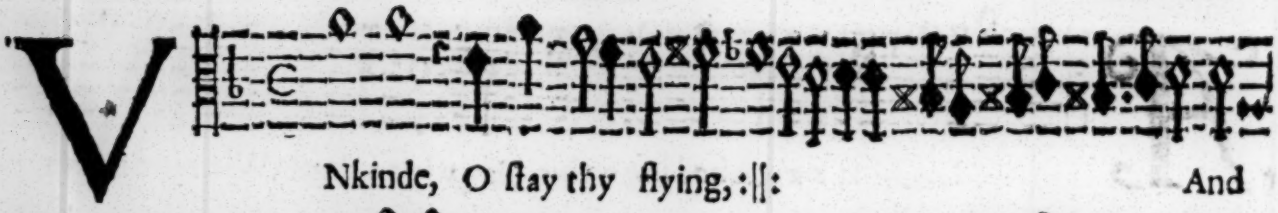


For hir that ſcornes my cry- ing: O ſhee from hence departs, :||:

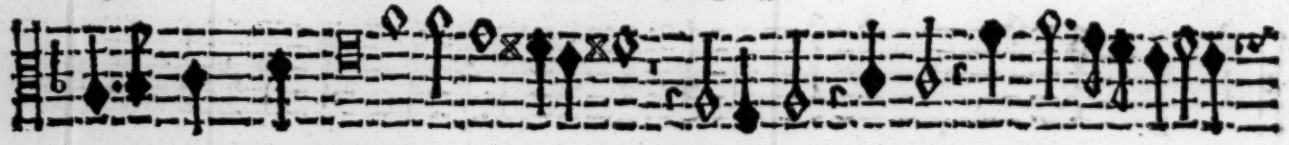
My Loue re- frai- ning, For whom all hartles, A- las, I dye complayning.



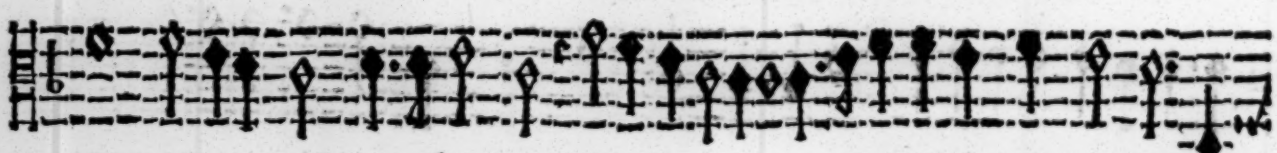




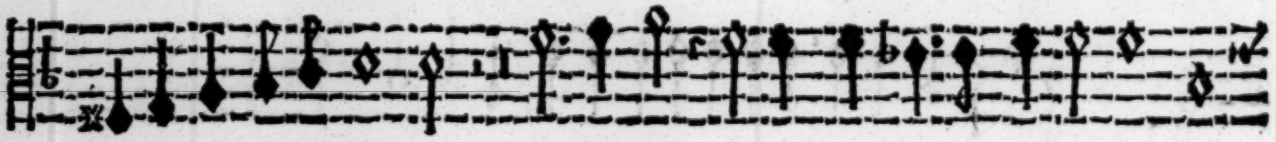
VNkinde, O ſtay thy flying, :||: And



if I needes muſt dye, pitty mee dy- ing: But in thee, my hart, my hart is ly-



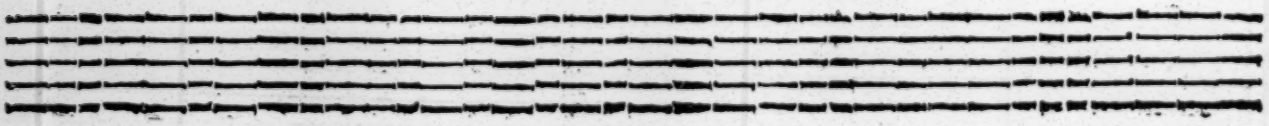
ing, And no death can aſſaile mee, :||: Alas till life doth faile thee, A-



las till life doth fayle thee, O therfore, If the Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay

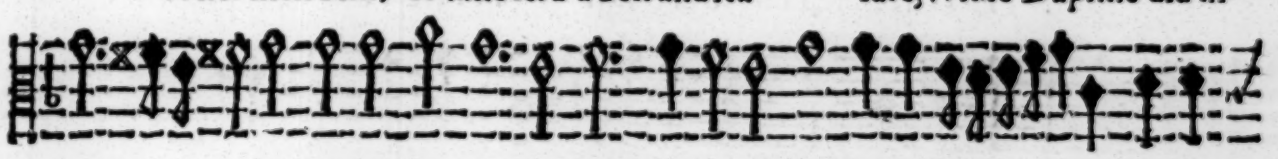
for mee, whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O therfore, If the Fates bid thee be

fleeting, Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart thou haſt in keeping.



I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure,:||:

Wher then I liſt, or time ſeru'd beſt and lea- ſure, While Daphne did in-

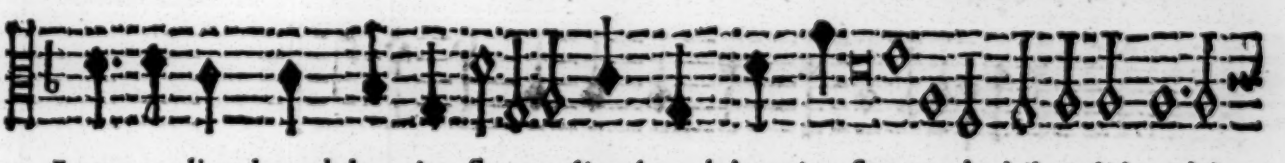


uite me, To ſupper once, & dranck to me to ſpite me. I ſmild: yet ſtill did

doubt hir, :||: And dranck wher ſhe had dranck before,:||:

to flout hir. But ô while I did eie hir, But ô while I, But ô while I did

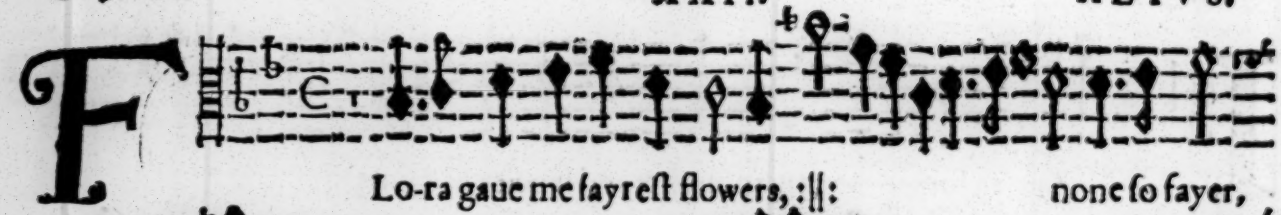
eye hir,:||: :||: did eye hir, Myne eyes dranck



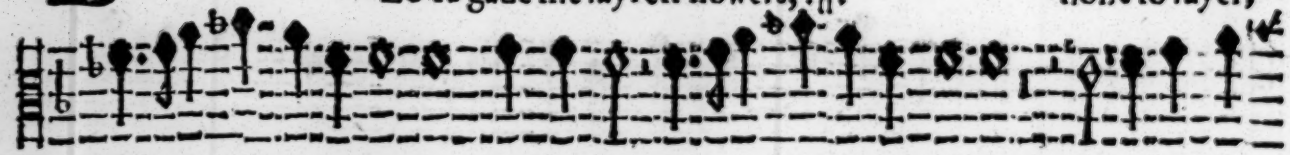
Loue, my lips dranck burning fier. my lips dranck burning fier. But ô while I did eye hir,

:||: :||: :||: But ô while I did eye

hir, Mine eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fier. :||:



Lo-ra gaue me fayreſt flowers, :||: none ſo fayer,



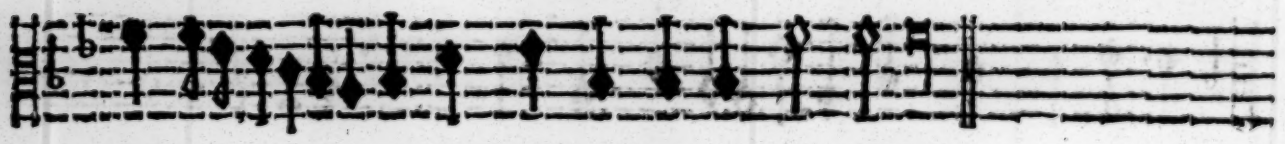
:||: In Floras treaſure, none ſo faier, :||: In Floras treaſure: Theſe I plaſt on

Phillis Bowers, She was pleaſd, And ſhe my pleaſure, She was pleaſd. :||: And ſhe my

pleaſure: Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay, Come yee wantons, heere to play. Smiling

meadowes ſeeme to ſay, Come yee wantons, heere to play, Come yee wantons, heere to

play, to play, :||: Come heere to play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, to

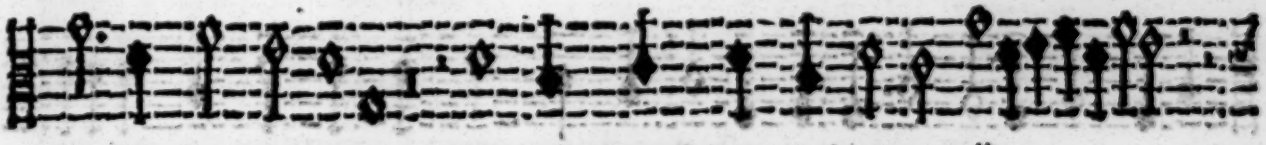


play, :||: Come, come yee wantons, heere to play.

Heere endeth the ſongs of 5. parts.

SWeet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, :||: Sub-

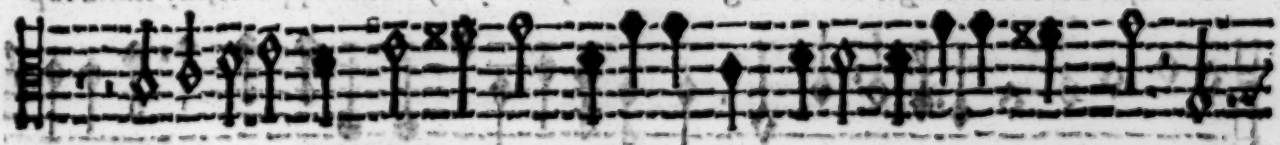
due her hart, who makes me glad and sory, Out of thy golden quiuer, take



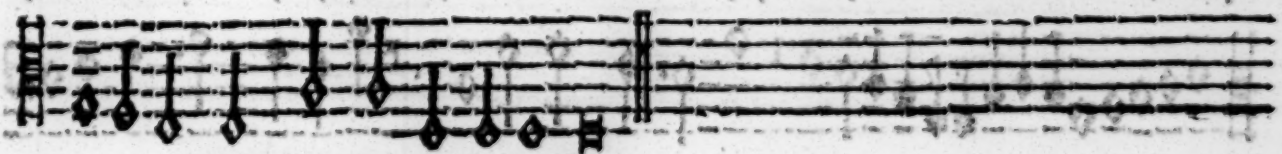
thou thy strongest arrow, That will through bone and marrow, :||:

That will through bone and marrow: And me and thee of griefe and feare deliuer:

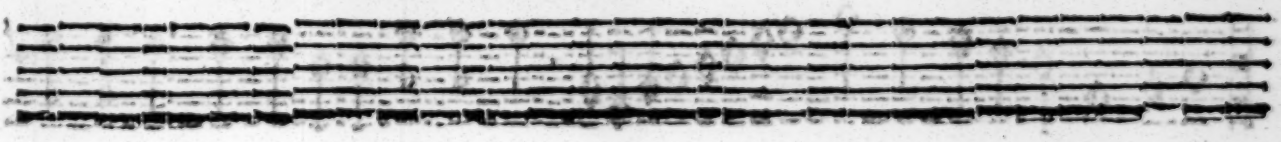
And mee and thee, :||: of griefe & feare de- liuer. But come behinde,



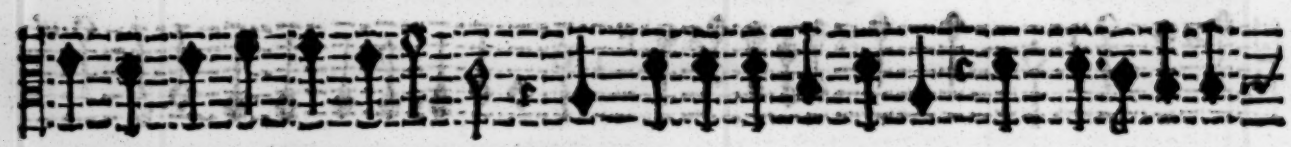
:||: But come behinde, for if she looke vpon thee, Alas poore Loue, :||:



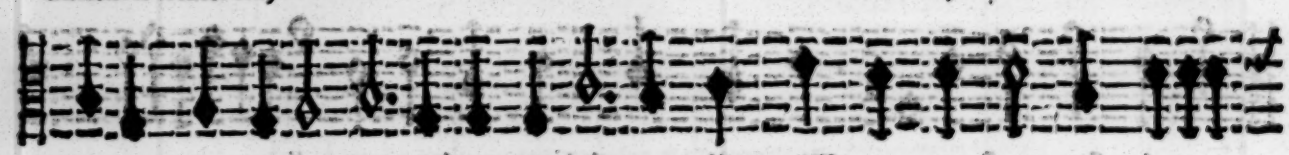
Then thou art woe begon thee.



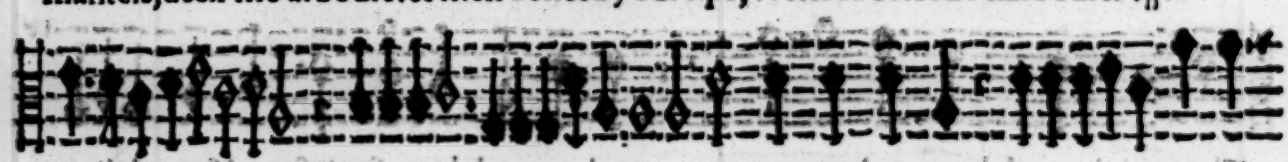
LAdy, when I behold the Ro-ſes ſprouting, :‖: Which clad in



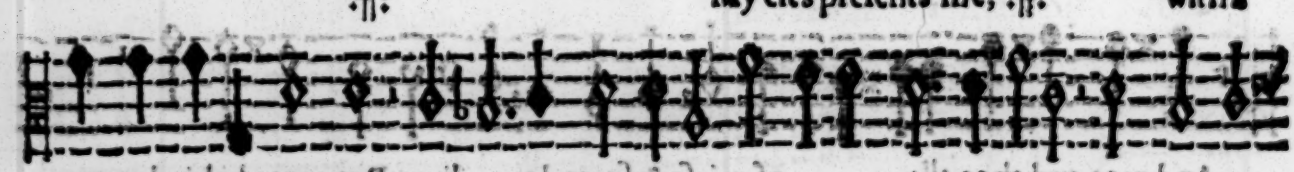
damask mantels, deck the arbours: Which clad in damask mantels, which clad in damask



mantels, deck the arbours: & then behold your lips, Wher ſweet loue harbours: :‖:

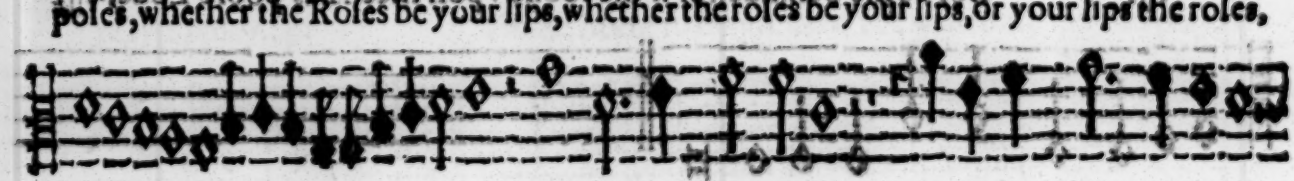


:‖: My eies preſents me, :‖: with a



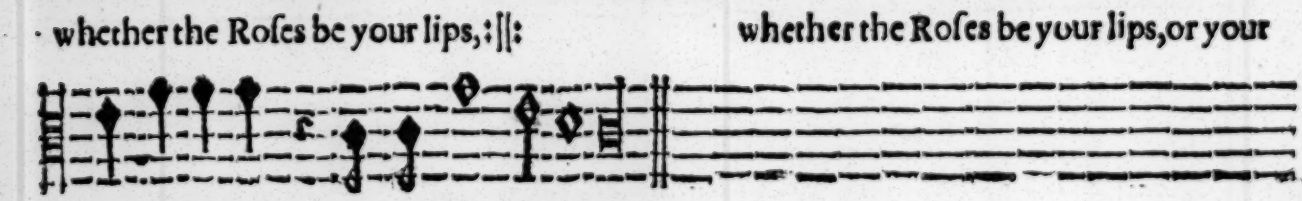
double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, my mind ſup-

poſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes,

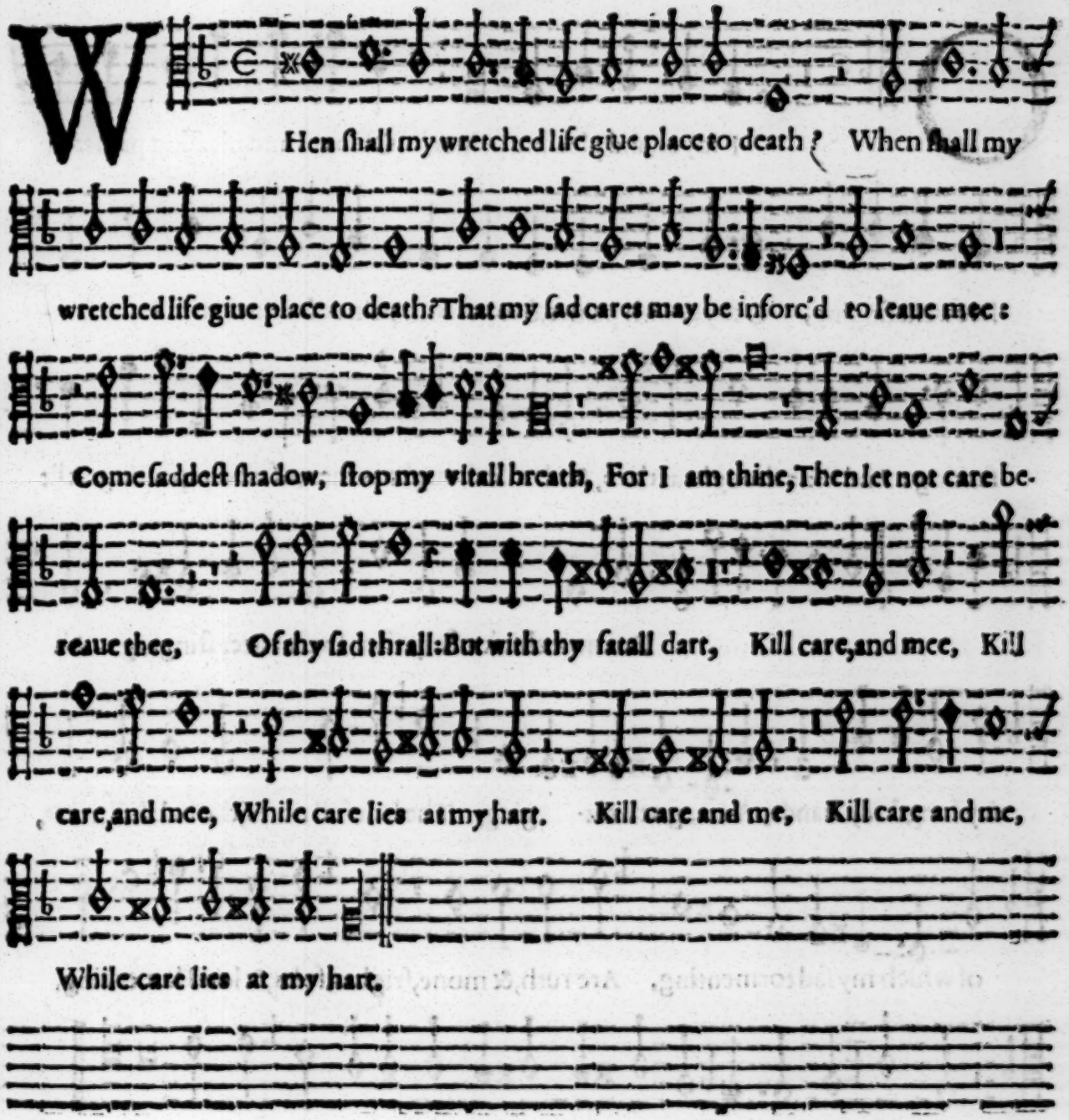


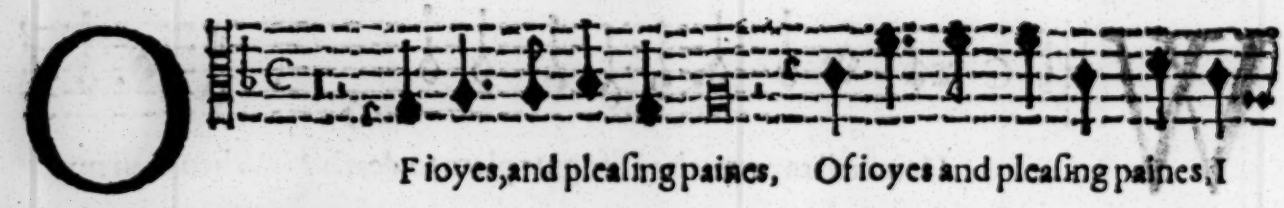
:‖: For viewing both alike, hardly my minde ſuppoſes,

whether the Roſes be your lips, :‖: whether the Roſes be your lips, or your



lips the Roſes, or your lips the Roſes.

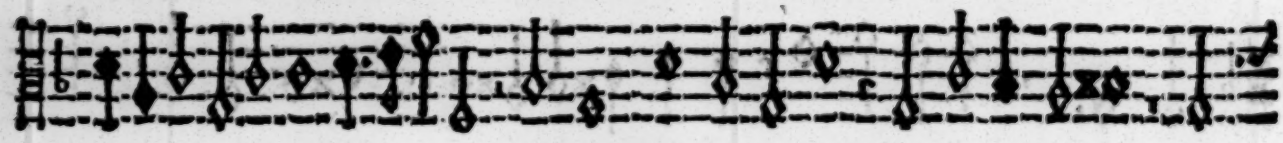

When ſhall my wretched life giue place to death? When ſhall my
wretched life giue place to death? That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:
Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine, Then let not care be-
reaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill care, and mee, Kill
care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care and me, Kill care and me,
While care lies at my hart.



O Fioyes, and pleasing paines, Of ioyes and pleasing paines, I

late went singing, O ioyes with paines, ô ioyes with paines, ô paines with ioyes con-

senting: And little thought as then, And little thought as then, of now repenting: :||:

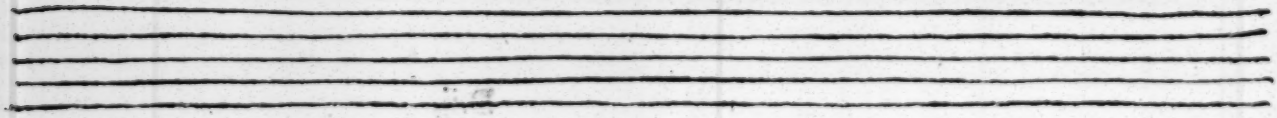


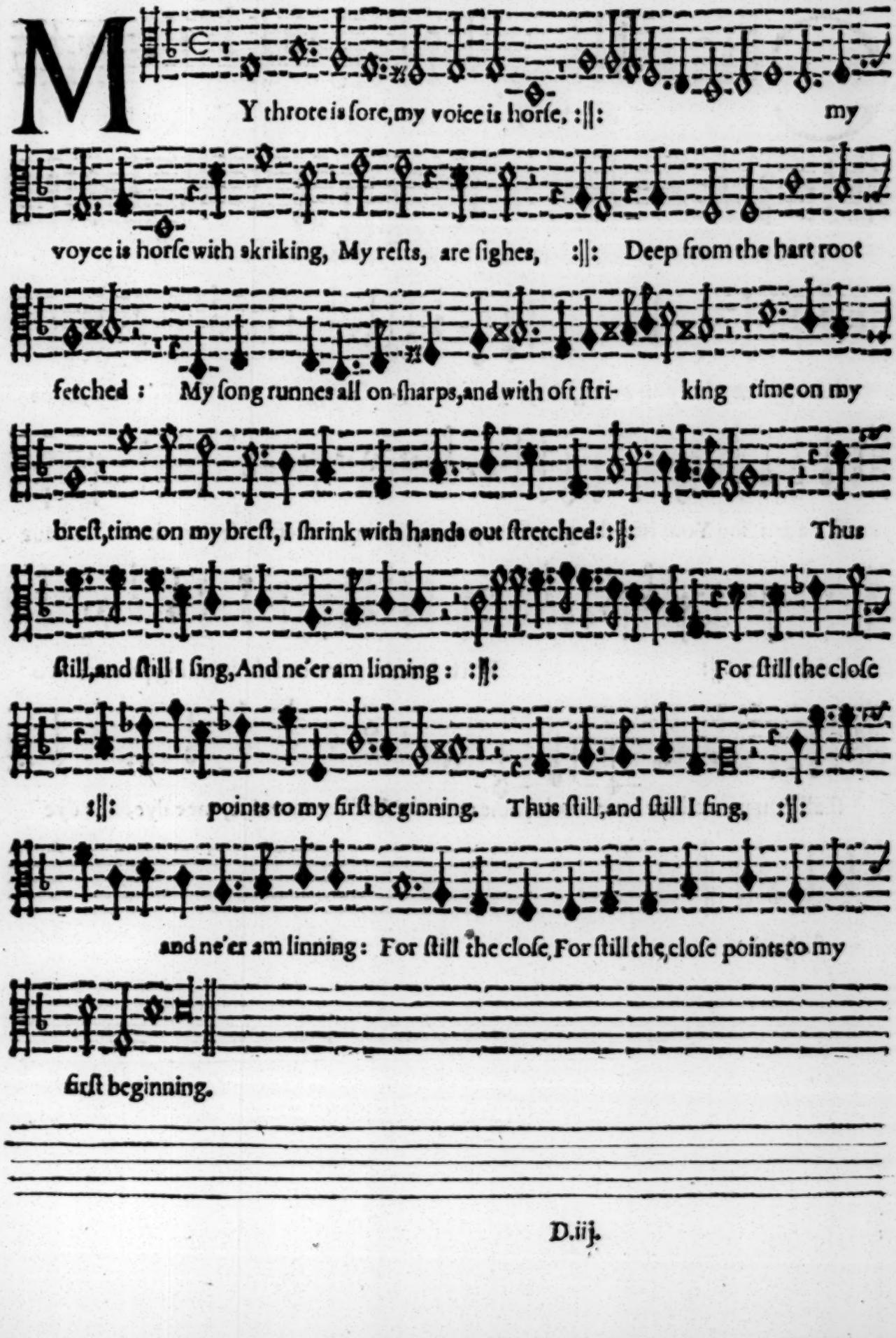
But now think of my then sweet bitter stinging: All

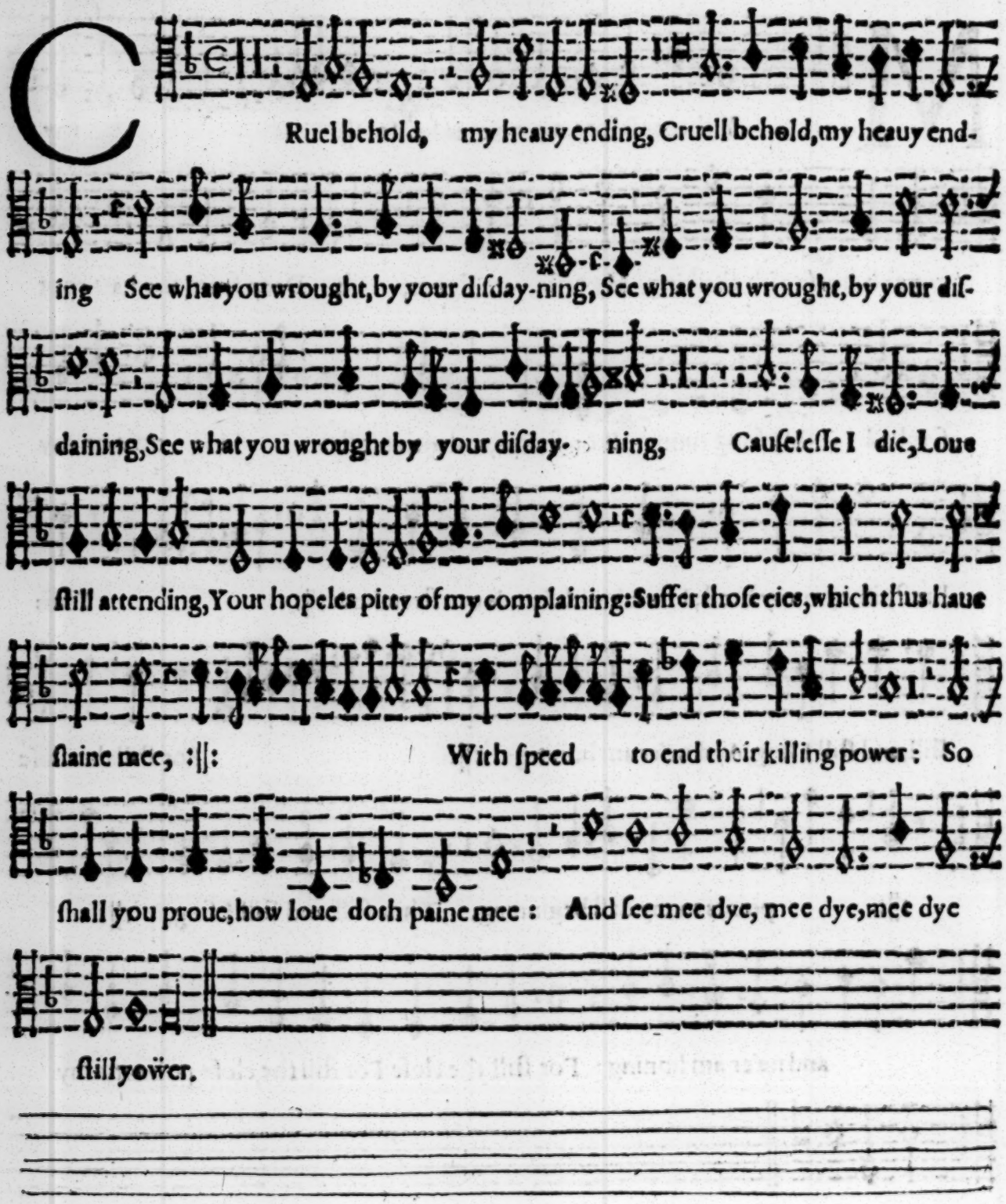
day long I my hands, A-las, goe wring- ging. The balefull notes, the balefull notes,

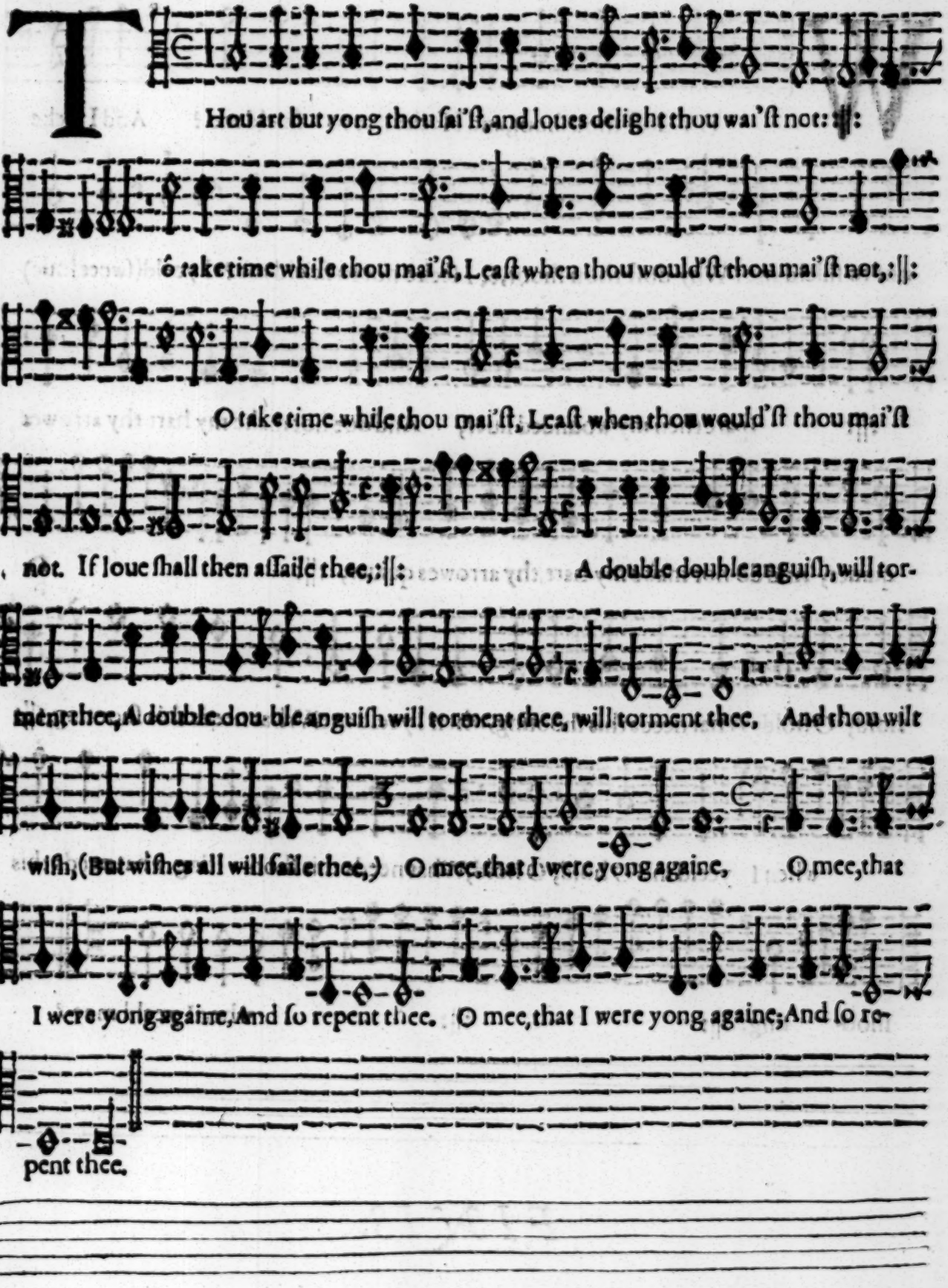
of which my sad tormenting, Are ruth, & mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting.

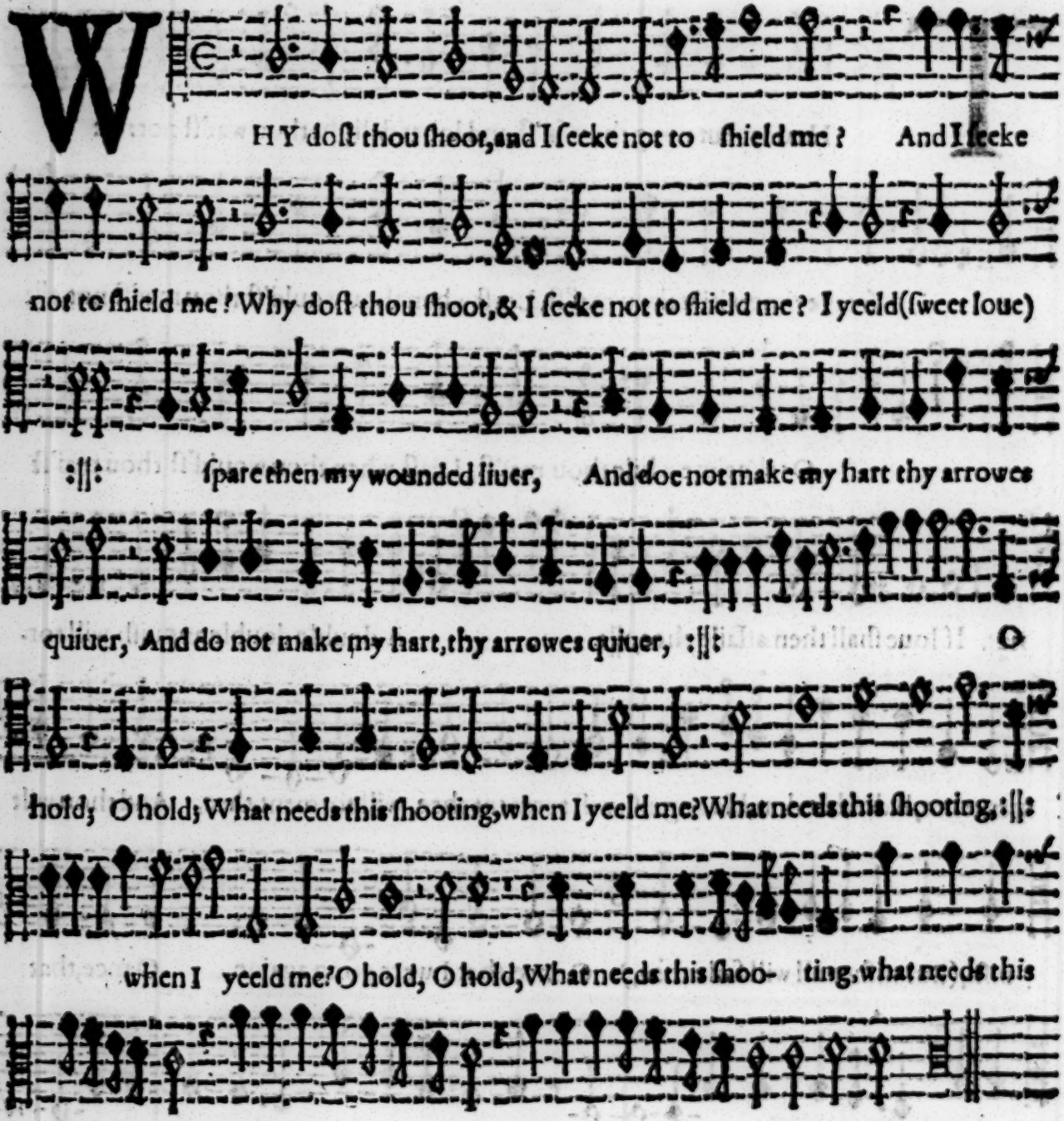
From hils and dales, in my dull eares still ringing. in my dull eares still ringing.




MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe, :||: my
voyce is horſe with ſkriking, My reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root
fetched : My ſong runnes all on ſharps, and with oft ſtri- king time on my
breſt, time on my breſt, I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched: :||: Thus
ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, And ne'er am linning : :||: For ſtill the cloſe
:||: points to my firſt beginning. Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, :||:
and ne'er am linning: For ſtill the cloſe, For ſtill the, cloſe points to my
firſt beginning.


Cruel behold, my heauy ending, Cruell behold, my heauy end-
ing See what you wrought, by your disday-ning, See what you wrought, by your dis-
daining, See what you wrought by your disday- ning, Cause lesse I die, Loue
still attending, Your hopeles pitty of my complaining: Suffer those eies, which thus haue
slaine mee, :||: With speed to end their killing power: So
shall you proue, how loue doth paine mee: And see mee dye, mee dye, mee dye
still yower.


Thou art but yong thou saist, and loues delight thou wantst not: :||:
ô take time while thou maist, Least when thou would'st thou maist not, :||:
O take time while thou maist, Least when thou would'st thou maist
not. If loue shall then assaile thee, :||: A double double anguish, will tor-
ment thee, A double dou-ble anguish will torment thee, will torment thee, And thou wilt
wish, (But wishes all will faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that
I were yong againe, And so repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And so re-
pent thee.


WHY doſt thou ſhoot, and I ſeeke not to ſhield me? And I ſeeke
not to ſhield me? Why doſt thou ſhoot, & I ſeeke not to ſhield me? I yeeld (ſweet loue)
:||: ſpare then my wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes
quiuer, And do not make my hart, thy arrowes quiuer, :||:
hold; O hold; What needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld me? What needs this ſhooting, :||:
when I yeeld me? O hold, O hold, What needs this ſhoo- ting, what needs this
ſhoo- ting, :||: :||: when I yeeld mee?

FINIS.

BASSVS.

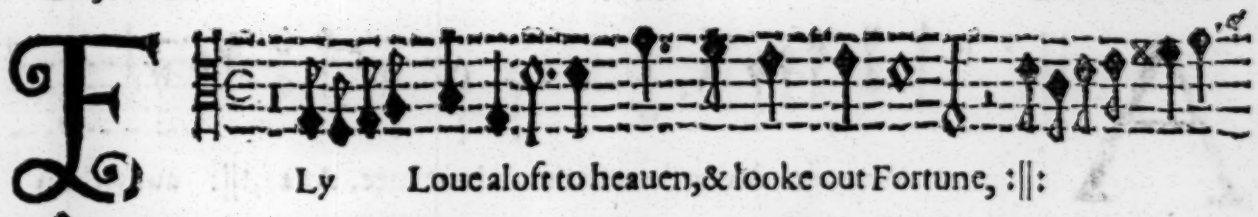
THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE.

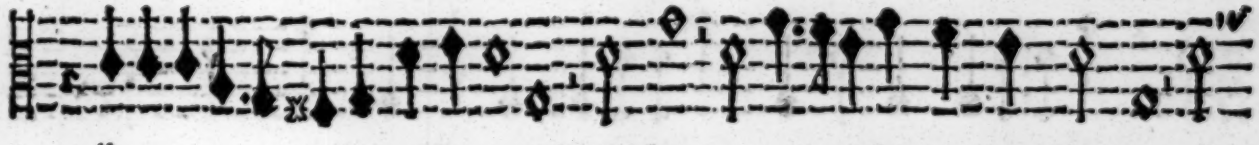
AT LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.



FLy Loue aloft to heauen, & looke out Fortune, :||:

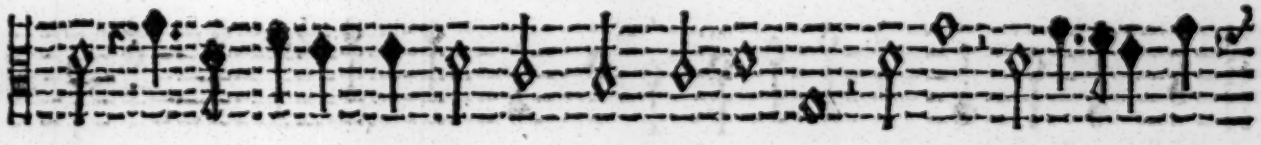
Then ſweetly ſweetly, ſweetly hir importune, That I from my Ca-

liſto beſt beloued, As you & ſhe ſet downe, be neuer moued, As you & ſhe ſet downe,



:||: be neuer moued, And loue, to Carimel ſee you commend me, :||:

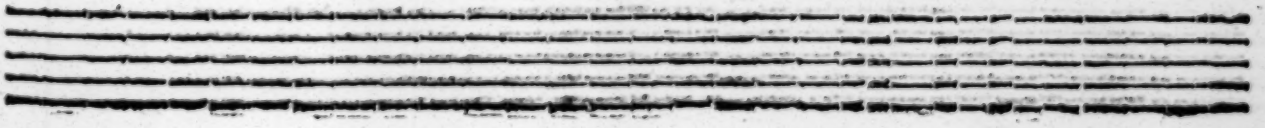
Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||: may chaunce befriend

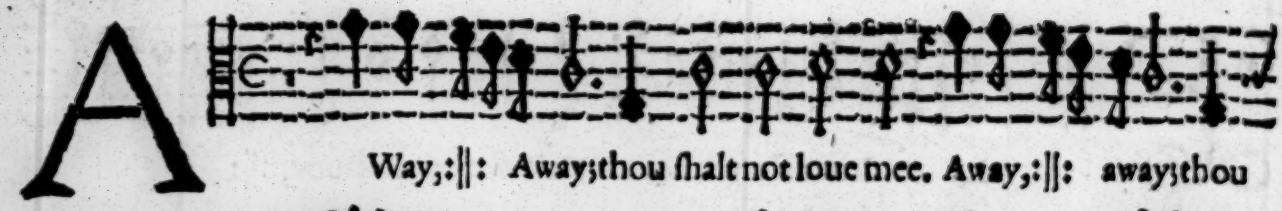


mee. Fortune for his ſweet ſake may chance befriend mee. And loue, to Ca-rimel ſee

you commend mee, :||: Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||:

may chance befriend mee. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, may chance befriend mee.





AWay,:||: Away;thou ſhalt not loue mee. Away,:||: away;thou

ſhalt not loue me. So ſhal my loue ſeeme greater, And I ſhal loue the better, So ſhall my

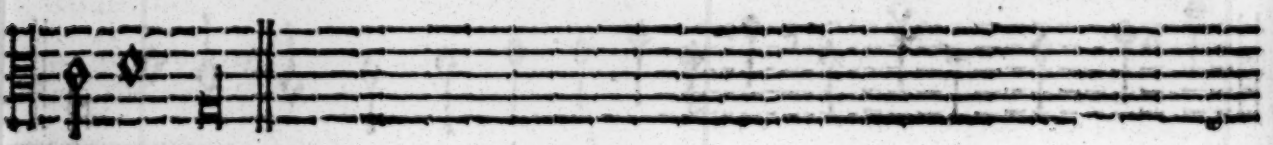
loue ſeeme greater, And I ſhall loue the better, And I ſhall loue, And I ſhall loue the bet-

ter, ſhall it be ſo? what ſay you? ſhall it be ſo? what ſay you? Why ſpeake you not

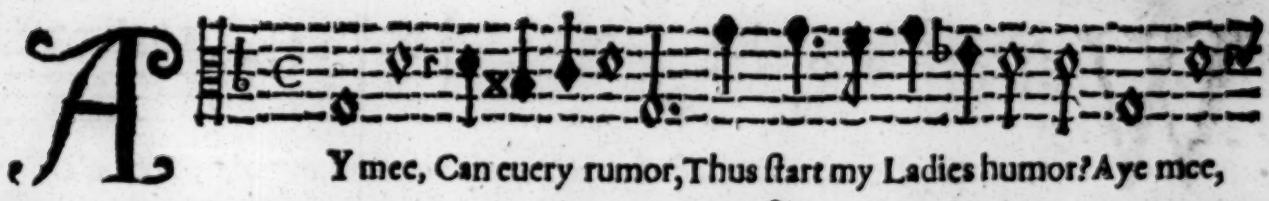
I pray you? Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue

mee, you loue mee, That ſo you may diſproue mee. Nay, then I know you loue

mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, That ſo you may

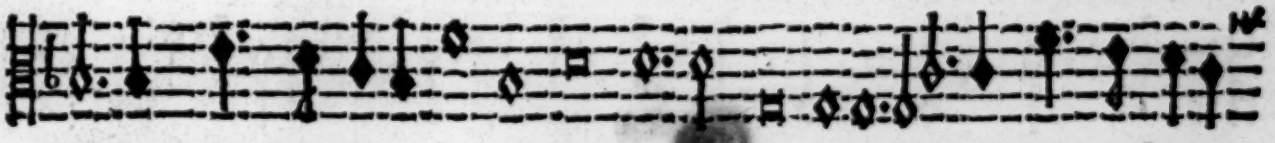


diſproue mee.



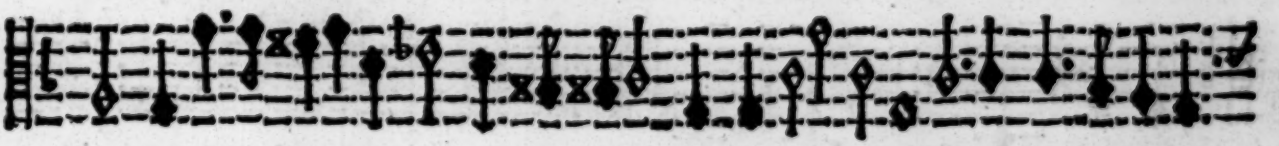
AYmee, Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart my Ladies humor? Aye mee,

Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart, :||: my Ladies humor? Name yee ſome gallant to

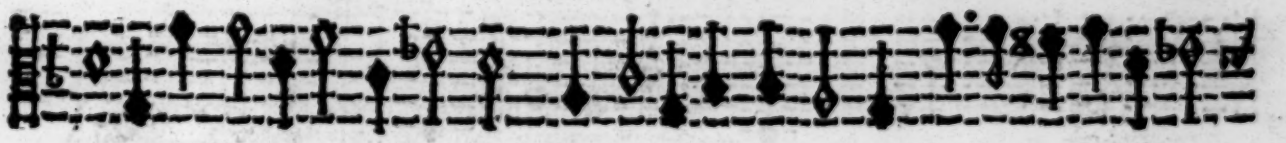


her, why ſtraight forſooth I woo her, then burſt he forth in paſſion, You men loue but for

faſhion, You men loue but for faſhion. Yet ſure I am that no man, Yet ſure I am that

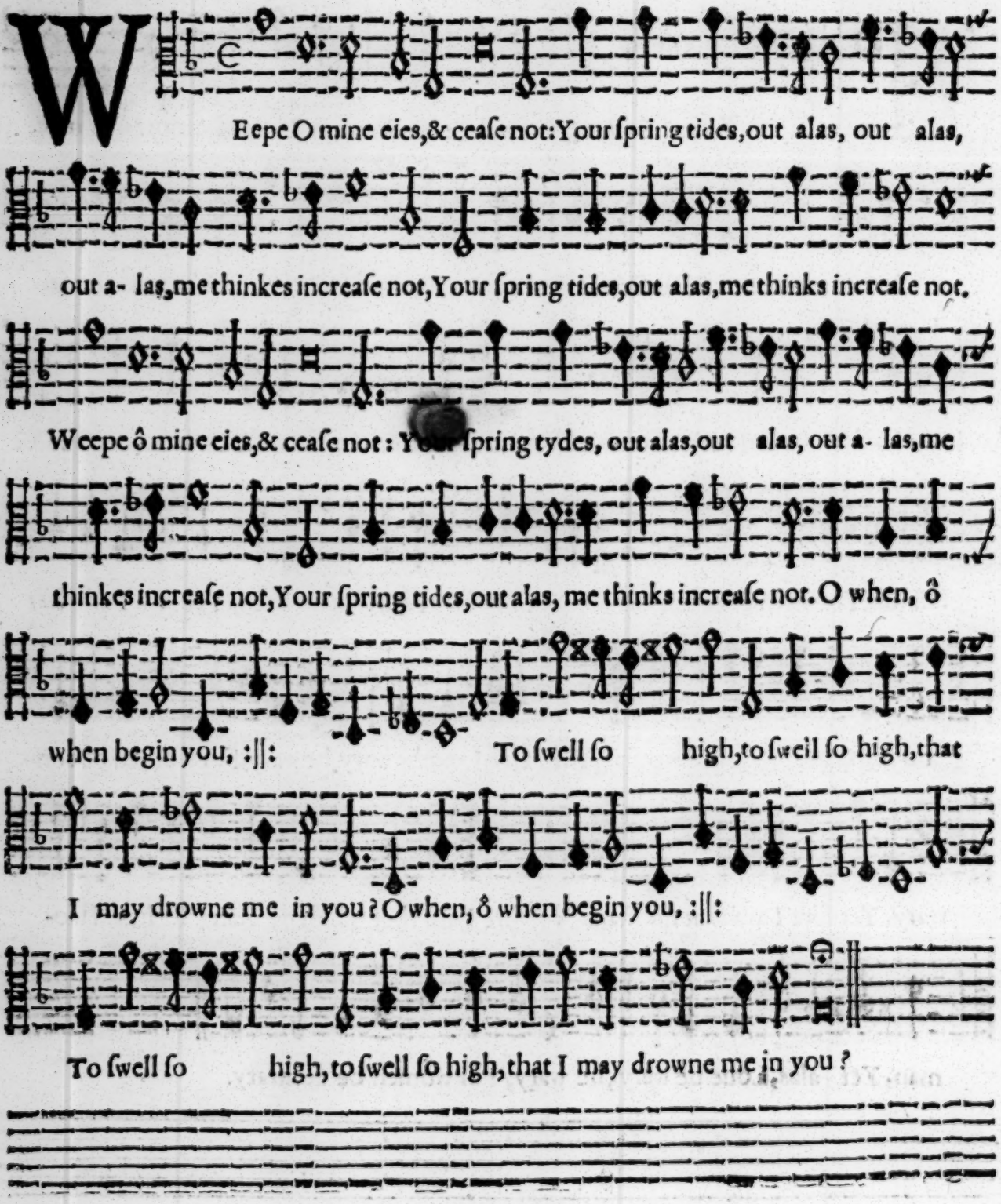


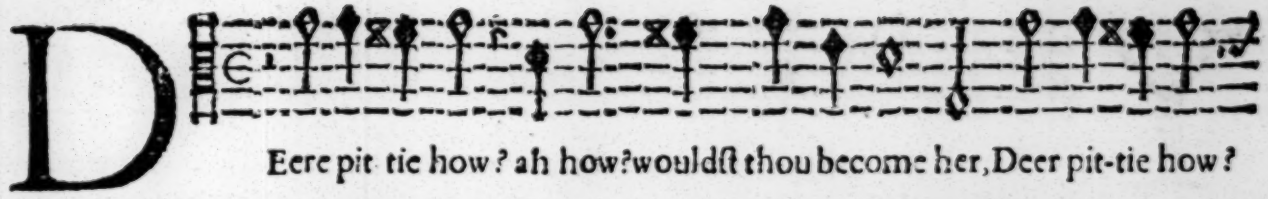
no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet alas, Loue be wary, be wary, For women be con-



trary. Yet ſure I am that no man, Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued wo-

man, Yet alas, Loue be wary, be wary, For women be contrary.


Weepe O mine eies,& ceaſe not:Your ſpring tides,out alas, out alas,
out a- las,me thinkes increaſe not,Your ſpring tides,out alas,me thinks increaſe not.
Weepe ô mine eies,& ceaſe not : Your ſpring tydes, out alas,out alas, out a- las,me
thinkes increaſe not,Your ſpring tides,out alas, me thinks increaſe not. O when, ô
when begin you, :||: To ſwell ſo high,to ſwell ſo high,that
I may drowne me in you? O when, ô when begin you, :||:
To ſwell ſo high,to ſwell ſo high,that I may drowne me in you?

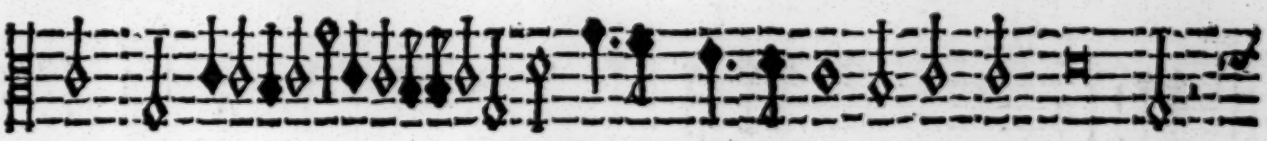


Deere pit-tie how? ah how? wouldſt thou become her, Deer pit-tie how?

ah how? wouldſt thou become her? That beſt becommeth beauties beſt at-ty-ring?

Shall my deſert, :||: Shall my deſert deſerue no fa-uour from her? But ſtill to waſt

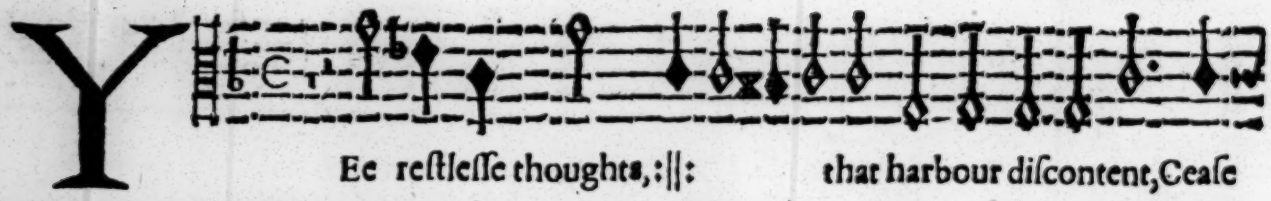
my ſelfe in deepe admiring, :||: Like him that cals to Eccho to re-



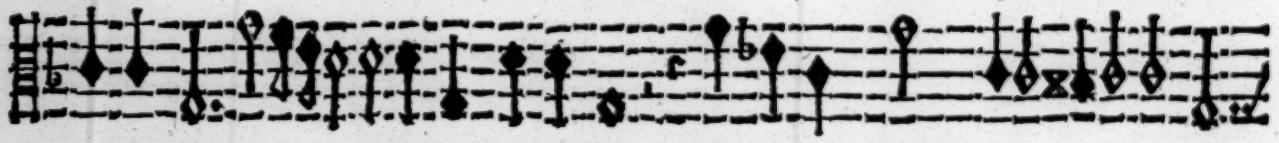
lieue him, :||: Still tels & heares the tale, Oh tale that grieues him.

Like him that cals to Eccho to relieue him, :||: Still tels and

heares the tale, Oh tale that grieues him.

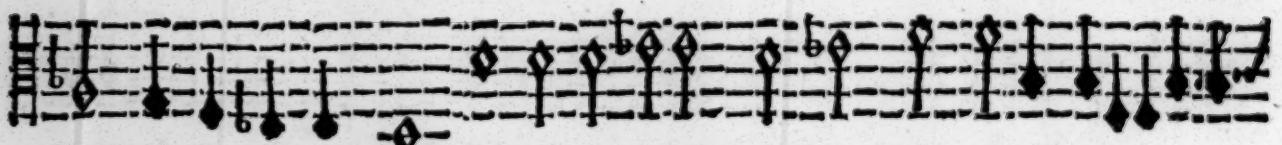


Ye reſtleſſe thoughts,:||: that harbour diſcontent, Ceaſe



your aſſaults,:||: & let my hart lament, Yee reſtles thoughts,:||: that har-

bour diſcontent, Ceaſe your aſſaults,:||: & let my hart lament; And let my tongue



haue leaue to tell my griefe, That ſhe may pitty, though not graunt reliefe.:||:

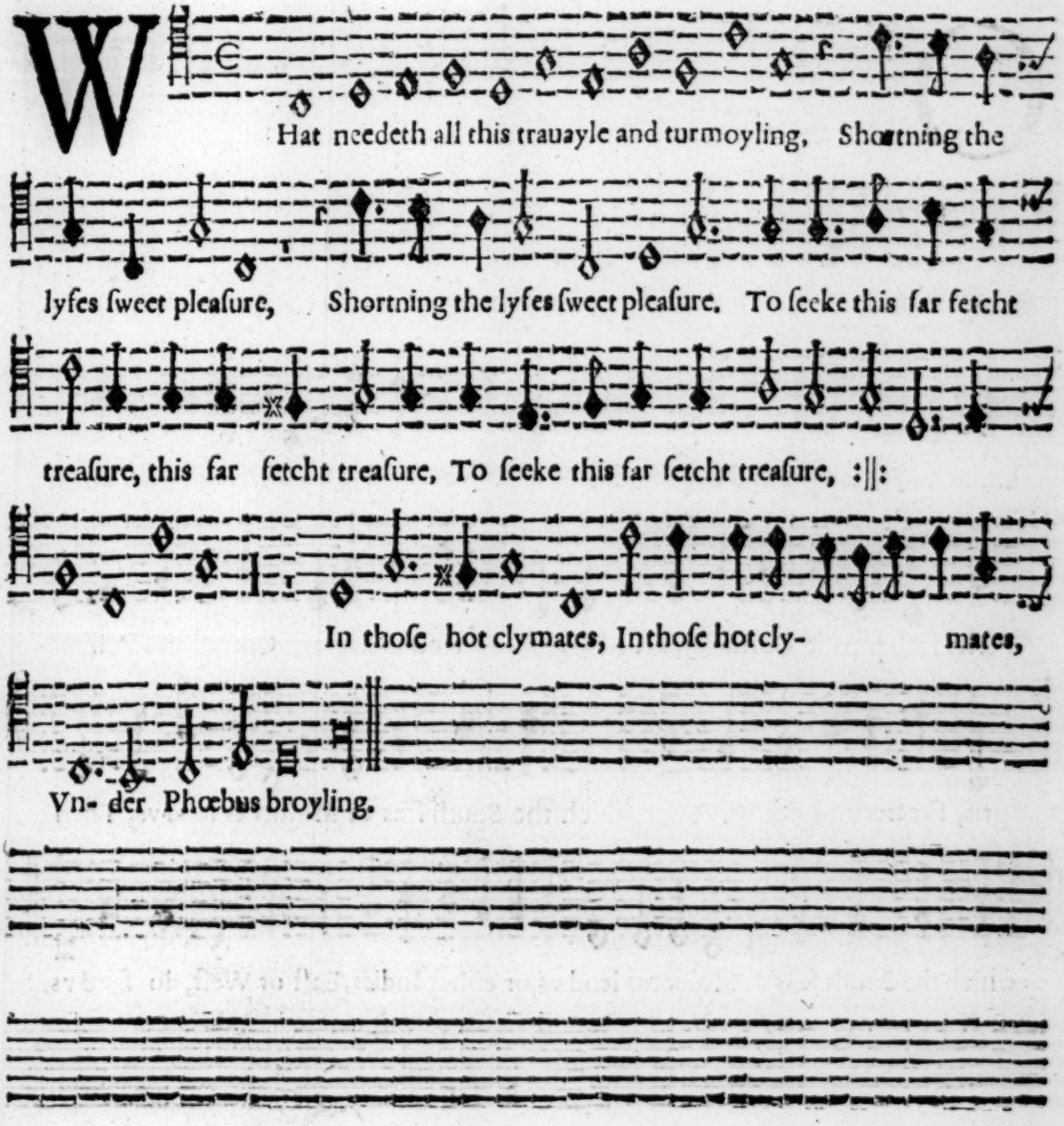
Pitty would help, pitty would help what loue hath almoſt ſlaine, pitty would

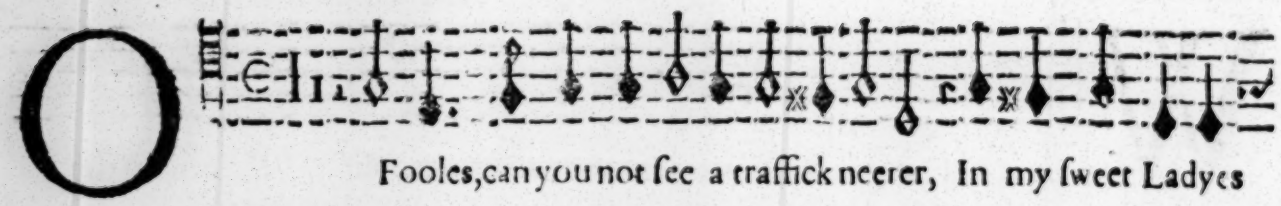
help, what loue hath almoſt ſlaine, And ſalue the wound, that feſt'red this diſdaine.

Pittie would help, pitty would help, what loue hath almoſt ſlaine, :||:

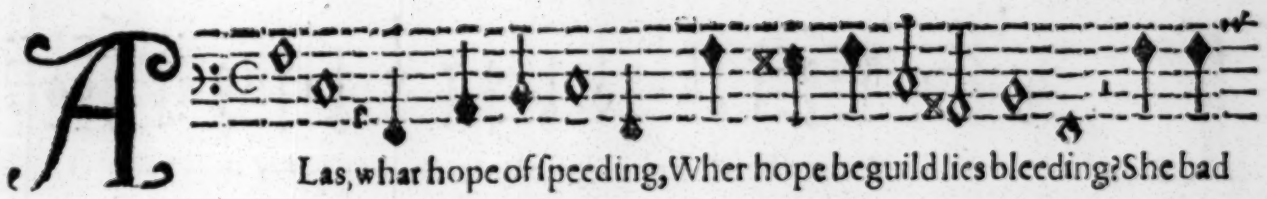
And ſalue the wound that feſt'red this diſdaine.

Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.


What needeth all this trauayle and turmoyling, Shortning the
lyfes sweet pleasure, Shortning the lyfes sweet pleasure. To seeke this far fetcht
treasure, this far fetcht treasure, To seeke this far fetcht treasure, :||:
In those hot clymates, In those hot cly- mates,
Vn- der Phœbus broyling.

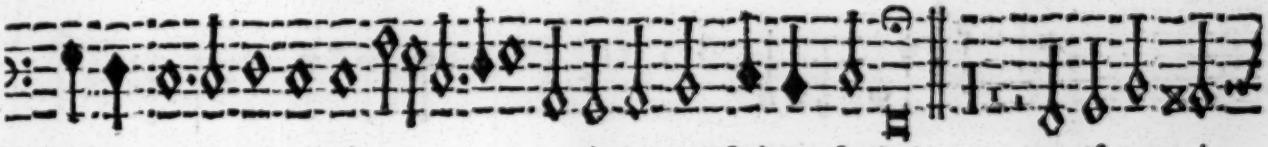


O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet Ladyes face, :||: Where Nature ſhoweth, what euer treaſure eye ſees, or hart knoweth ? Rubies and Diamonds daintie, Rubies and Diamonds daintie, And orient Perles ſuch plentie, Corrall and Ambergris, ſweeter and deerer, Corrall and Amber-gris, ſweeter and deerer, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, or either Indies, Eaſt or Weſt, do ſend vs.

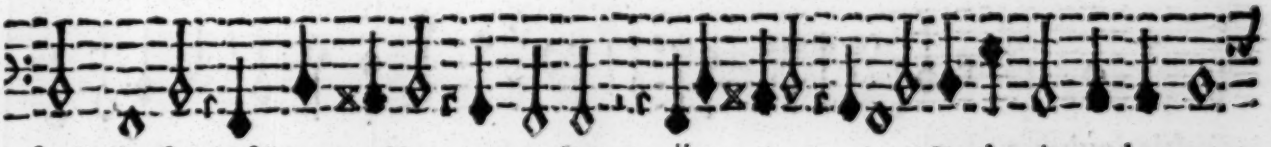


ALas, what hope of ſpeeding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding? She bad

come, when ſhee ſpide mee: And when I came ſhee flide mee, ſhee flyde mee, Thus

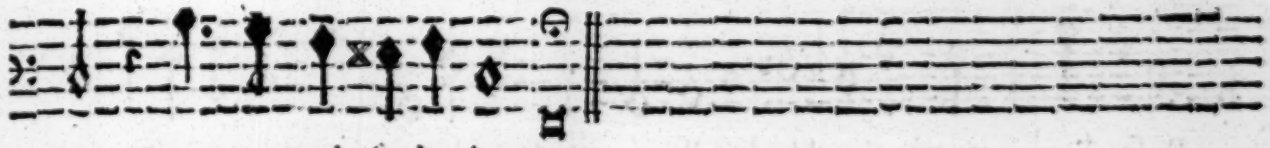


when I was beguiled :||: She at my ſighing ſmiled. But if you take

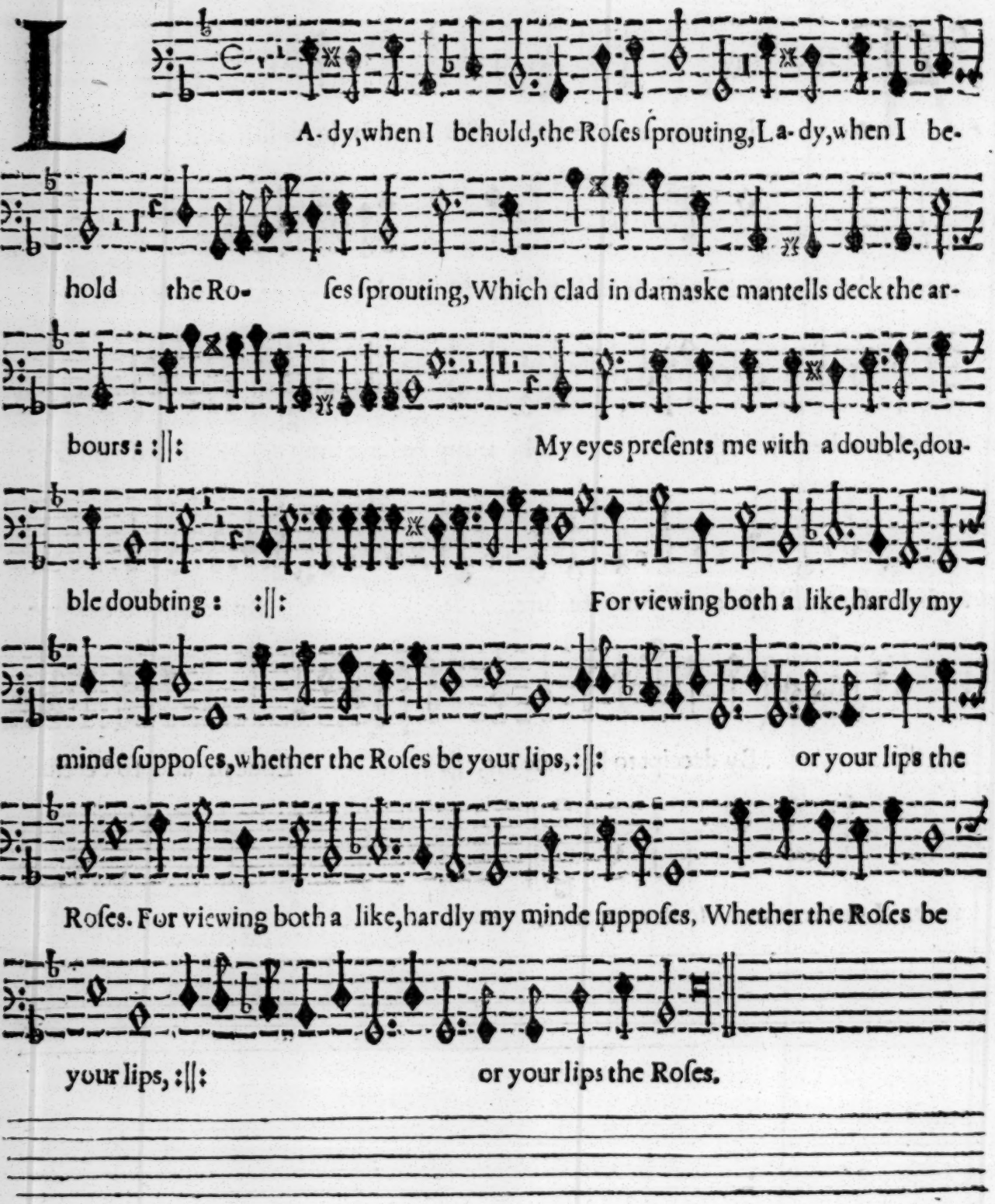


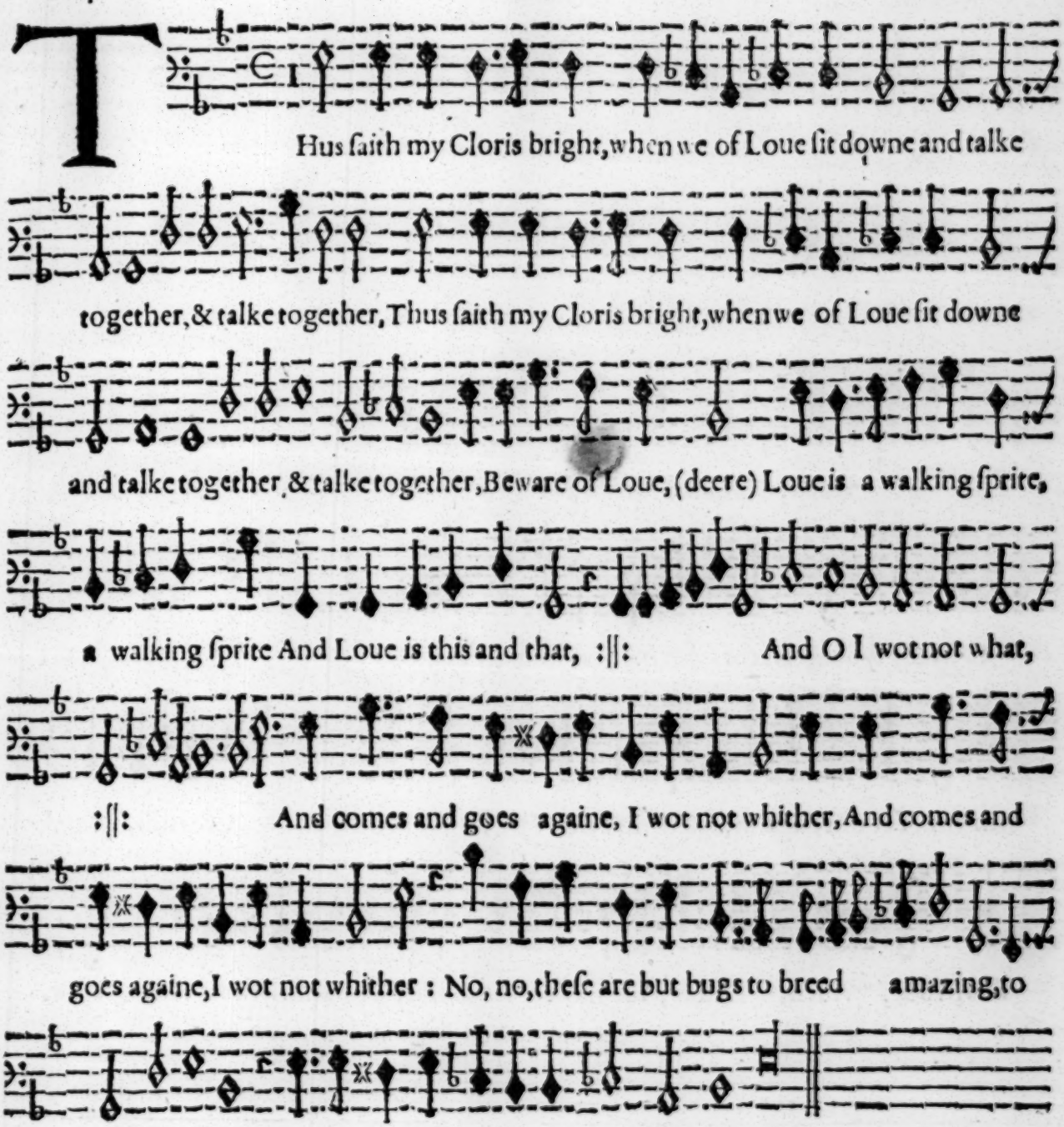
ſuch pleaſure, of hope and ioy my treaſure, :||: By deceipt to bereaue

me, :||: By deceipt to bereaue me, :||: Loue me and ſo deceiue

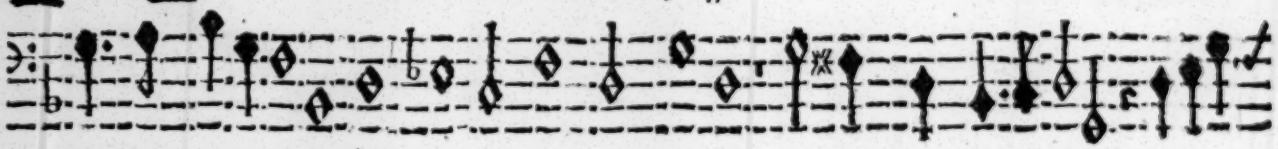


mee. Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee.


LA-dy, when I behold, the Roſes ſprouting, La-dy, when I be-
hold the Ro- ſes ſprouting, Which clad in damaske mantells deck the ar-
bours: :||: My eyes preſents me with a double, dou-
ble doubting: :||: For viewing both a like, hardly my
minde ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, :||: or your lips the
Roſes. For viewing both a like, hardly my minde ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes be
your lips, :||: or your lips the Roſes.

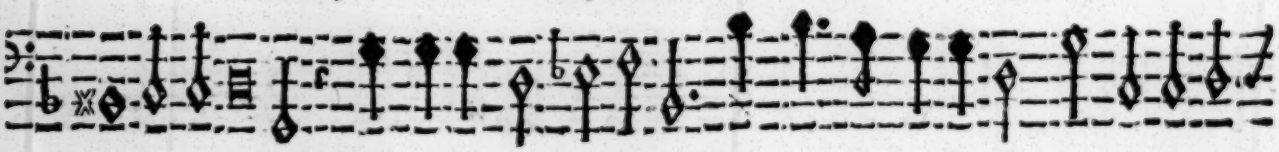

THus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe and talke
together, & talke together, Thus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe
and talke together, & talke together, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking ſprite,
a walking ſprite And Loue is this and that, :||: And O I wot not what,
:||: And comes and goes againe, I wot not whither, And comes and
goes againe, I wot not whither : No, no, theſe are but bugs to breed amazing, to
breed amazing, For in her eies I ſaw his torch light blazing.

A Dew ſweet Amarillis, :||: Adew, Adew, A-

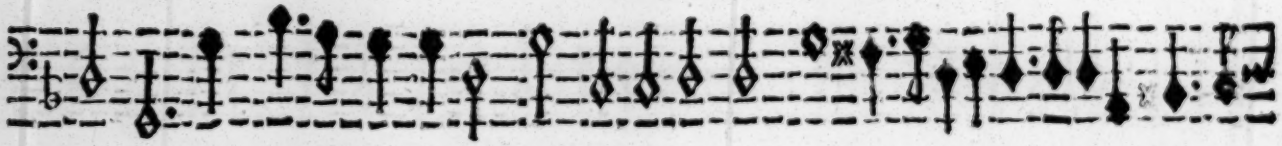


dew, ſweet Amarillis: For ſince to part your will is, A-dew ſweet Amarillis, :||:

Adew, Adew, Adew, ſweet Amarillis: For ſince to part your will is,



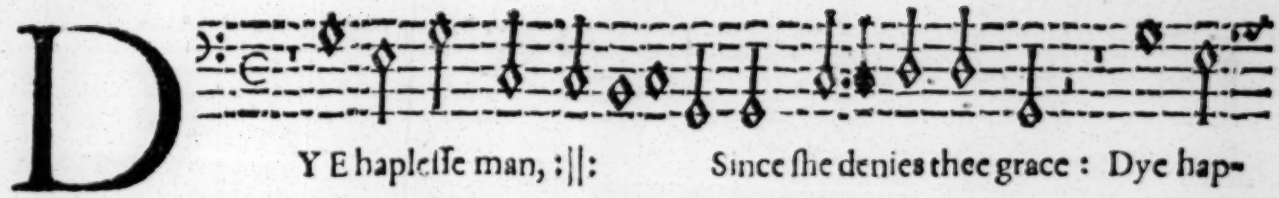
O heauy tyding. Heere is for mee no biding: Yet once againe againe, Ere that I part



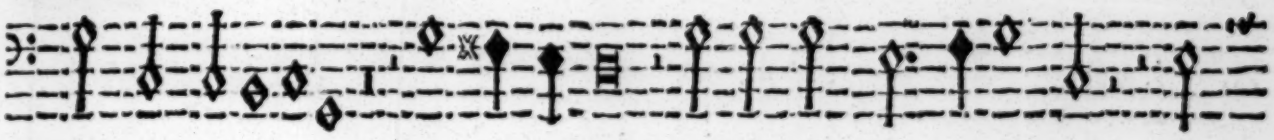
with you, Yet once againe, againe, Ere that I part with you, Amarillis, Amarillis, ſweet A-

dew, Adew, ' Adew, Adew, Adew. Sweet Amarillis, Amarillis, ſweet Adew, Adew.

Here endeth the ſongs of 4. Parts.

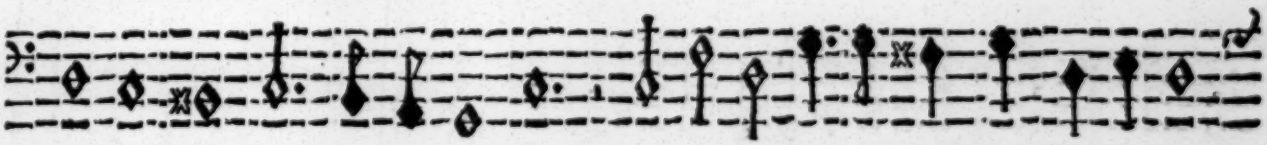


DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace : Dye hap-

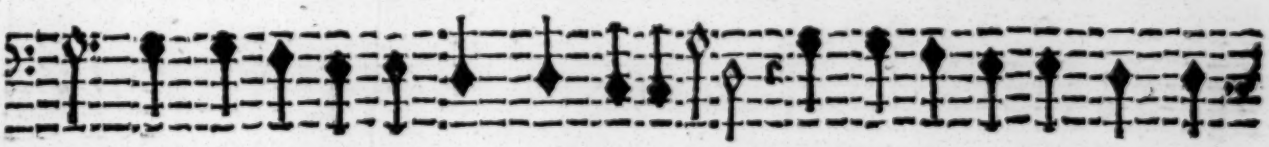


leſſe man, :||: Dye and diſpaire, ſith ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee : Fare-

well moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, :||: Sith for my

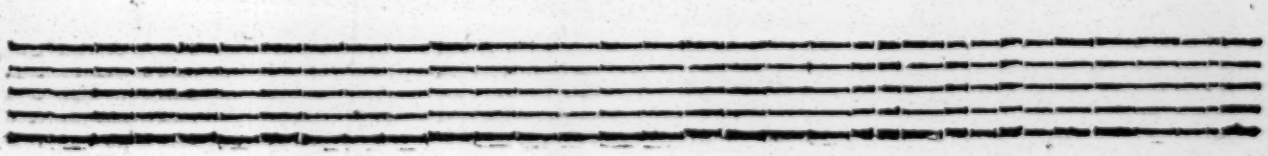


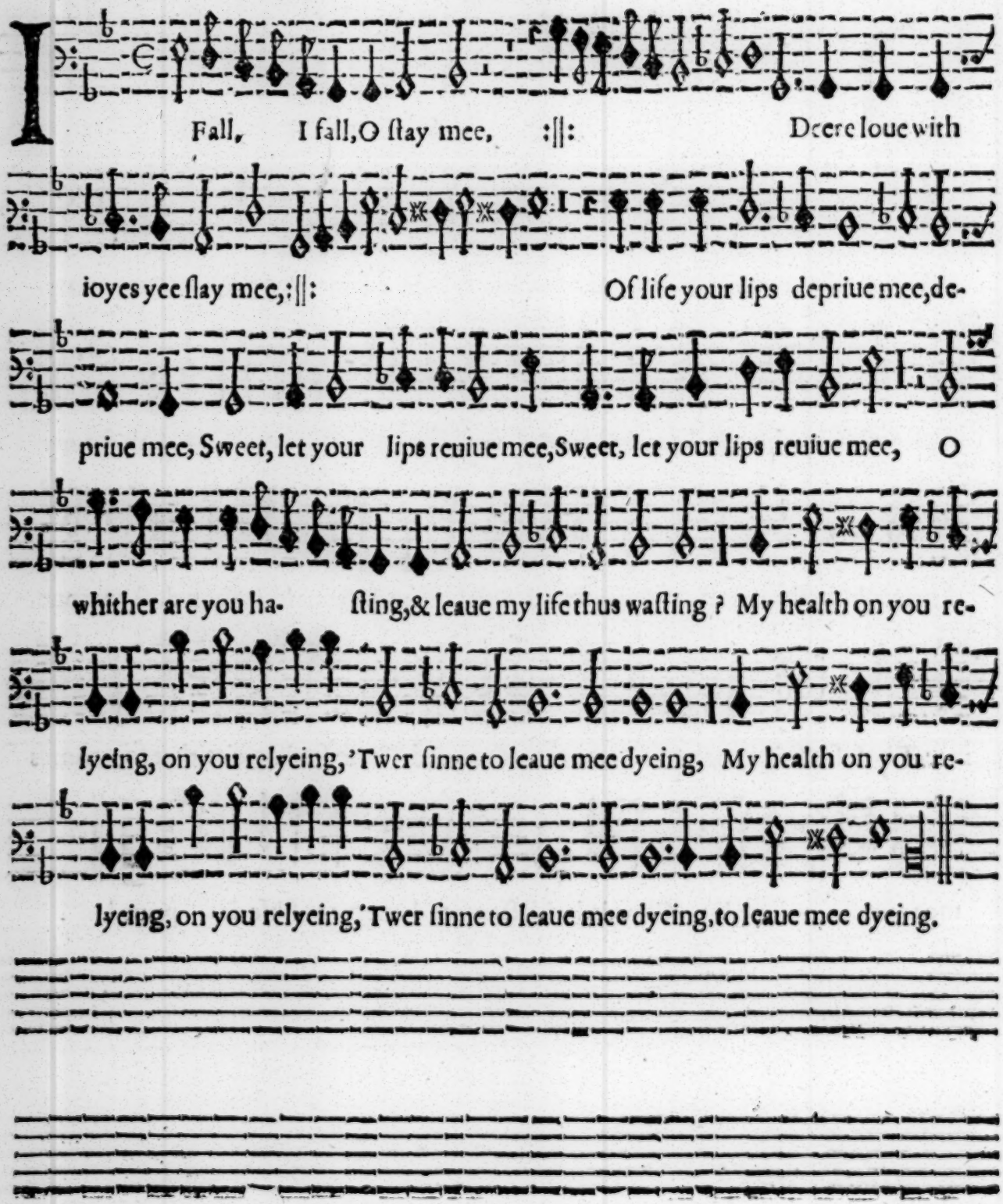
duteous loue, thou doſt reproue mee : Sith for my duteous loue thou doſt reproue

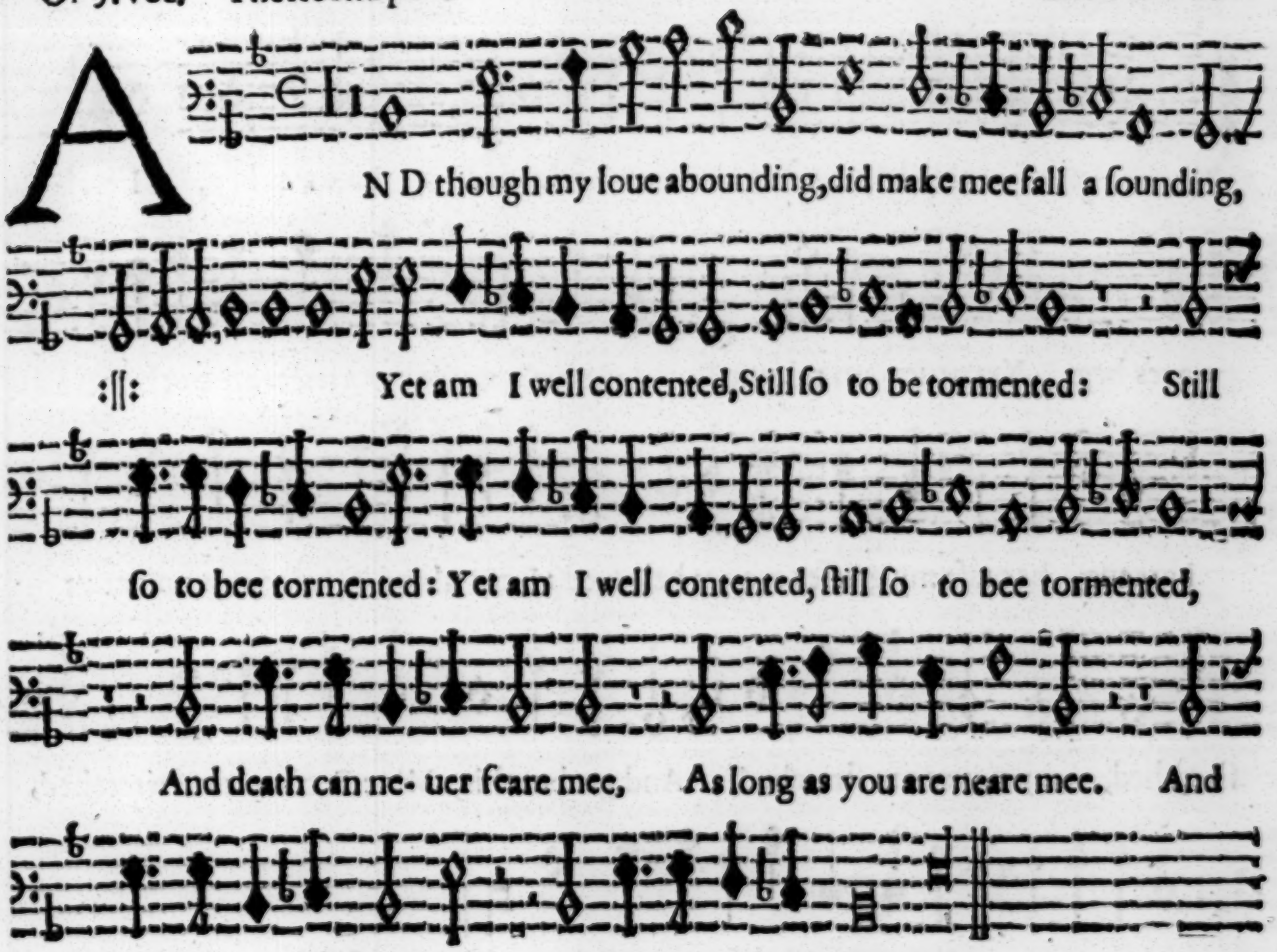


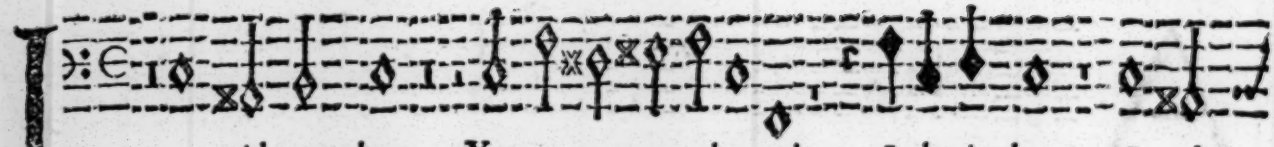
mee. Thoſe ſmiling eies, that ſometimes mee reuiued, Thoſe ſmiling eies, that ſometimes

mee reui- ued, Clowded with frownes, haue mee of life de- priued.




I Fall, I fall, O stay mee, :||: Deere loue with
ioyes yee slay mee, :||: Of life your lips depriue mee, de-
priue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, O
whither are you ha- sting, & leaue my life thus wasting? My health on you re-
lyeing, on you relyeing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, My health on you re-
lyeing, on you relyeing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue mee dyeing.

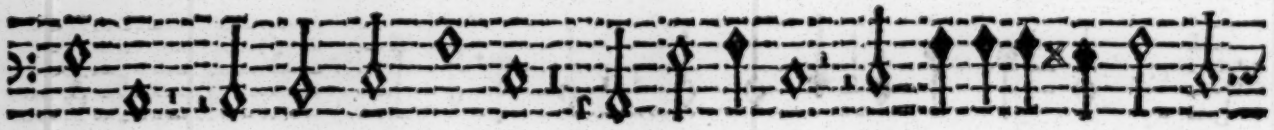

AND though my loue abounding, did make mee fall a ſounding,
:||: Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to be tormented: Still
ſo to bee tormented: Yet am I well contented, ſtill ſo to bee tormented,
And death can ne- uer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee. And
death can ne- uer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee.



I Alwayes beg, Yet ne- uer am releeued: I alwaies beg, I al-

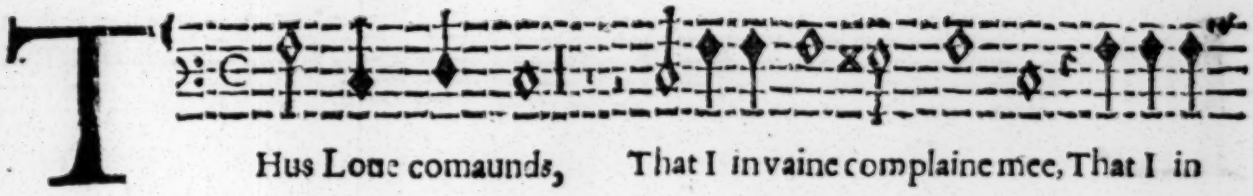
wayes beg, Yet neuer am releeued: I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued:

I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued: I cry aloud in vaine, my voice out

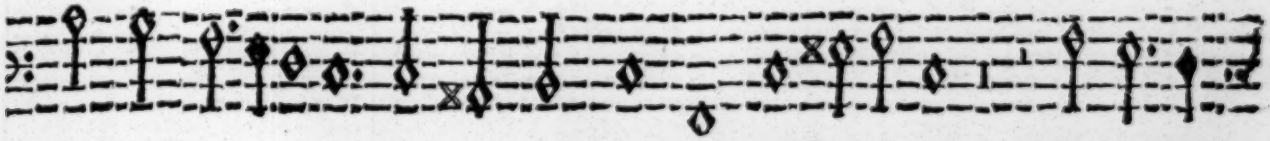


ſtretched, my voyce out ſtretched, And get but this, Mine Ecco cals me wretched,

:||: Mine Ecco cals mee wretched.

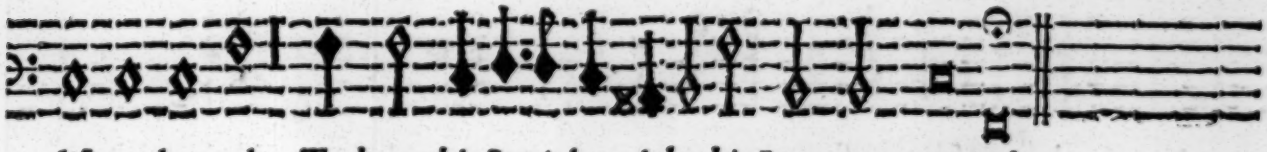


THus Loue comaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in

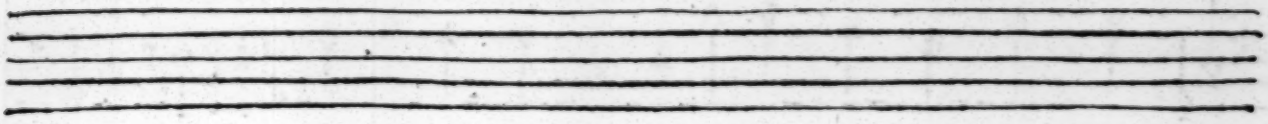


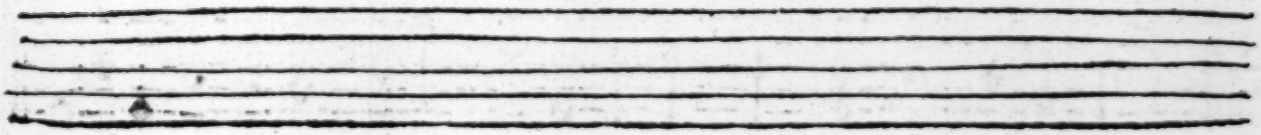
vaine complaine mee: In vaine complaine mee: And ſorrow will, That ſhe ſhall

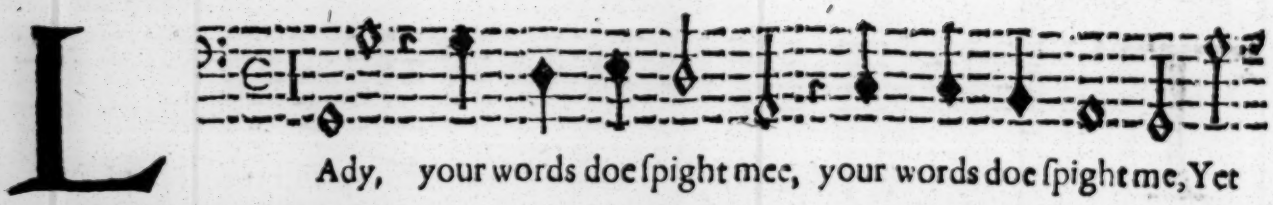
ſtill diſdaine mee, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine me: Yet did I hope, Which hope my



life prolonged, To heare hir ſay A-las, A-las his Loue was wronged.







LAdy, your words doe ſpight mee, your words doe ſpight me, Yet

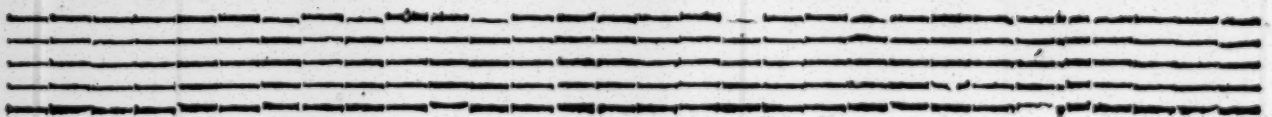
your ſweet lips ſo ſoft, kiſſe & delight me: kiſſe & delight mee: Your deeds my hart ſur-

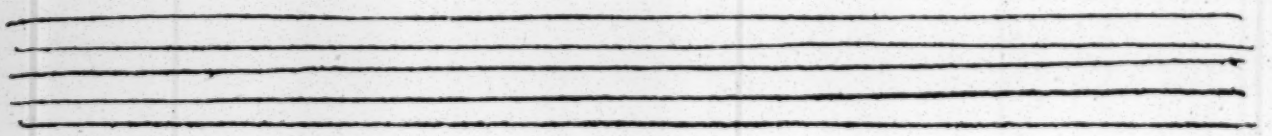
chargd with ouerioying: Your taunts my life deſtroy- ing, :||:

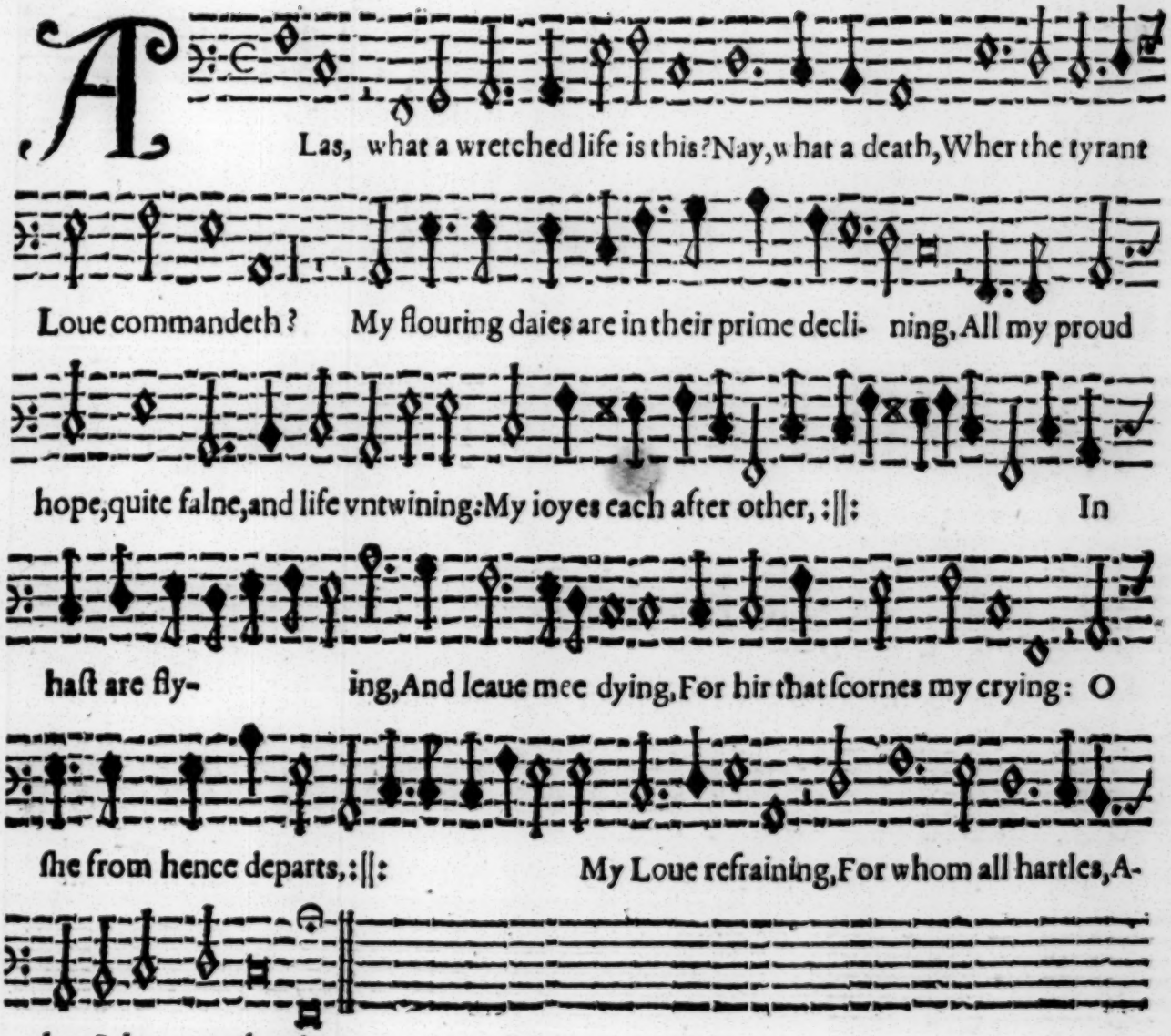
Since both haue force to ſpill mee, Let kiſſes ſweet, Sweet kill mee: :||:

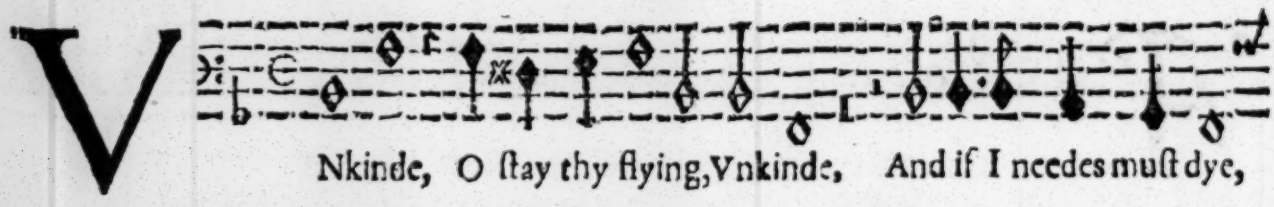
Knights fight with ſwords and launces, Fight you with ſmiling glaun- ces: So like

Swans of Leander, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander. Singing & dying, Singing & dying.

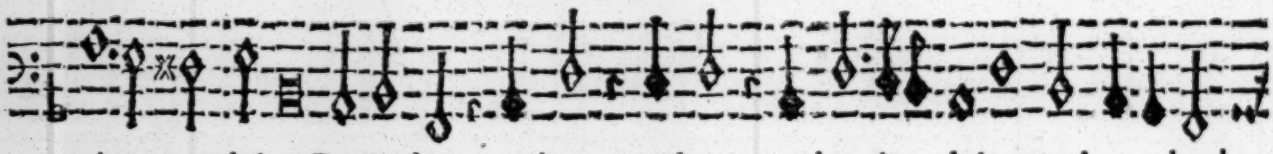




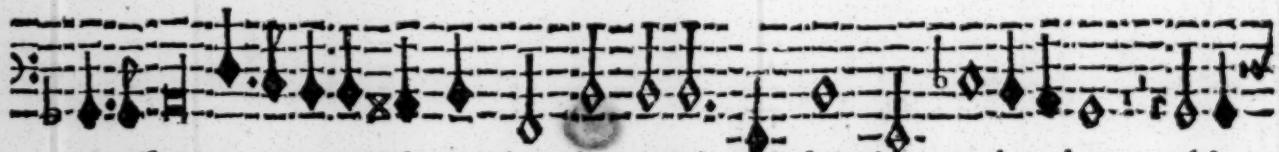

Las, what a wretched life is this? Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant
Loue commandeth? My flouring daies are in their prime decli- ning, All my proud
hope, quite falne, and life vntwining: My ioyes each after other, :||: In
haſt are fly- ing, And leaue mee dying, For hir that ſcornes my crying: O
ſhe from hence departs, :||: My Loue refraining, For whom all hartles, A-
las, I dye complayning.



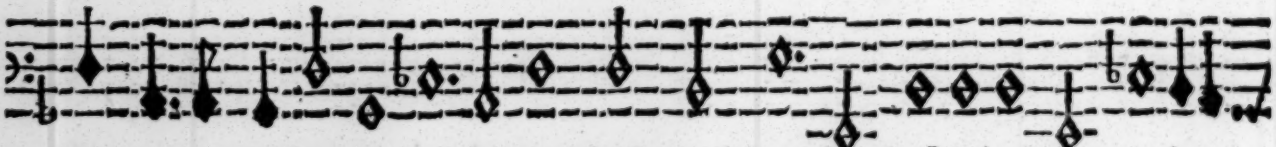
VNkinde, O ſtay thy flying, Vnkinde, And if I needes muſt dye,



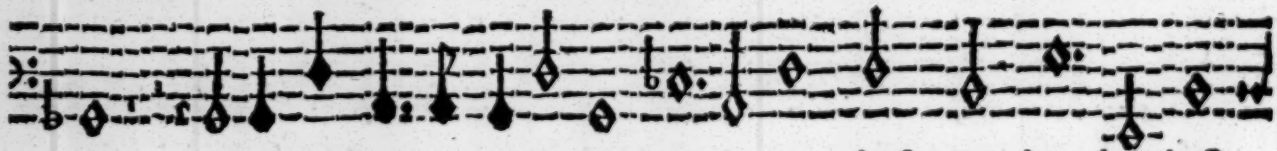
pitty mee dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart, my hart is lying And no death,



can aſſaile me, Alas till life doth faile thee, till life doth faile thee, O therefore, If the

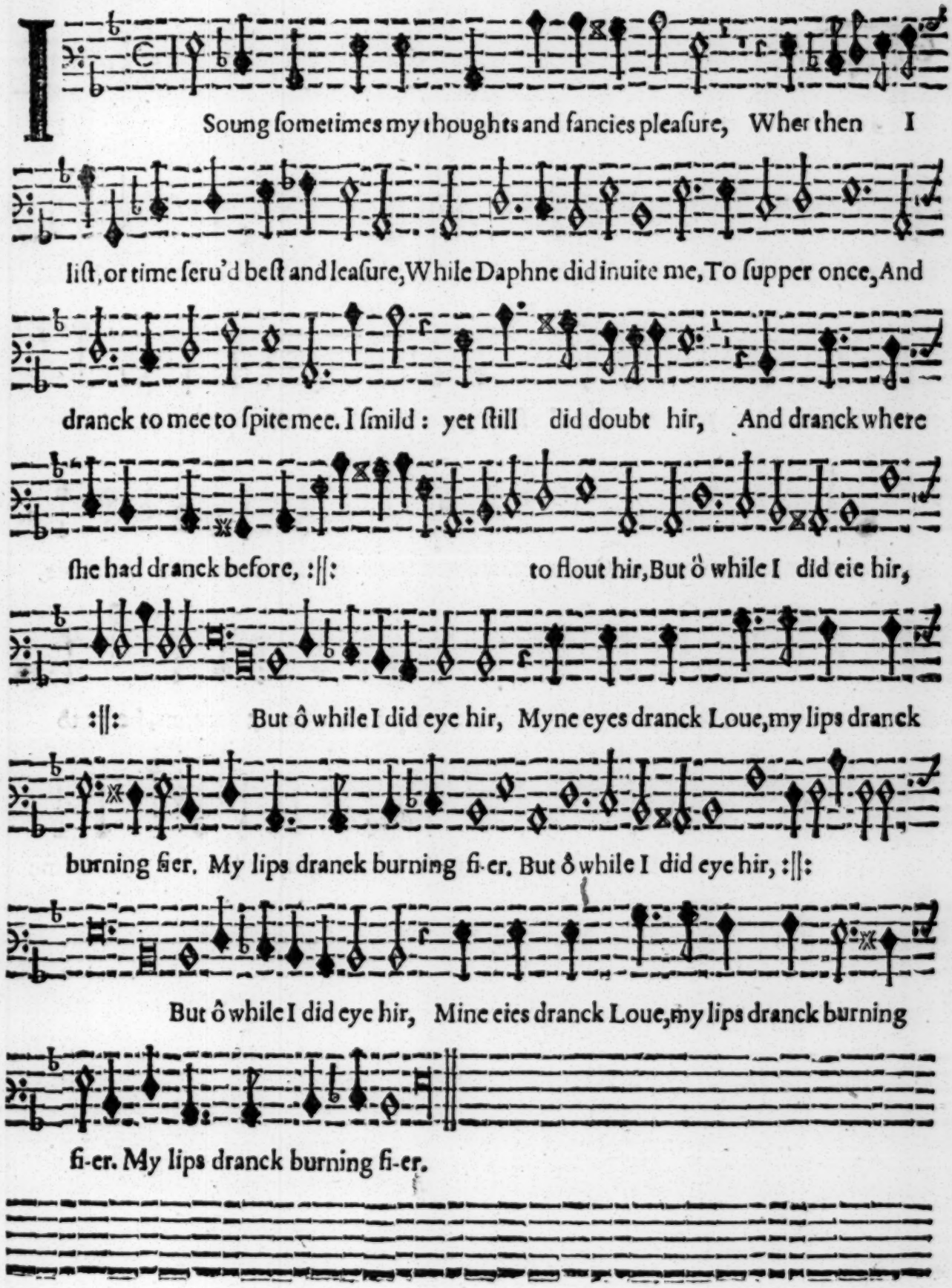


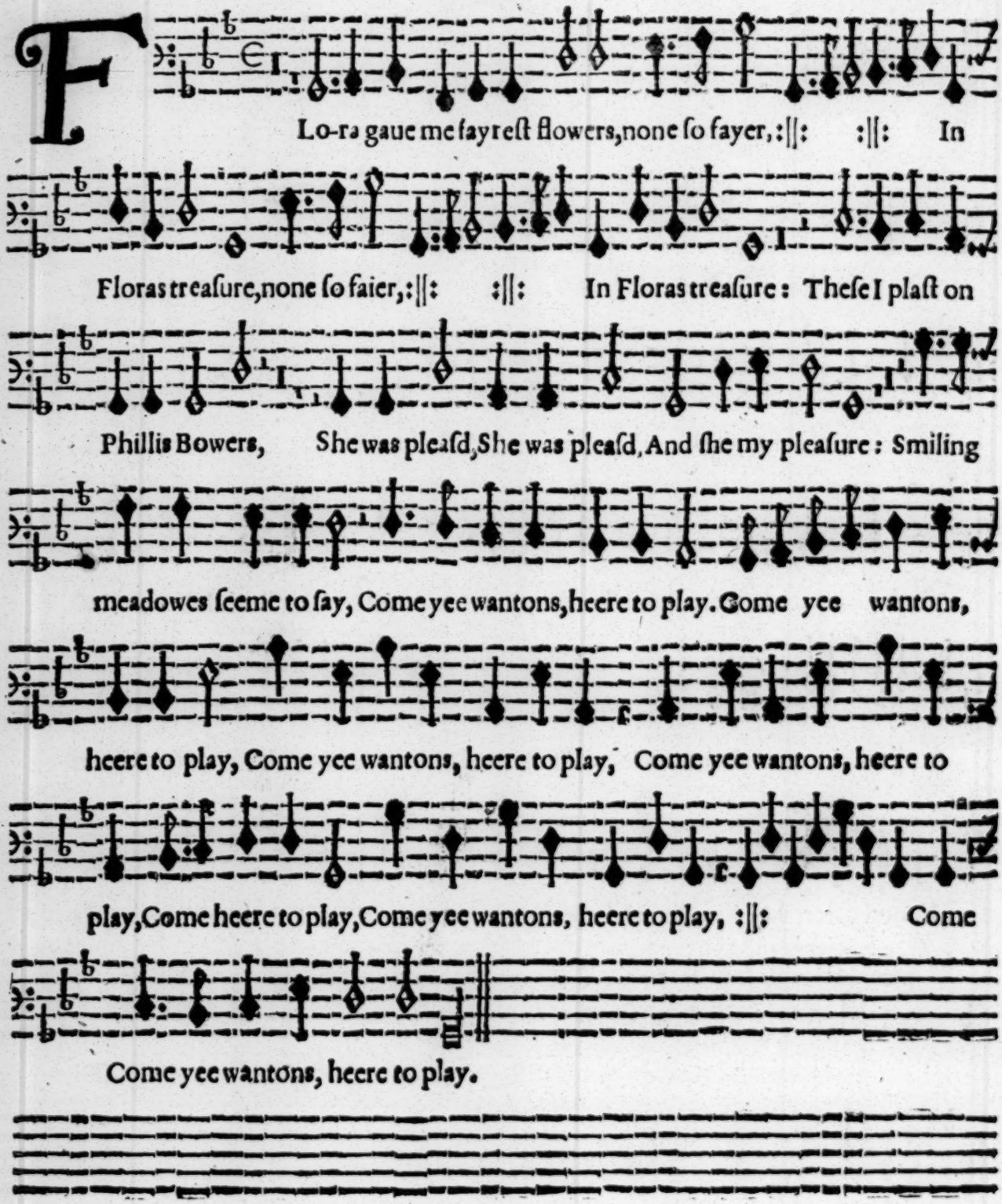
Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for me, whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O ther-



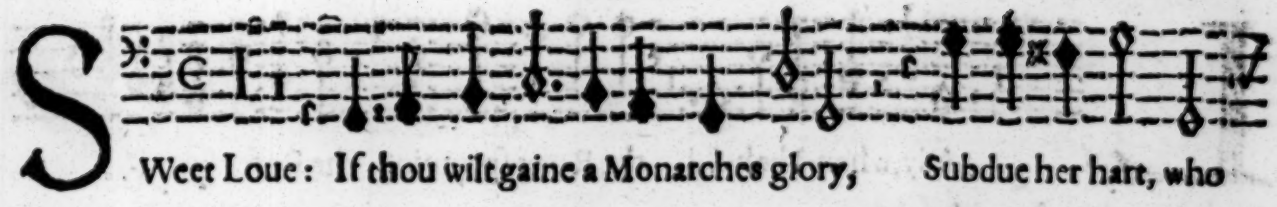
fore, If the Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart thou haſt

in keeping.


Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure, Wher then I
liſt, or time ſeru'd beſt and leaſure, While Daphne did inuite me, To ſupper once, And
dranck to mee to ſpite mee. I ſmild: yet ſtill did doubt hir, And dranck where
ſhe had dranck before, :||: to flout hir, But ô while I did eie hir,
:||: But ô while I did eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck
burning fier. My lips dranck burning fi-er. But ô while I did eye hir, :||:
But ô while I did eye hir, Mine eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning
fi-er. My lips dranck burning fi-er.



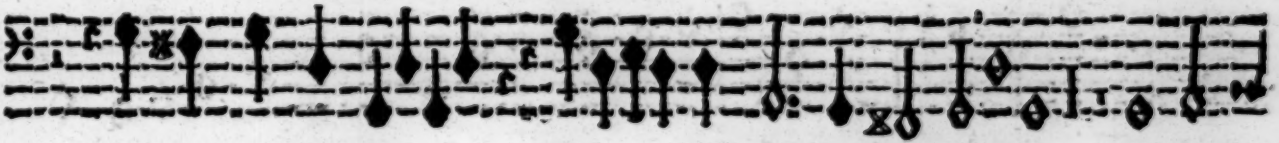
Heere endeth the ſongs of 5. parts.



SWeet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue her hart, who

makes me glad and sory, Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest ar-

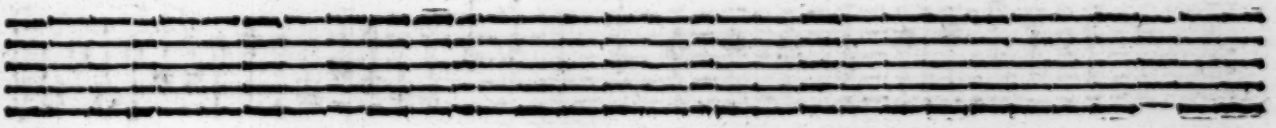
row, That will through bone and marrow, :||: And me and thee,

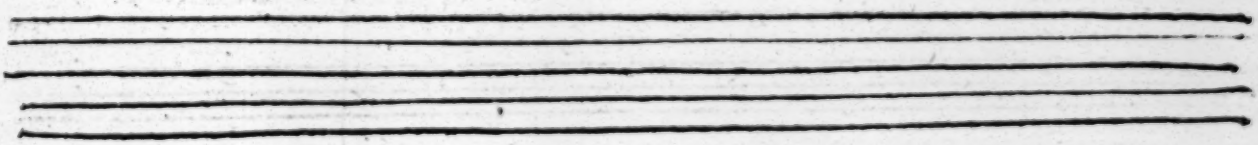


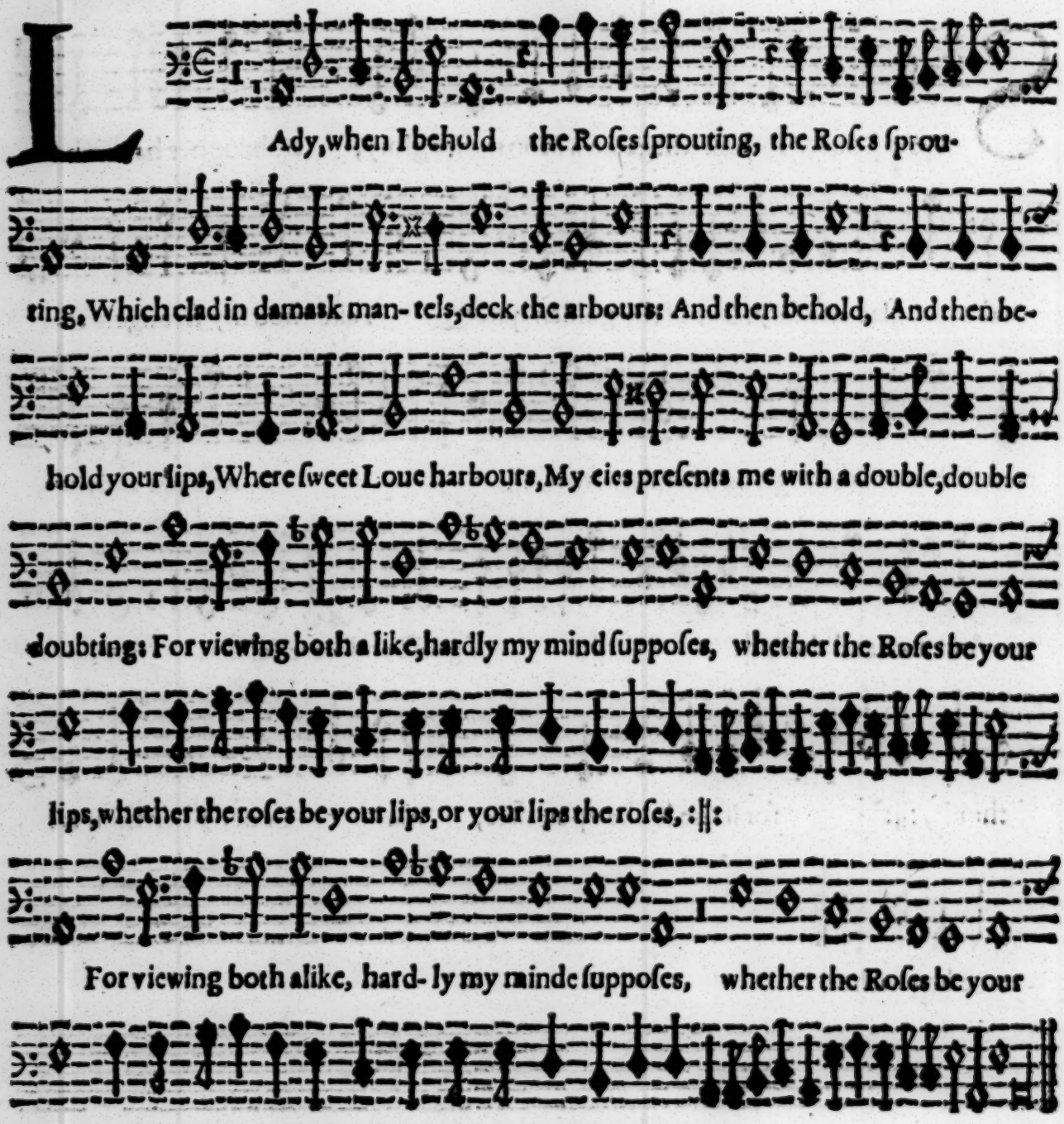
And mee and thee, :||: :||: of griefe and feare deliuer. But come

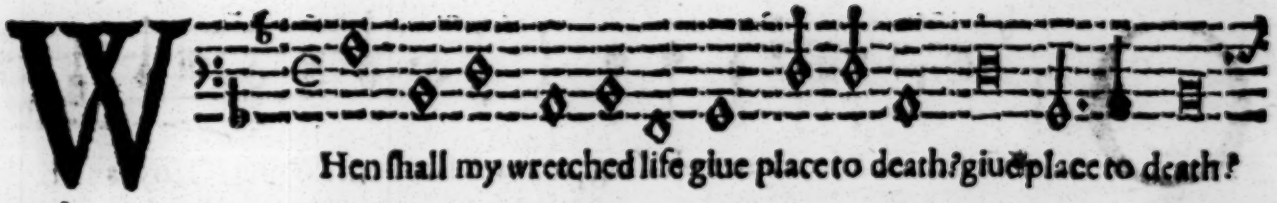
behinde, :||: for if she looke vpon thee, Alas poore Loue, Then thou art

woé begon thee.

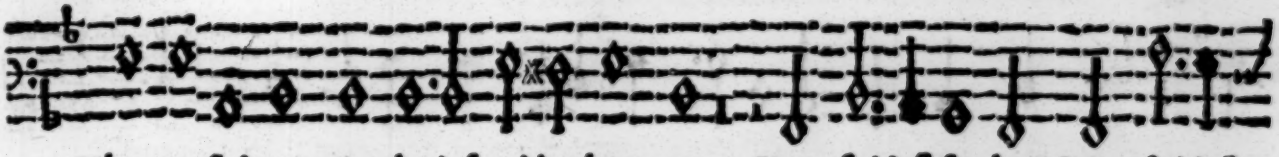





Lady, when I behold the Roſes ſprouting, the Roſes ſprou-
ting, Which clad in damask man- tels, deck the arbours: And then behold, And then be-
hold your lips, Where ſweet Loue harbours, My eies preſents me with a double, double
doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your
lips, whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes, :||:
For viewing both alike, hard- ly my minde ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your
lips, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:

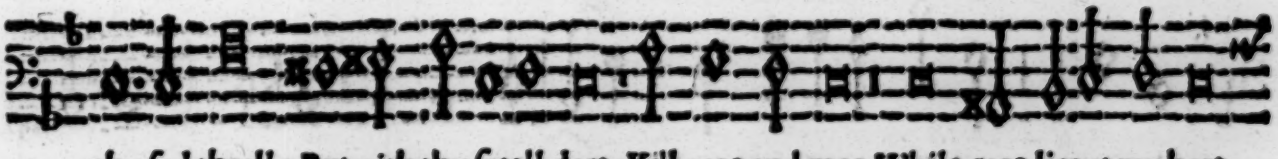


When shall my wretched life giue place to death? giue place to death?

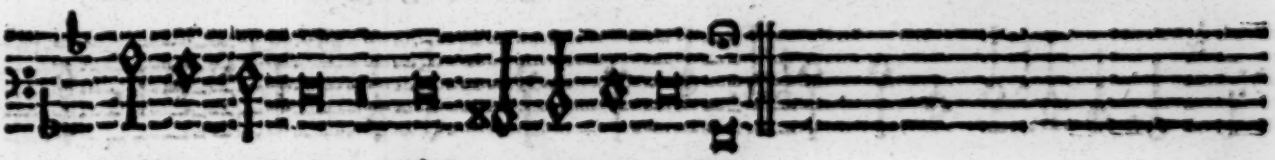


That my sad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come saddest shadow, Come saddest

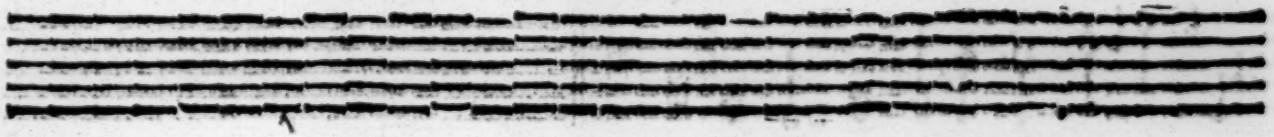
shadow, stop my vitall breath, For I am thine, Then let not care bereaue thee, Of

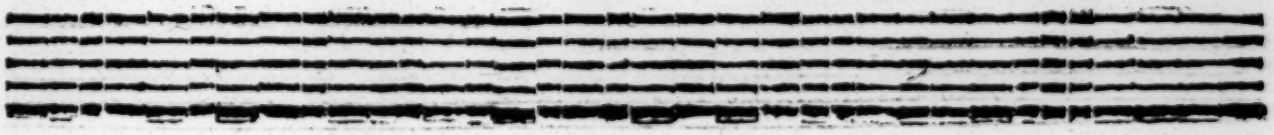


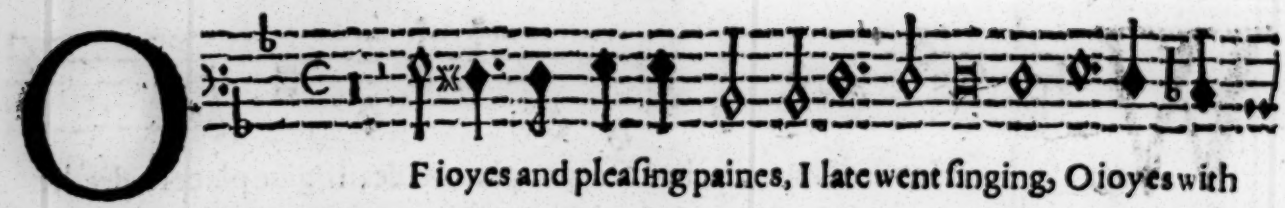
thy sad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill care and mee, While care lies at my hart.



Kill care and mee, While care lies at my hart.

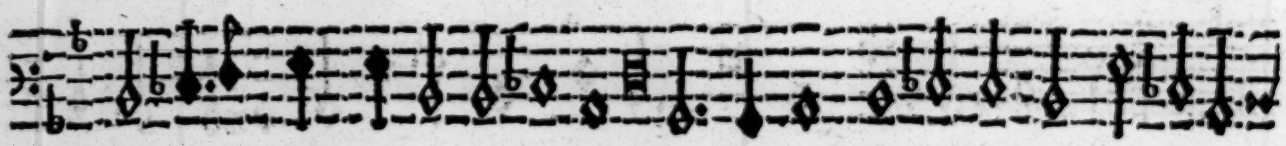






O F ioyes and pleasing paines, I late went singing, O ioyes with

paines, ô paines with ioyes consenting: And little thought as then, of now repenting:

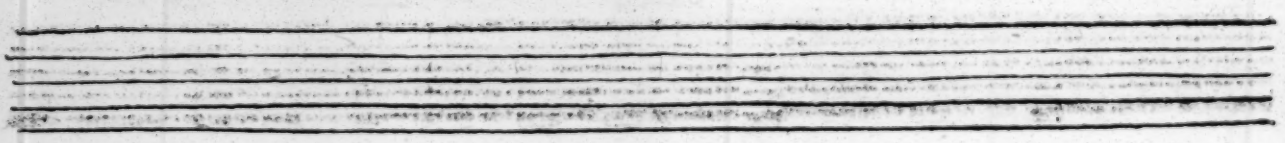


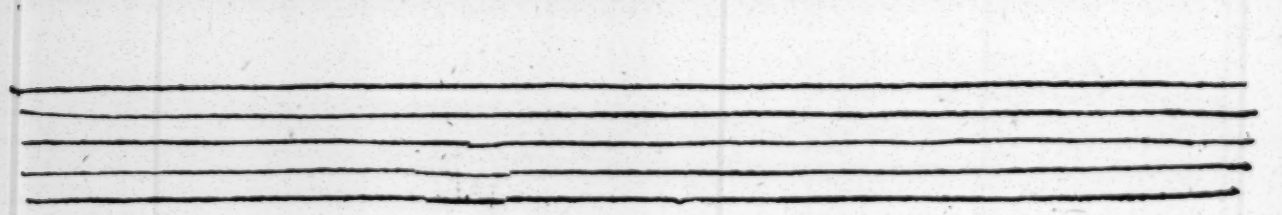
And little thought as then, of now repenting: But now think of my then sweet bitter

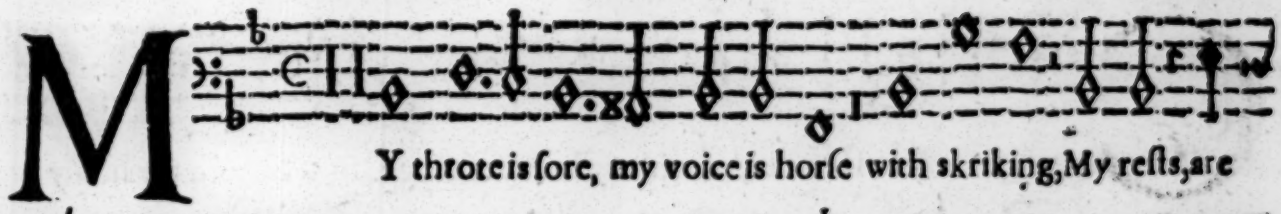
stinging: All day long I my hands, A-las, goe wringing, The balefull notes, of

which my sad tormenting, Are ruth, and mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting. From

hils and dales, in my dull eares still ringing.







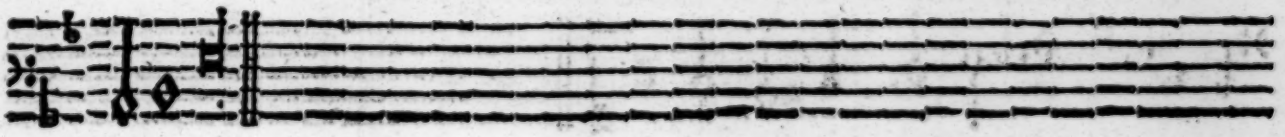
MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with ſkriking, My reſts, are

ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My ſong runnes all on ſharps, & with

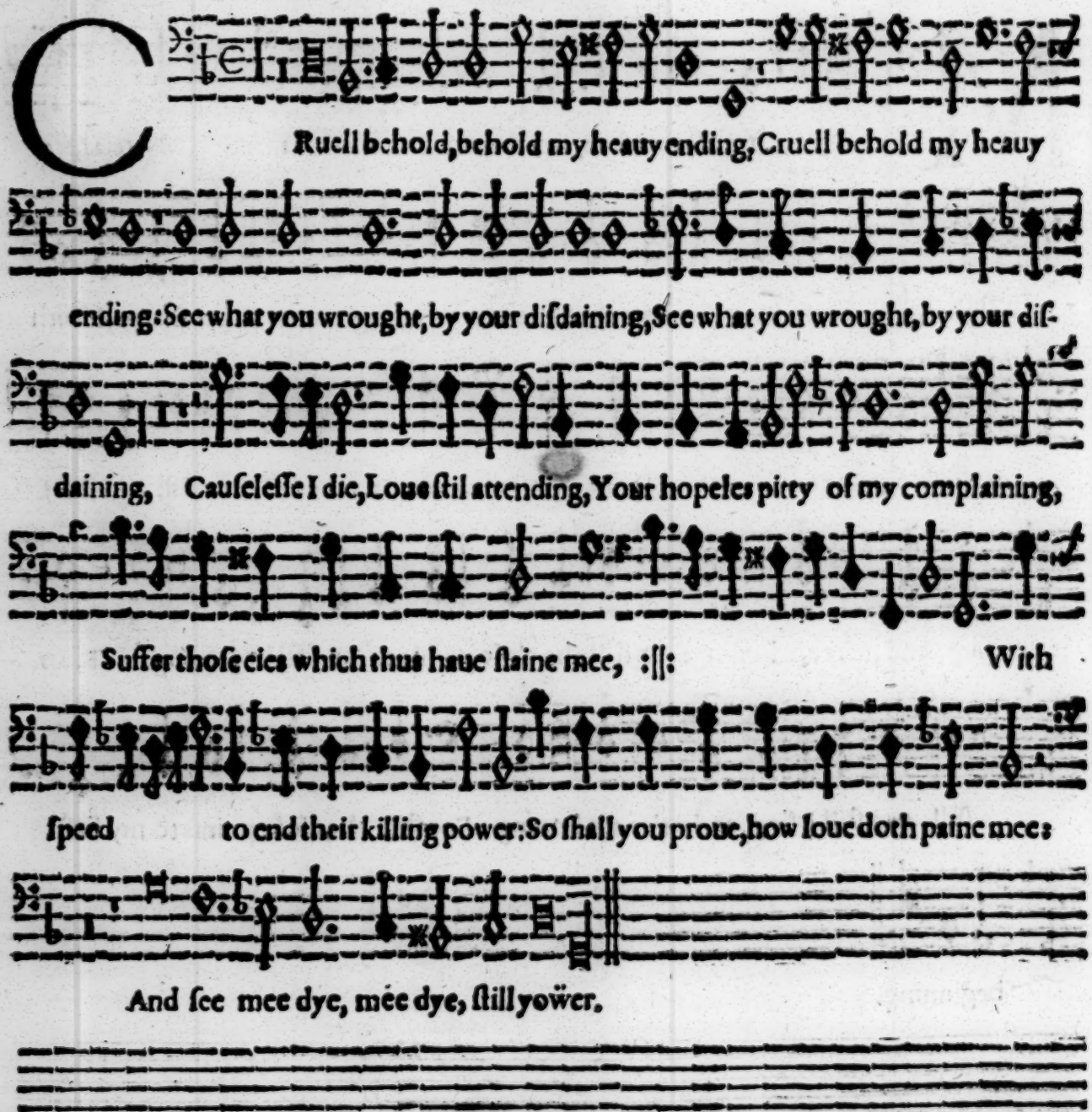
oft ſtriking time on my breſt, I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched: Thus ſtill, and ſtill I

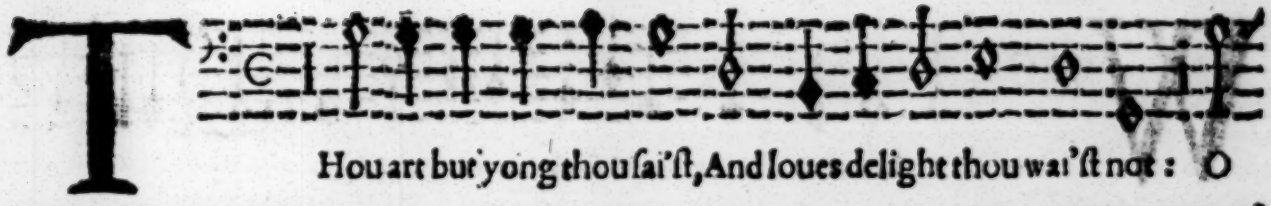
ſing, And ne'er am linning: For ſtill the cloſe points to my firſt beginning. Thus

ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am linning: For ſtill the cloſe points to my firſt



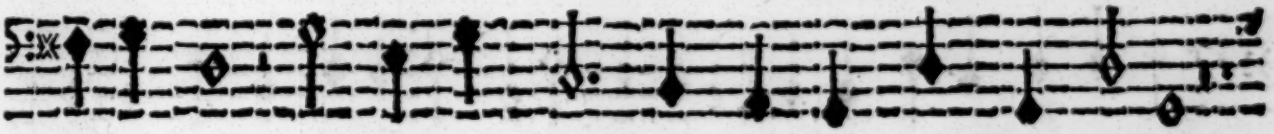
beginning.


Cruell behold, behold my heauy ending, Cruell behold my heauy
ending: See what you wroughte, by your disdaining, See what you wroughte, by your dis-
daining, Causeleſſe I die, Loue ſtil attending, Your hopeles pitty of my complaining,
Suffer thoſe eies which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||: With
ſpeed to end their killing power: So ſhall you proue, how loue doth paine mee:
And ſee mee dye, mée dye, ſtill yowër.



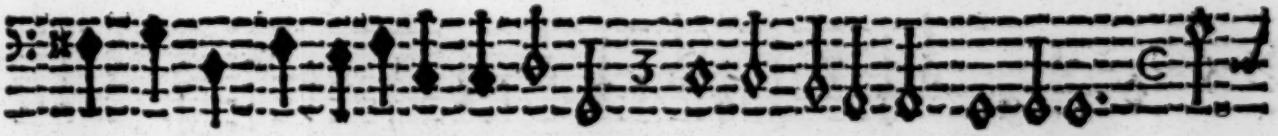
THou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, And loues delight thou wai'ſt not: O

take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not, O take time

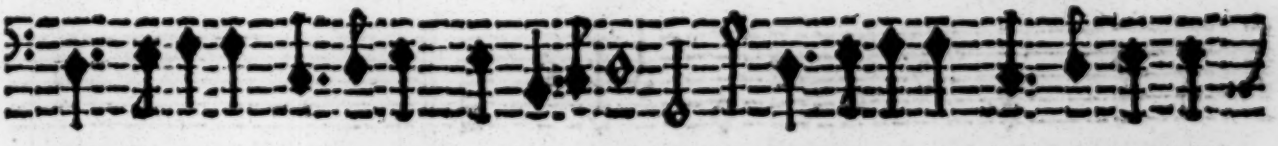


while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not.

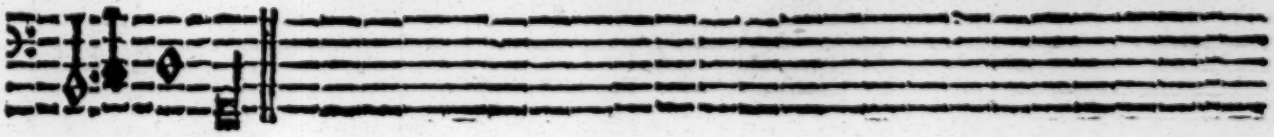
If loue ſhall then aſſaile thee, A dou- ble double anguiſh, will torment thee, And



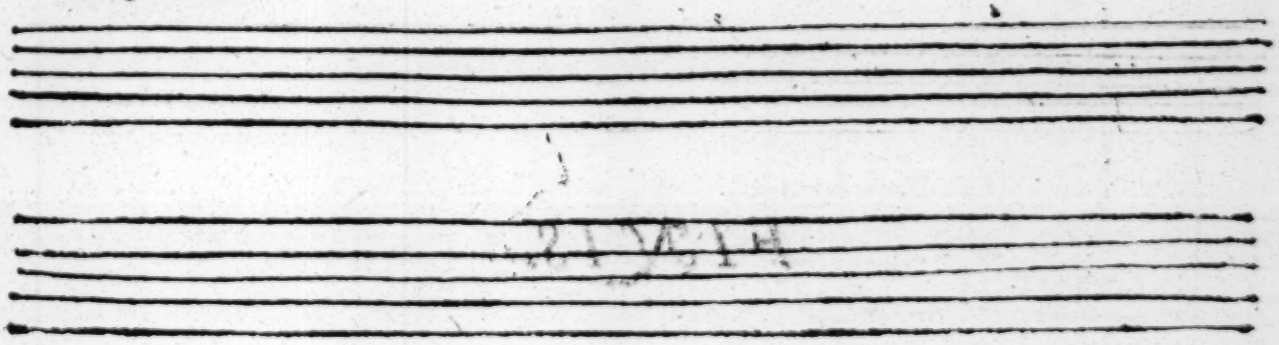
thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all will faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O

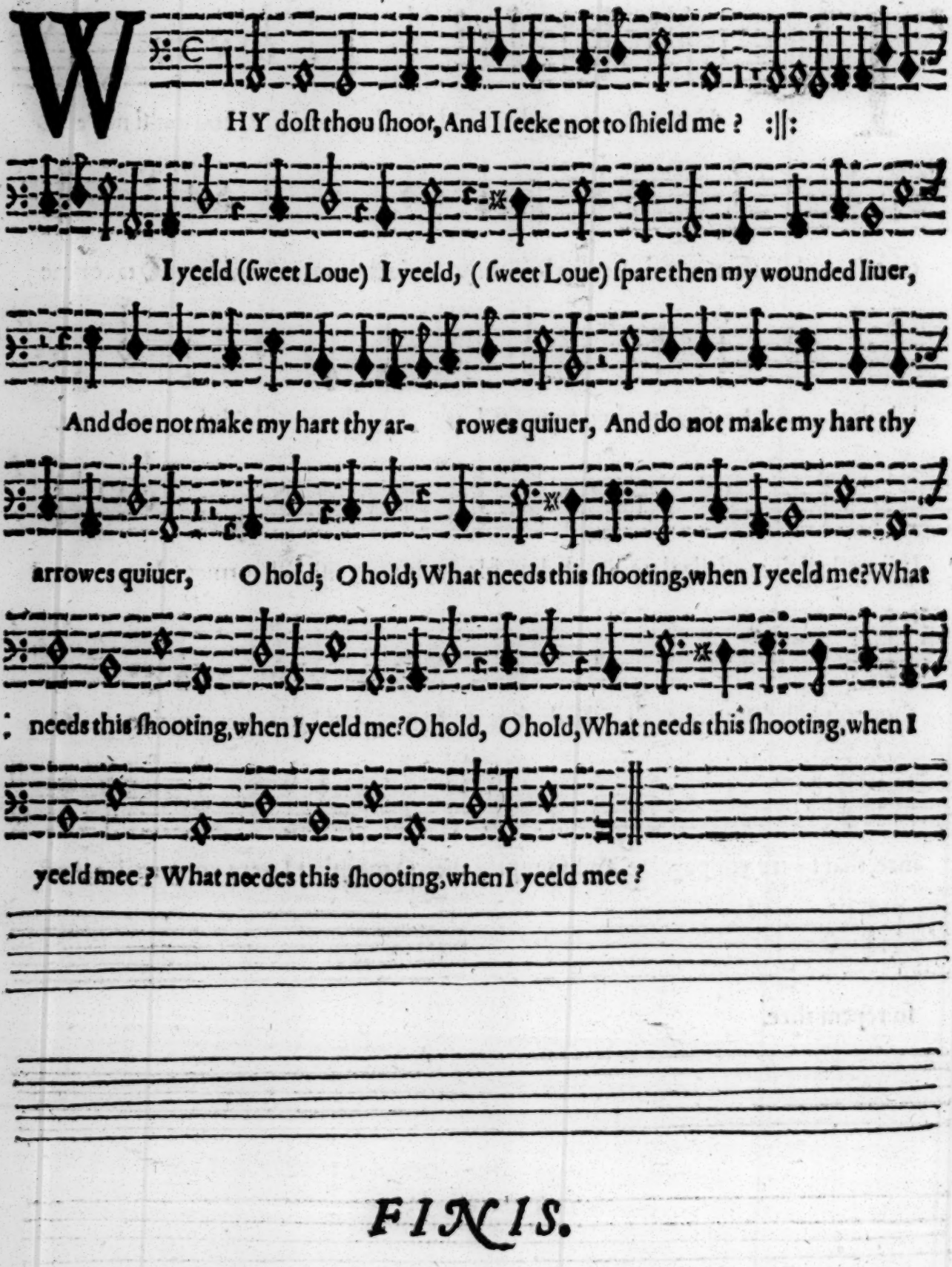


mee, that I were yong againe, And ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe, And



ſo repent thee.




WHY doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield me ? :||:
I yeeld (ſweet Loue) I yeeld, (ſweet Loue) ſpare then my wounded liuer,
And doe not make my hart thy ar- rowes quiuer, And do not make my hart thy
arrowes quiuer, O hold; O hold; What needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld me? What
needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld me? O hold, O hold, What needs this ſhooting, when I
yeeld mee ? What needes this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee ?

FINIS.

TENOR.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE.

AT LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WOR-
shipfull and vallerous Knight
Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

IGHT VVorſhipfull and renowmed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit ſame of my labours to the preſſe. VVhich (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perſwades mee, (though they ſeeme not abſolute) that your Countenance is a ſufficient warrant for them againſt ſharp tongues & vnfriendly cenſures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accompliſhments to be ſuch: as may iuſtly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it ſhall pleaſe you to Patronize. If perchance they ſhall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, & honour I owe to all other your moſt ſinguler vertues, and eſpecially alſo for your excellent skill in Muſicke, and your great loue and fauour of Muſicke. There remaineth onely your fauourable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with proteſtation of all dutie, and ſeruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Auguſtinè Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your Worſhips: euer moſt bounden,

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn Wilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices.

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumor. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee reſtleſſe thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4. voices.

WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The firſt part. VII.
O fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady, when I behold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew ſweet Amarillis. XII.

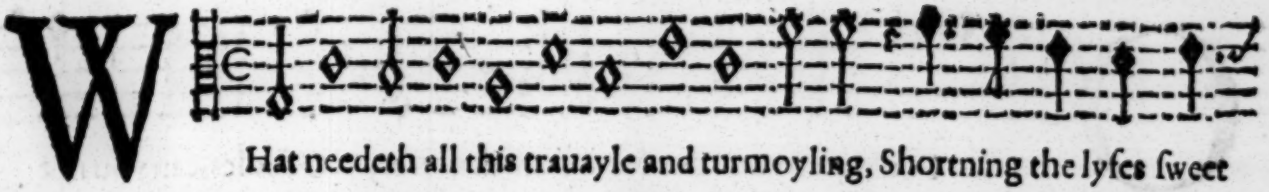
Songs to 5. voices.

DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhe denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
And though my Loue abounding. The ſecond part. XV.
I alwayes beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The firſt part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying. XX.
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue me faireſt flowers. XXII.

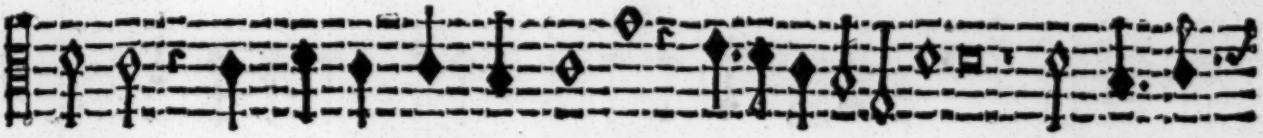
Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady when I behold the Roſes ſprouting. XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voyce is horſe with skriking. The ſecond part. XXVII.
Cruell behold my heauy ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but yong thou ſai'ſt. XXIX.
Why doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? XXX.

FINIS.



What needeth all this trauayle and turmoyling, Shortning the lyfes ſweet

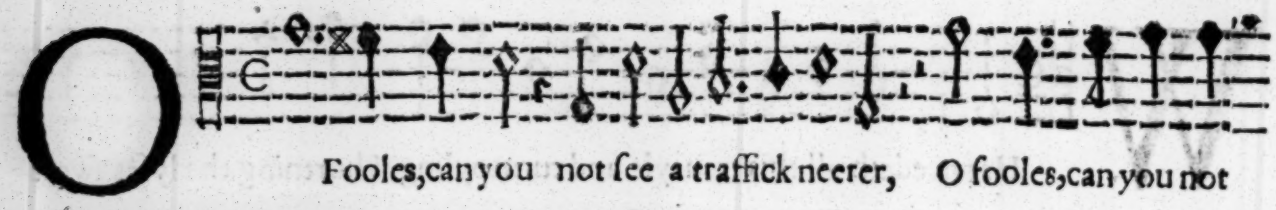


pleaſure, Shortning the lyfes ſweet pleaſure. :||: To ſeeke this

far fetcht treaſure, this far fetcht treaſure, To ſeeke this far fetcht treaſure, In thoſe hot

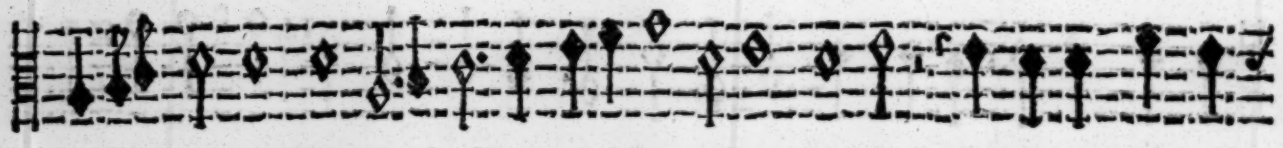
clymates, Vnder Phœbus broyling. In thoſe hot cly- mats, In thoſe hot cly-

mats, :||: In thoſe hot clymats, Vn- der Phœbus broyling.



O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer, O fooles, can you not

ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet Ladyes face, In my ſweet Ladies face, Where



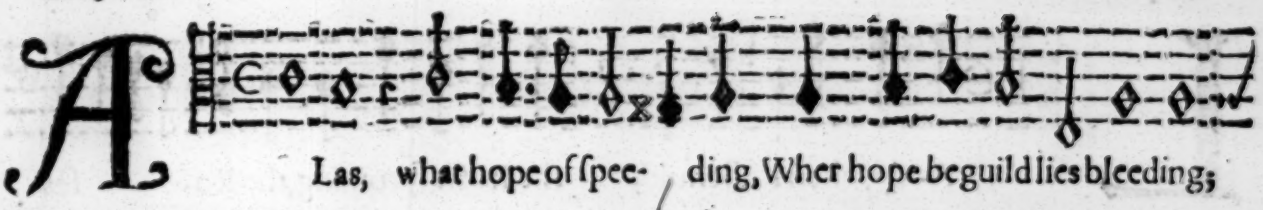
Nature ſhoweth, what euer treaſure eye ſees, or hart knoweth? Rubies and Diamonds

daintie, :||: And orient Perles ſuch plentie, Corral & Ambergris, ſweeter &

deerer, Corrall & Ambergris, ſweeter & deerer, Then which the South ſeas or Mo-

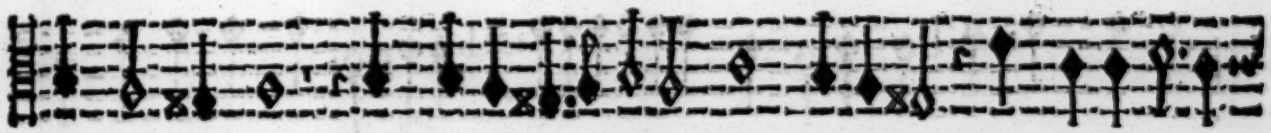
luccas lend vs, lend vs, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, or either Indies,

:||: or either Indies, Eaſt or Weſt, do ſend vs.



Las, what hope of ſpee- ding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding;

She bad come, Shee bad come, when ſhee ſpide mee: And when I came ſhee ſlide



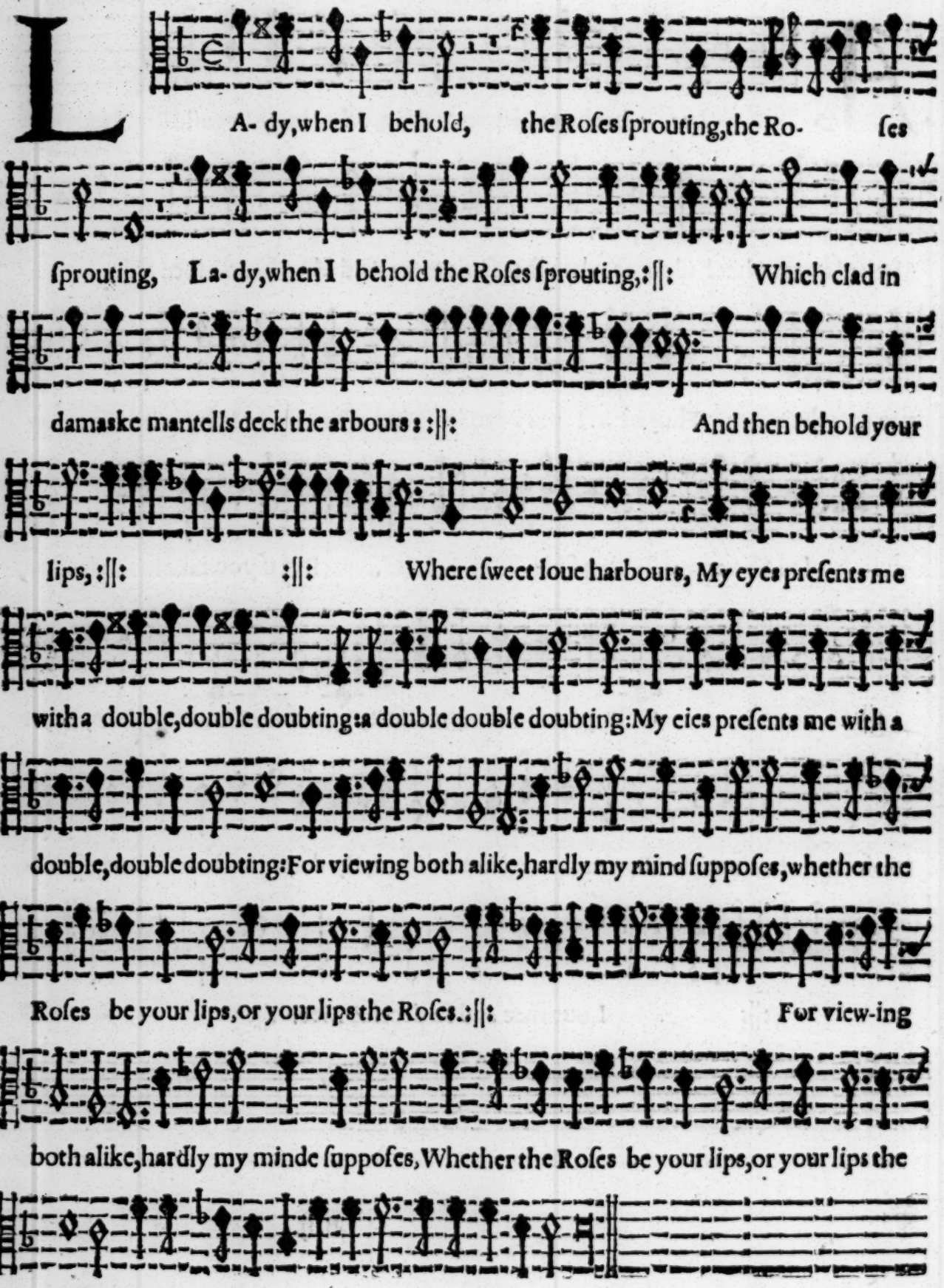
mee, ſhee ſlyde mee, Thus when I was beguiled, Thus when I was, Thus when I was be-

gui- led, She at my ſighing ſmi- led. But if you take ſuch pleaſure,

:||: Of hope and ioy my treaſure, my treaſure, Of hope & ioy my

treaſure, my treaſure, By deceipt to bereaue me, By deceipt to bereaue me, :||:

:||: Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee. :||:


LA- dy, when I behold, the Roſes ſprouting, the Ro- ſes
ſprouting, La- dy, when I behold the Roſes ſprouting, :||: Which clad in
damaske mantells deck the arbours : :||: And then behold your
lips, :||: :||: Where ſweet loue harbours, My eyes preſents me
with a double, double doubting: a double double doubting: My eies preſents me with a
double, double doubting: For viewing both alike, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, whether the
Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||: For view-ing
both alike, hardly my minde ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the
Roſes. :||:

THus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe and talke to-

gether, & talke together, Thus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe &

talke together, Thus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe & talke to-

gether, Beware, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking ſprite, And Loue is this and

that, :||: And O I wot not what, :||: And comes and goes a-

gaine, I wot not whither, :||: No, no, theſe are but

bugs to breed amazing, to breed amazing, For in her eies I ſaw his torch light blazing.

Adew ſweet Amarillis, :||: :||: A-

dew, Adew ſweet Amaril- lis: For ſince to part your will is, Adew ſweet Amaril-

lis, :||: :||: Adew, Adew, ſweet Amaril- lis: For ſince

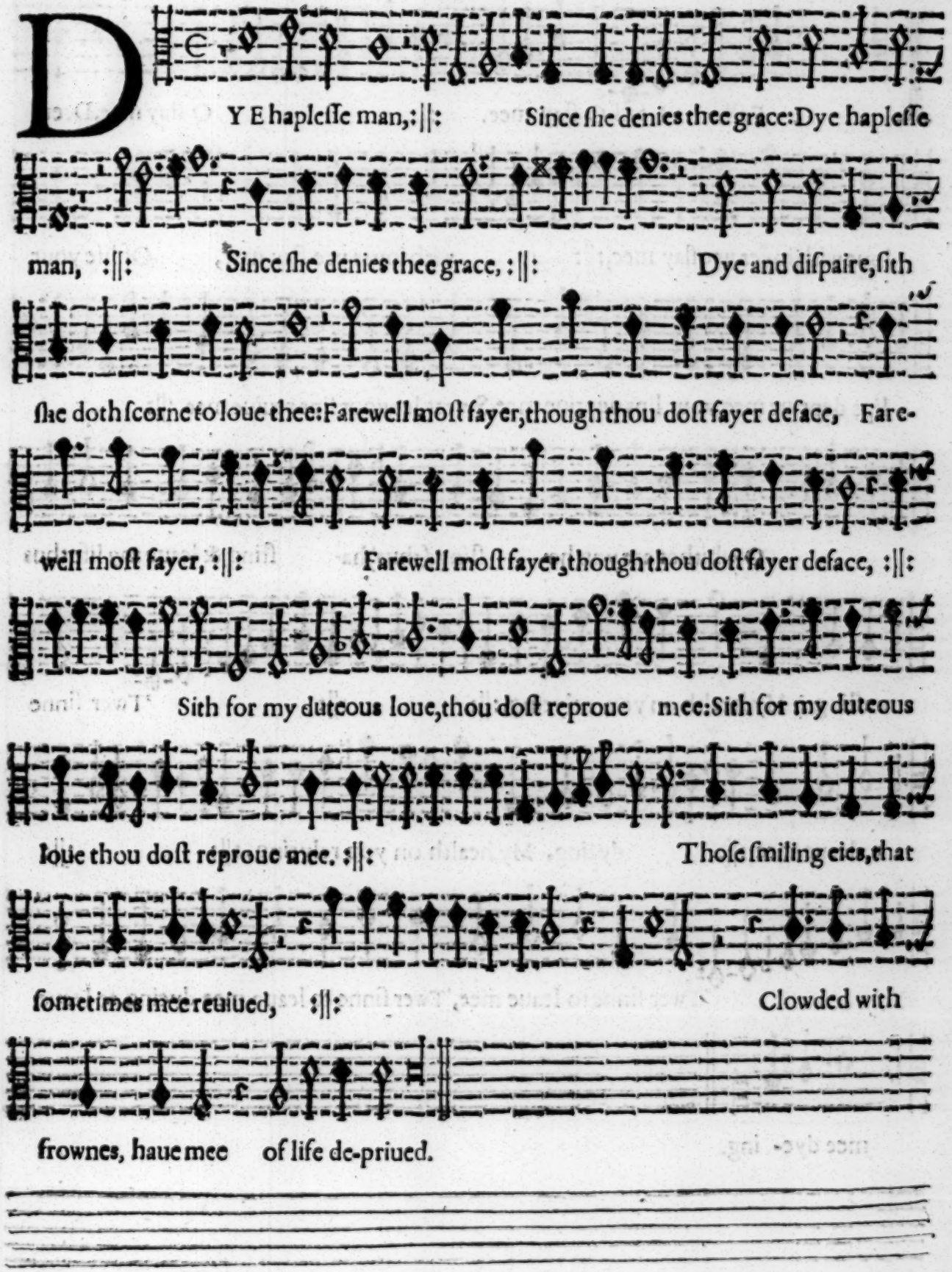
to part your will is, O heauy ty-ding, Heere is for mee no biding: Yet once againe

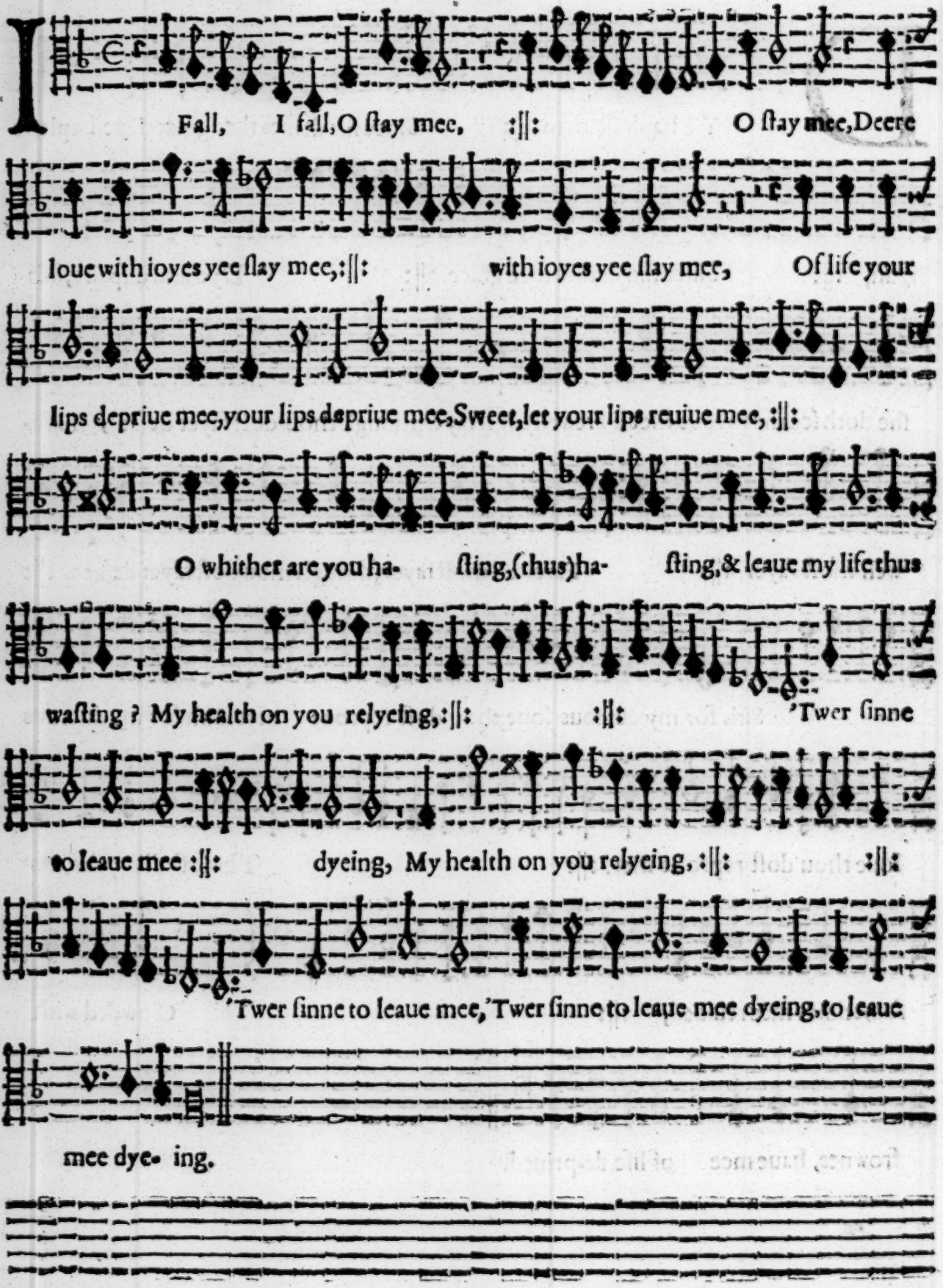
Yet once againe, againe, Ere that I part with you, yet once againe, Yet once againe, a-

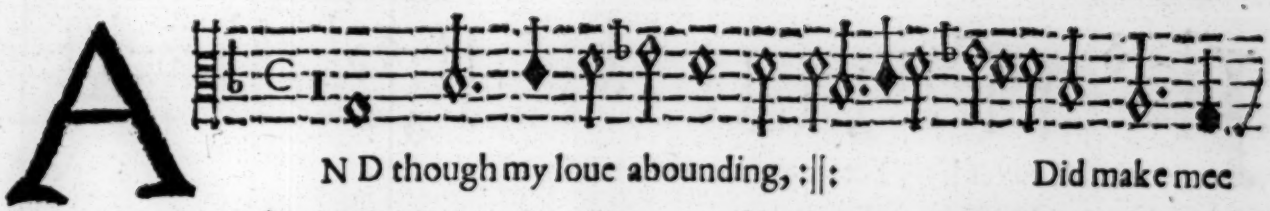
gaine, Ere that I part with you, Ama- rillis, Amarillis, ſweet Adew, Adew, Adew, A-

dew, Adew ſweet Ama- rillis, Amarillis, ſweet Adew, Adew.

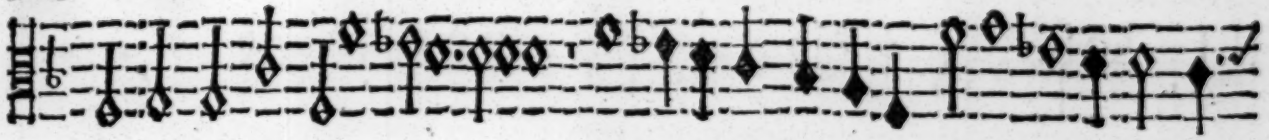
Here endeth the ſongs of 4. Parts.


DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace: Dye hapleſſe
man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace, :||: Dye and diſpaire, ſith
ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, Fare-
well moſt fayer, :||: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, :||:
Sith for my duteous loue, thou doſt reproue mee: Sith for my duteous
loue thou doſt reproue mee. :||: Thoſe ſmiling eies, that
ſometimes mee reuiued, :||: Clowded with
frownes, haue mee of life de-priued.


I Fall, I fall, O stay mee, :||: O stay mee, Deere
loue with ioyes yee slay mee, :||: with ioyes yee slay mee, Of life your
lips depriue mee, your lips depriue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, :||:
O whither are you ha- sting, (thus) ha- sting, & leaue my life thus
wasting? My health on you relyeing, :||: :||: 'Twer sinne
to leaue mee :||: dyeing, My health on you relyeing, :||: :||:
'Twer sinne to leaue mee, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue
mee dye- ing.



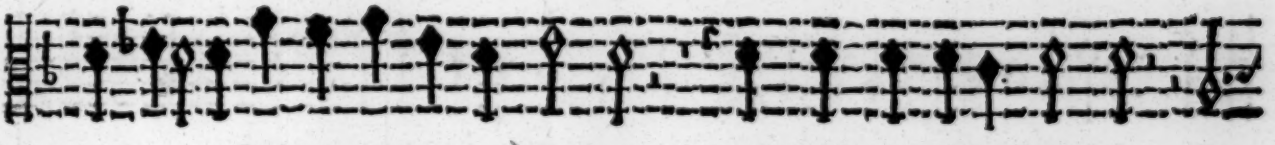
AND though my loue abounding, :||: Did make mee



fall a ſounding,:||: Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to be tormen-

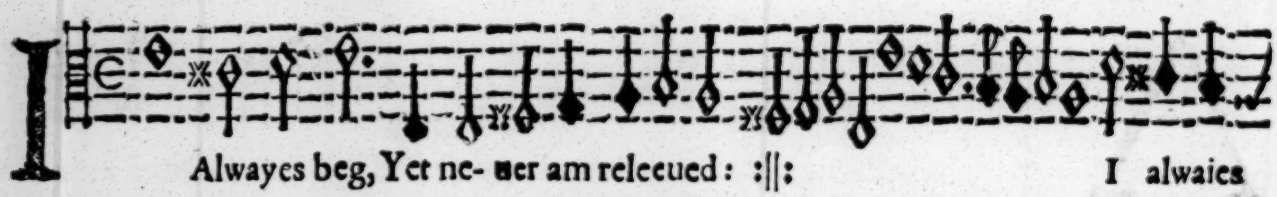
ted : :||: :||: Yet am I well contented, ſtill ſo to

bee tormented, Still ſo to bee tormented : And death can neuer feare mee, :||:



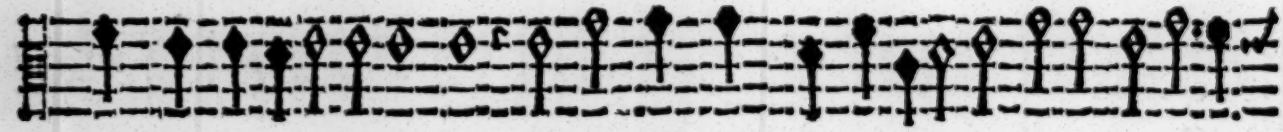
As long as you are neare mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As

long as you, As long as you are neare mee.



I Alwayes beg, Yet ne- uer am releeued : :||: I alwaies

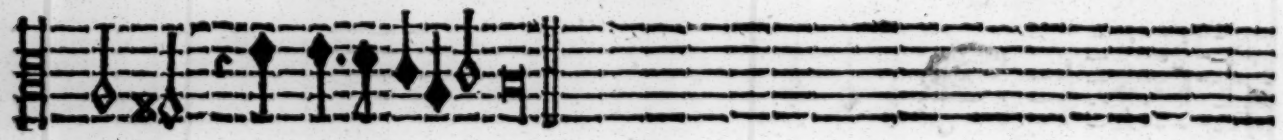
beg, I alwayes beg, Yet neuer am relee- ued : releeued : I greeue, becauſe my



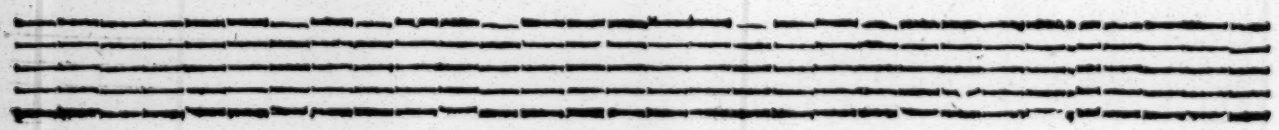
griefes are not beleeued: I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued : I cry aloud in

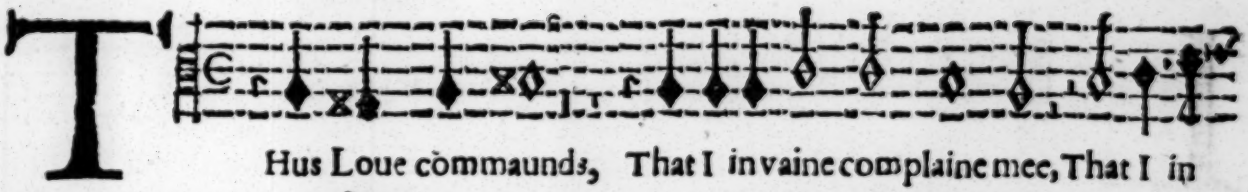
vaine, my voice out ſtretched, I cry aloud in vaine, my voyce out ſtretched, And get but

this, :||: Mine Ecco cals me wretched, :||: Mine Ecco cals mee



wretched, cals mee wretch- ed.





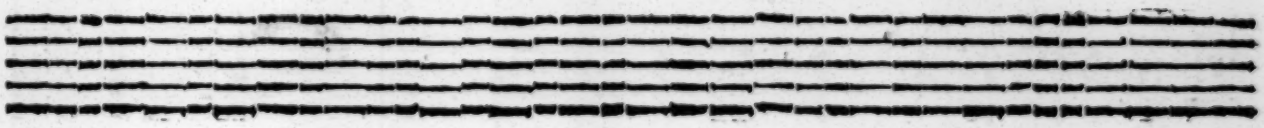
THus Loue cõmaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in

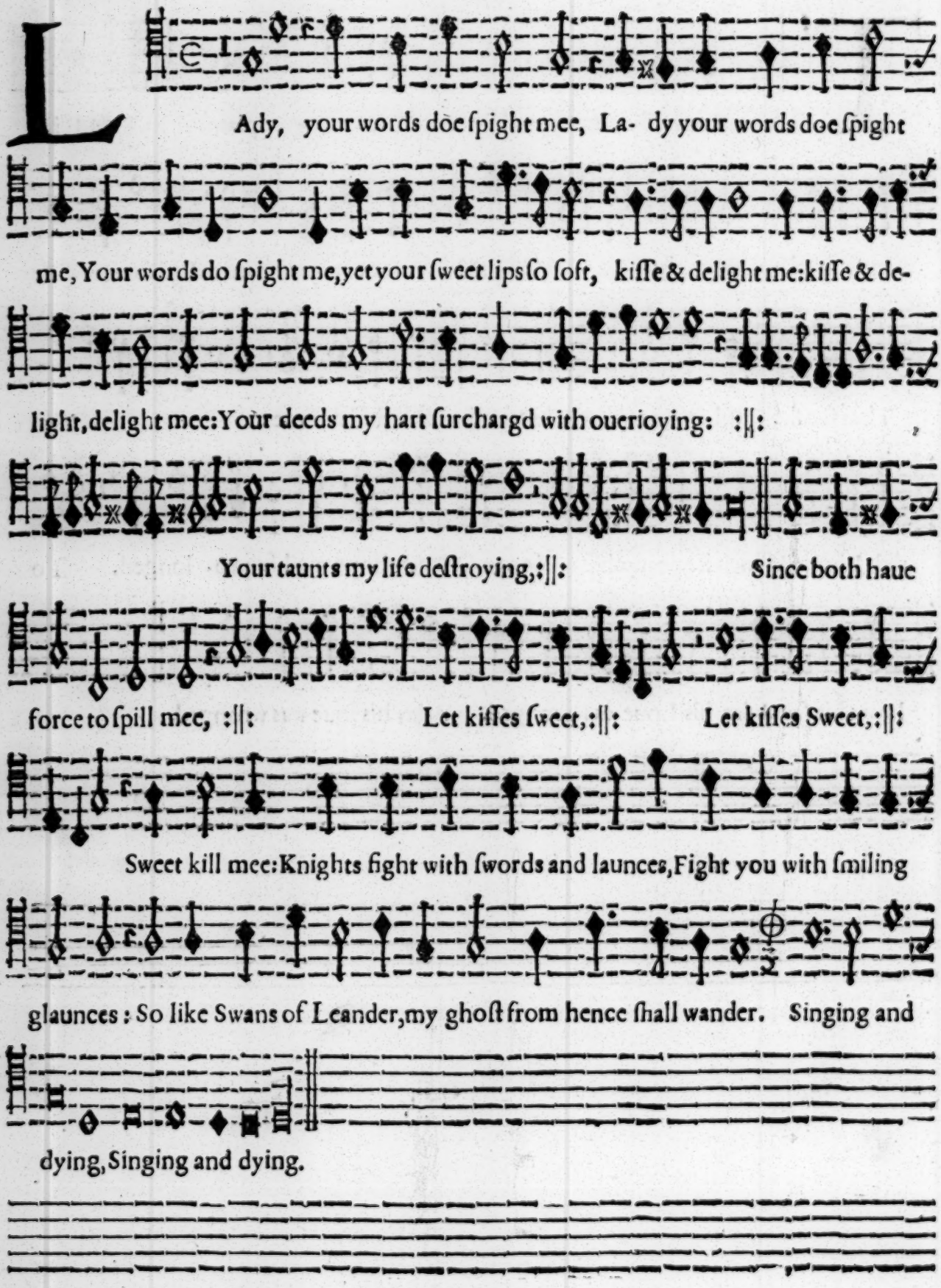
vaine complaine mee: :||: That I in vaine complaine mee: And ſorrow will,

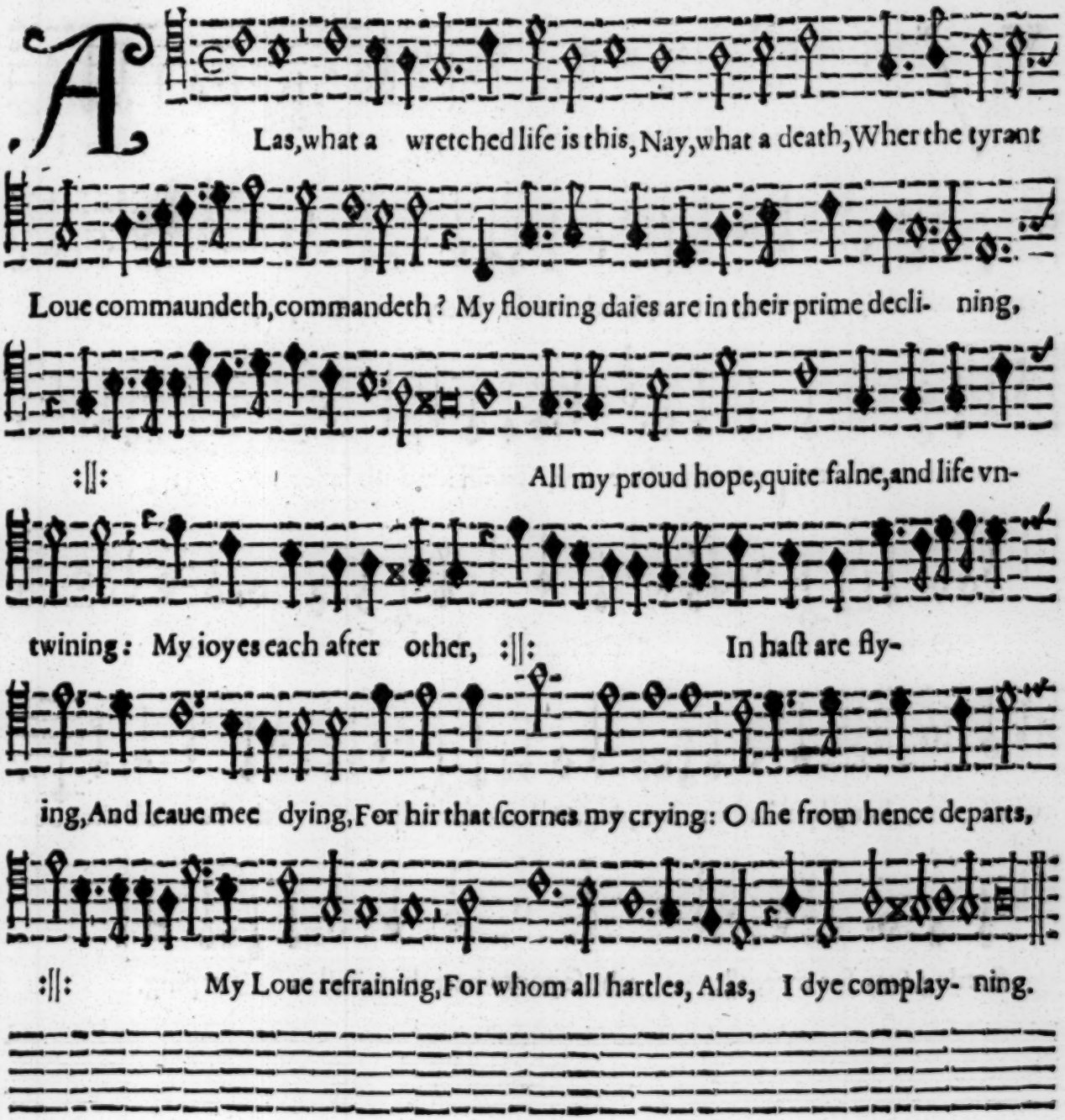
That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine me: :||: Yet

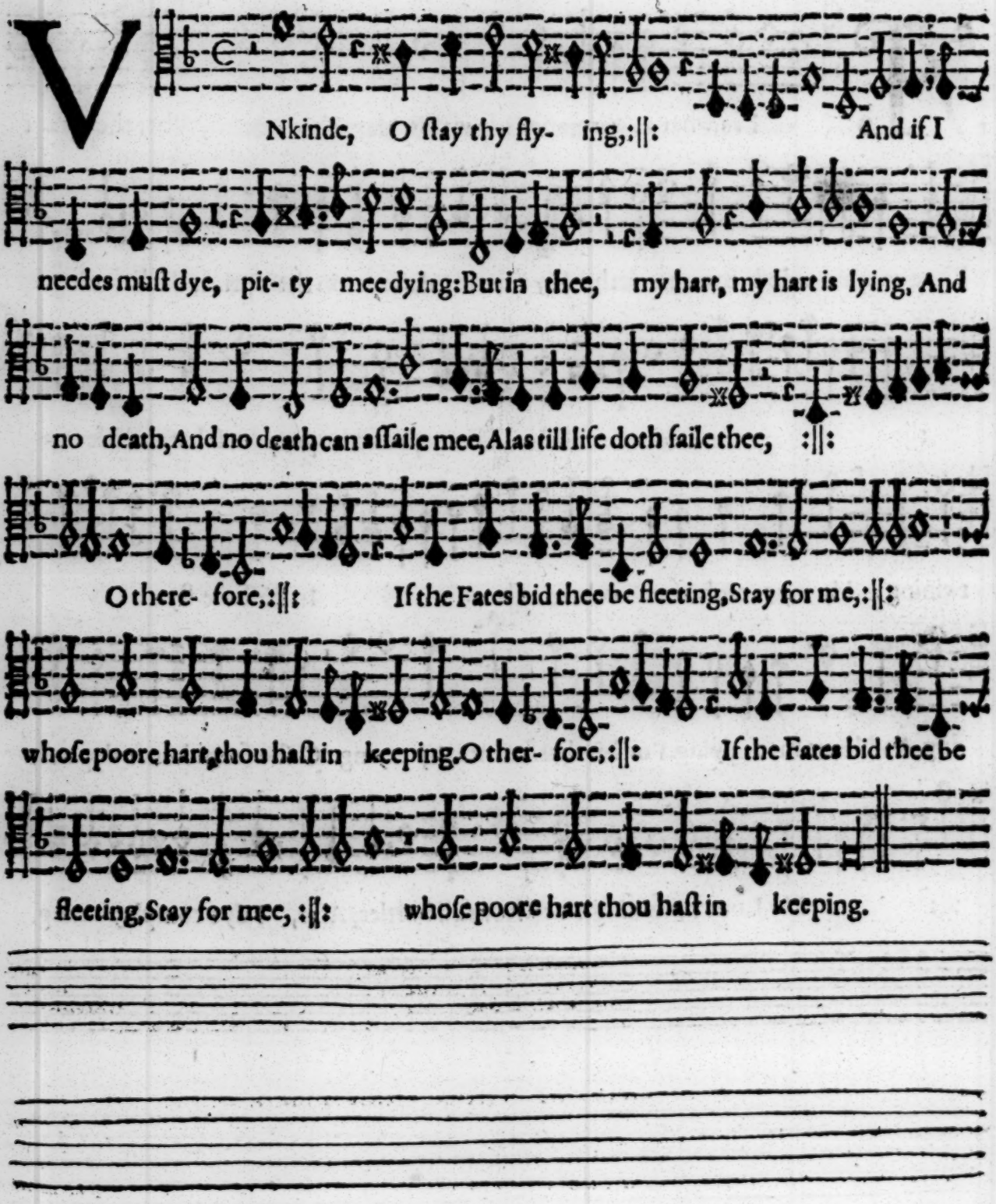
did I hope, Which hope my life prolonged, Which hope my life pro- longed, To

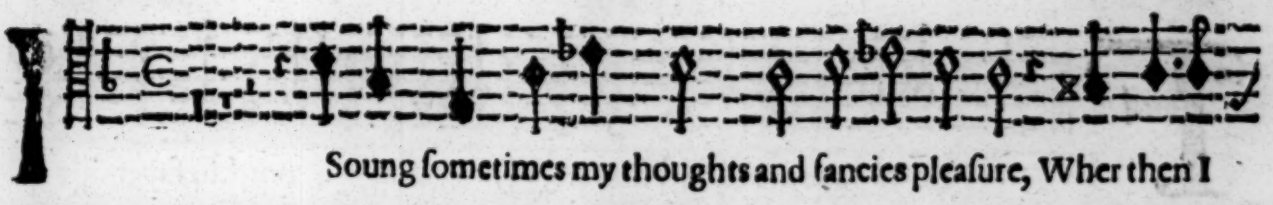
heare hir ſay A-las his Loue was wronged. A-las his loue was wronged.




LAdy, your words doe ſpight mee, La- dy your words doe ſpight
me, Your words do ſpight me, yet your ſweet lips ſo ſoft, kiſſe & delight me: kiſſe & de-
light, delight mee: Your deeds my hart ſurchargd with ouerioying: :||:
Your taunts my life deſtroying,:||: Since both haue
force to ſpill mee, :||: Let kiſſes ſweet,:||: Let kiſſes Sweet,:||:
Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with ſwords and launces, Fight you with ſmiling
glaunces: So like Swans of Leander, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander. Singing and
dying, Singing and dying.

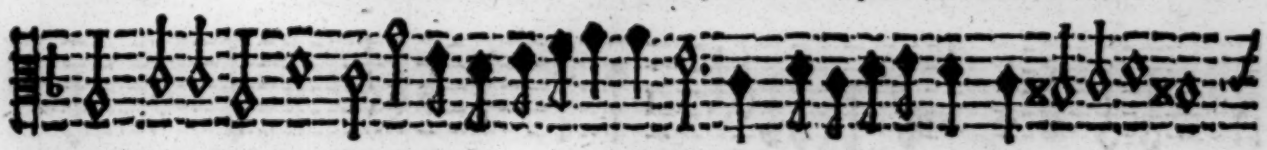

Las, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant
Loue commaundeth, commandeth? My flouring daies are in their prime decli- ning,
All my proud hope, quite falne, and life vn-
twining: My ioyes each after other,
In haſt are fly-
ing, And leaue mee dying, For hir that ſcornes my crying: O ſhe from hence departs,
My Loue refraining, For whom all hartles, Alas, I dye complay- ning.


VNkinde, O ſtay thy fly- ing,:||: And if I
needes muſt dye, pit- ty mee dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And
no death, And no death can aſſaile mee, Alas till life doth faile thee, :||:
O there- fore,:||: If the Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for me,:||:
whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O ther- fore,:||: If the Fates bid thee be
fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: whoſe poore hart thou haſt in keeping.



Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure, Wher then I

liſt, :||: or time ſeru'd beſt and leaſure, While Daphne did inuite me, And

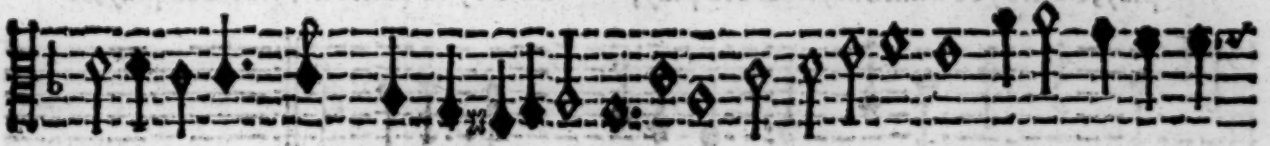


dranck to me to ſpite me. I ſmild: yet ſtill did doubt hir, :||:

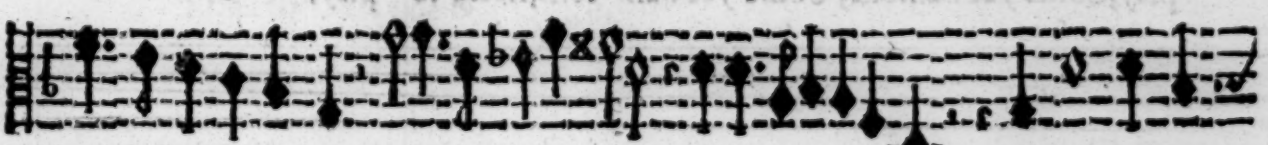
And dranck wher ſhe had dranck before, to flout hir, to flout hir. But ô while

I did eie hir, :||: :||: :||: But

ô while I did eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning



fier, My lips dranck burning fi- er, But ô while I did eye hir, But ô while I, But



ô while I did eye hir, :||: :||: did eye hir, Mine

eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fi-er. My lips dranck burning fi-er.

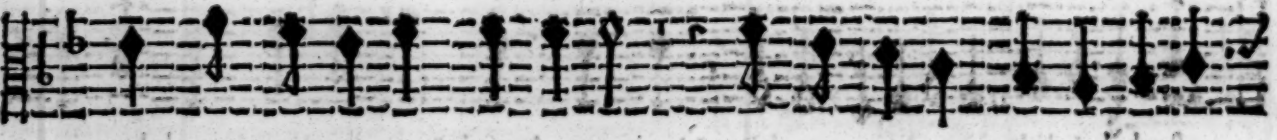
Lo-ra gaue me fayreſt flowers, :||: none ſo fayer, :||:

:||: In Floras treaſure, none ſo faier, :||: In Floras treaſure: Theſe I plaſt on

Phillis Bowers, :||: She was pleaſd, :||: She was pleaſd, And

ſhe my pleaſure : Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay, Come yee wantons, heere to play.

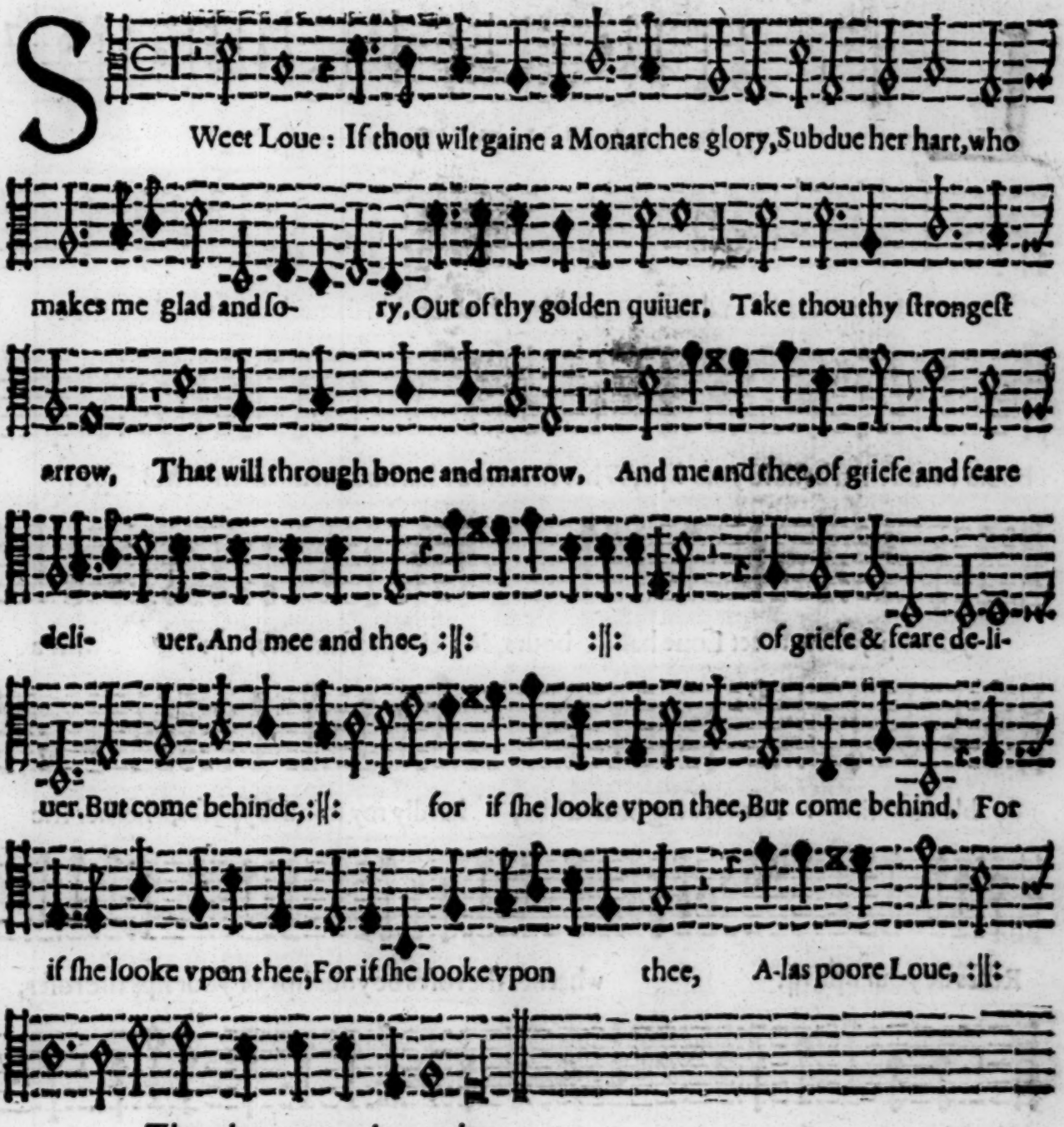
:||: Come heere to play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, to

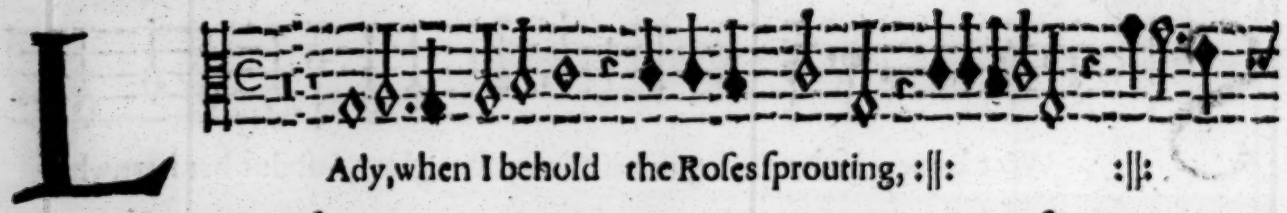


play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, to

play, Come yee wantons, Come yee wan- tons, heere to play.

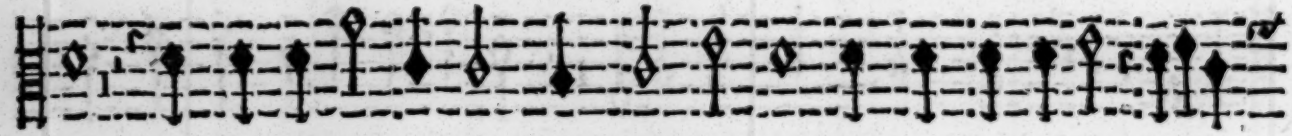
Heere endeth the ſongs of 5. parts.


SWeet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue her hart, who
makes me glad and so- ry, Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest
arrow, That will through bone and marrow, And me and thee, of griefe and feare
deli- uer. And mee and thee, :||: :||: of griefe & feare de-li-
uer. But come behinde, :||: for if she looke vpon thee, But come behind. For
if she looke vpon thee, For if she looke vpon thee, A-las poore Loue, :||:
Then thou art woe begon thee.



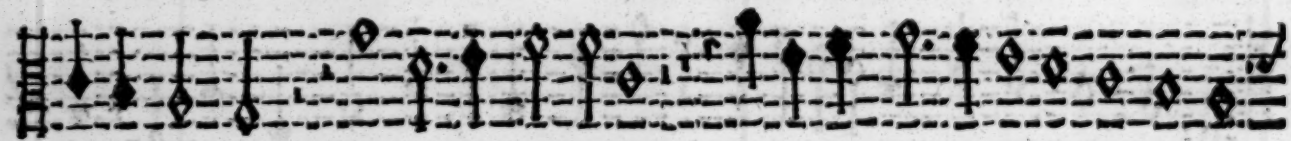
LAdy, when I behold the Roſes ſprouting, :||: :||:

Which clad in damask mantels, which clad in damask mantels, deck the ar-



bours : And then behold your lips, Wher ſweet loue harbours: And then behold, :||:

your lips, where ſweet Loue har- bours, My eies preſents me, :||: with a



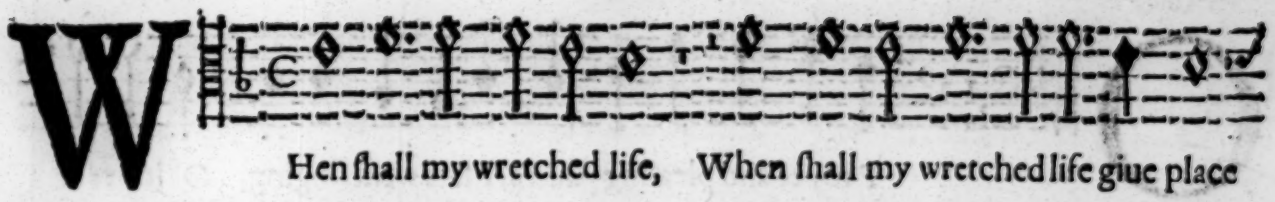
double doubting : For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, whether the

Roſes be your lips, :||: whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes,

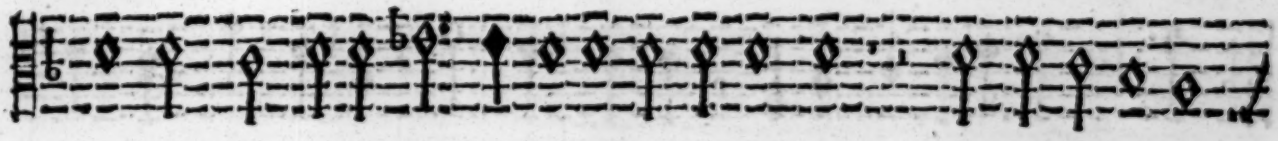
or your lips the Roſes. For viewing both alike, hardly my minde ſuppoſes, my

minde ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your

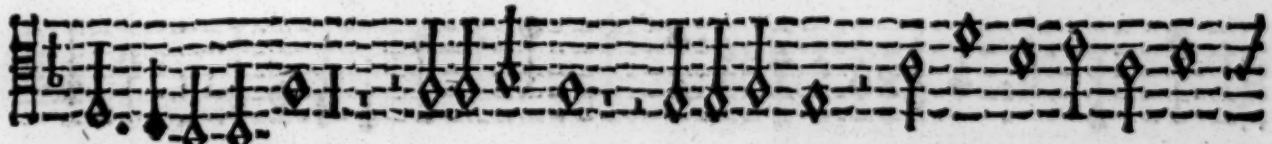
lips the Roſes. :||:



When ſhall my wretched life, When ſhall my wretched life giue place

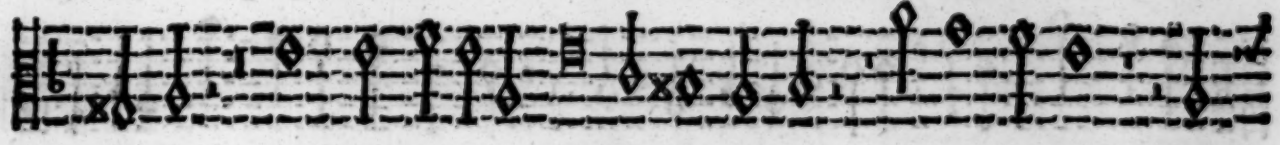


to death? That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come ſaddeſt ſhadow,



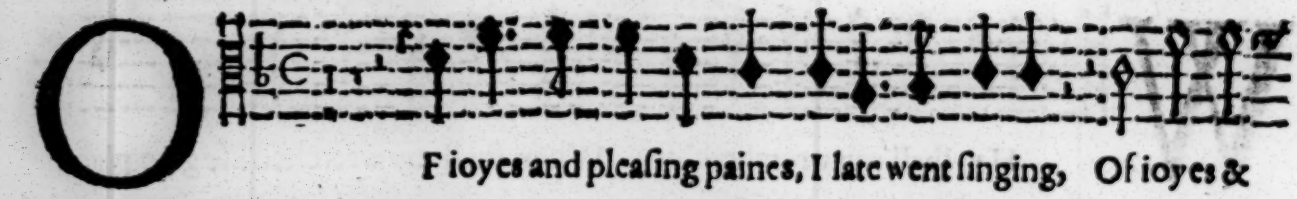
ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine, For I am thine, Then let not care bereaue

thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, But with thy fatall dart, Kill care



and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care and me, Kill care and me, While

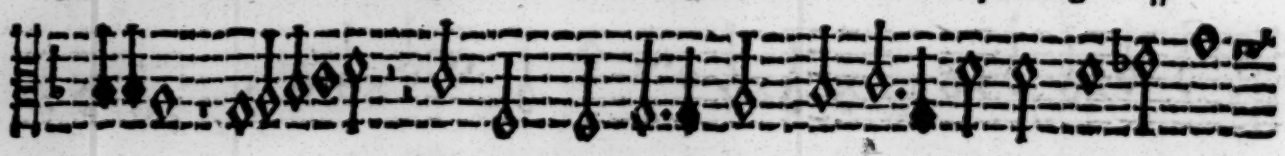
care lies at my hart.



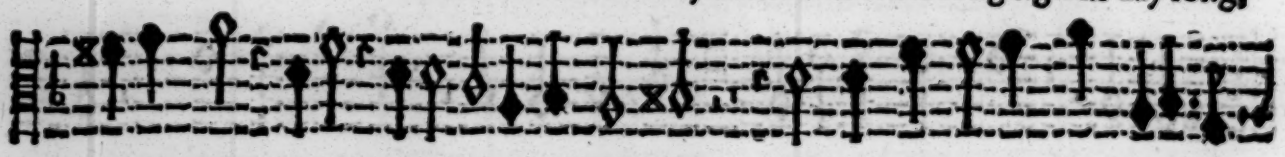
O F ioyes and pleasing paines, I late went singing, Of ioyes &

pleasing paines, I late went singing, O ioyes with paines, O ioyes with paines, O

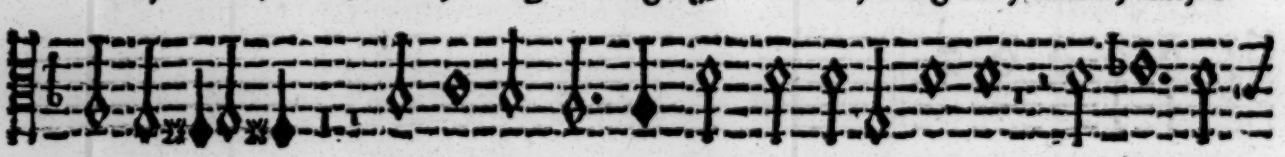
paines with ioyes consenting: And little thought as then of now repenting: :||:



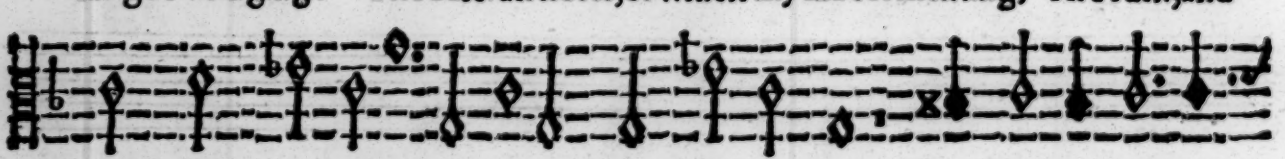
But now think of my then sweet bitter stinging: All day long,



I my hands, A-las, Alas, Alas goe wringing, All day long I my hands, Alas, A-

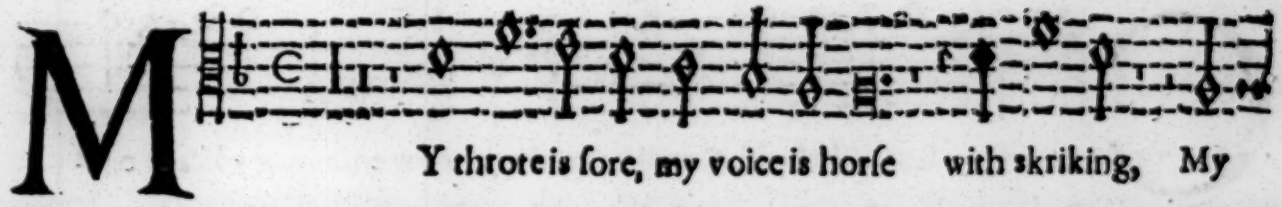


las goe wringing: The balefull notes, of which my sad tormenting, Are ruth, and



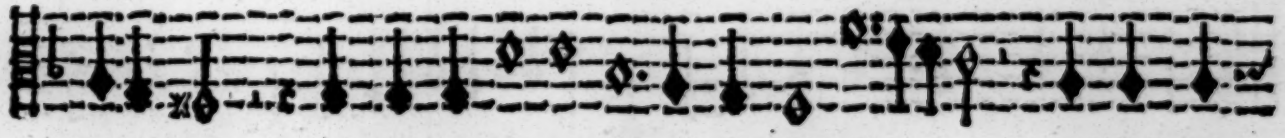
mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting. From hils and dales, From hils and dales, in

my dull eares still ringing. :||:

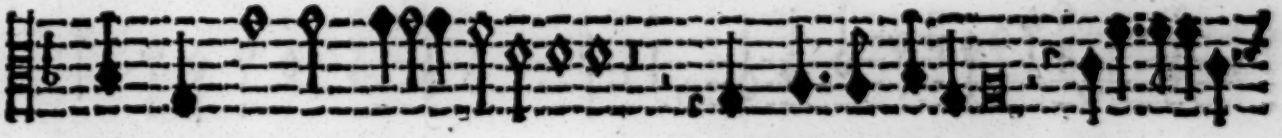


MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking, My

reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fet- ched : My ſong runnes



all on ſharps, And with oft ſtriking time on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink with

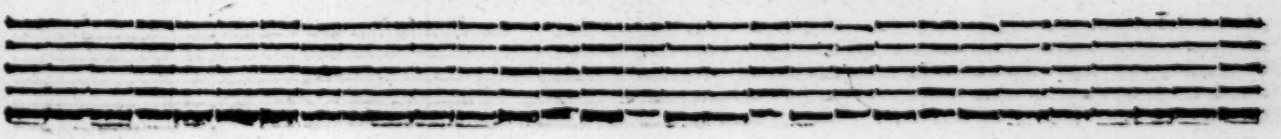


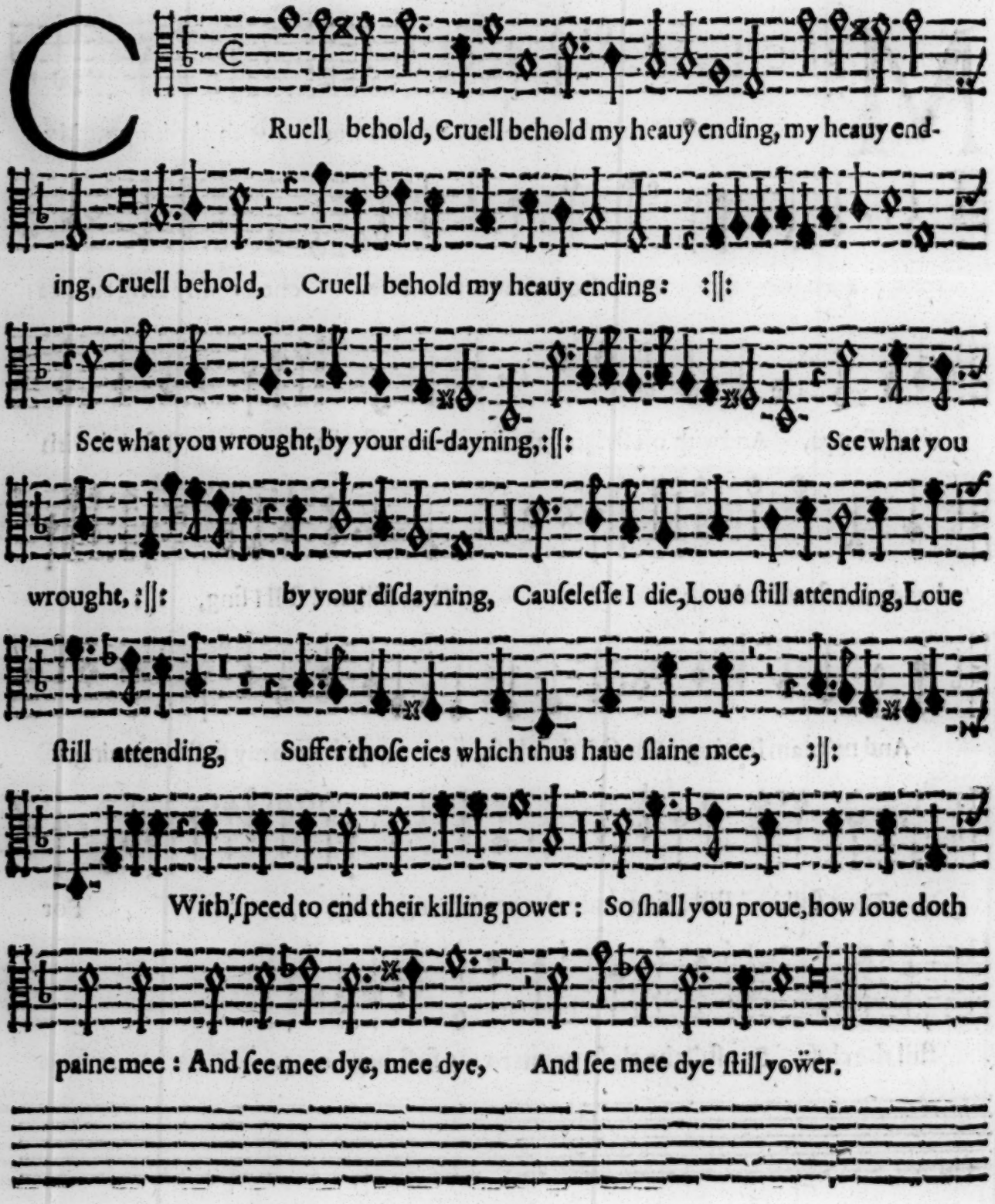
hands out ſtretched : :||: Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, :||:

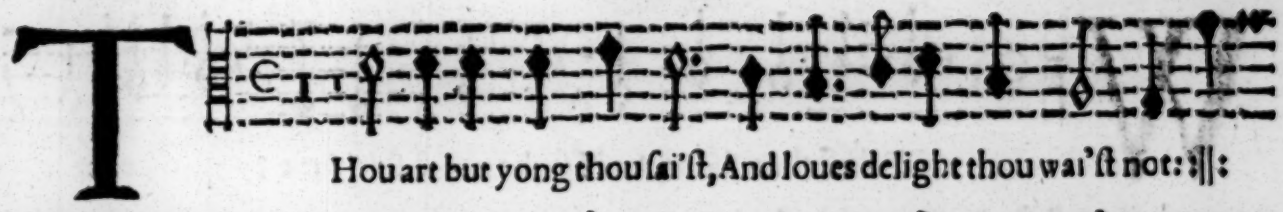
And ne'er am linning : For ſtill the cloſe, :||: points to my firſt beginning.

Thus ſtill and ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am linning : :||: For

ſtill the cloſe, For ſtill the cloſe points to my firſt beginning.




Cruell behold, Cruell behold my heauy ending, my heauy end-
ing, Cruell behold, Cruell behold my heauy ending: :||:
See what you wrought, by your dis-dayning, :||: See what you
wrought, :||: by your disdayning, Causeleſſe I die, Loue ſtill attending, Loue
ſtill attending, Suffer thoſe eies which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||:
With ſpeed to end their killing power: So ſhall you proue, how loue doth
paine mee: And ſee mee dye, mee dye, And ſee mee dye ſtill yower.

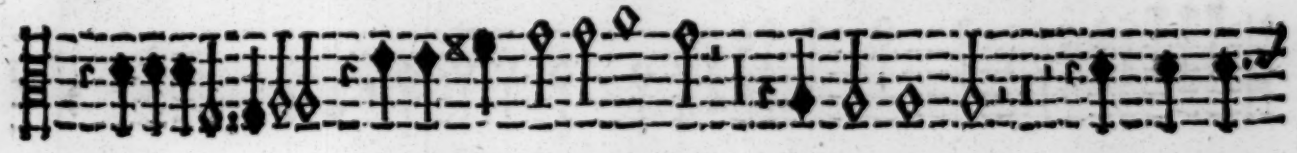


THou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, And loues delight thou wai'ſt not: :||:

ô take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt

not, thou maiſt not, O take time while thou mai'ſt, :||: Leaſt

when thou would'ſt, thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not. If loue ſhall then aſſaile thee,

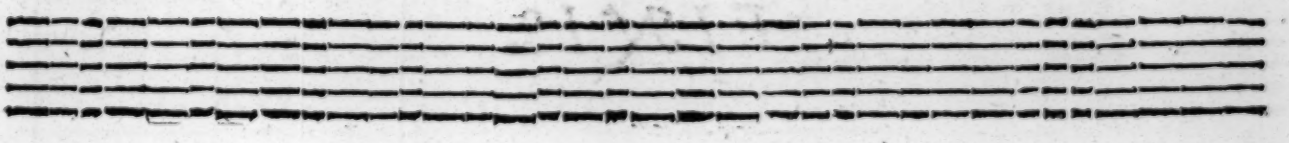


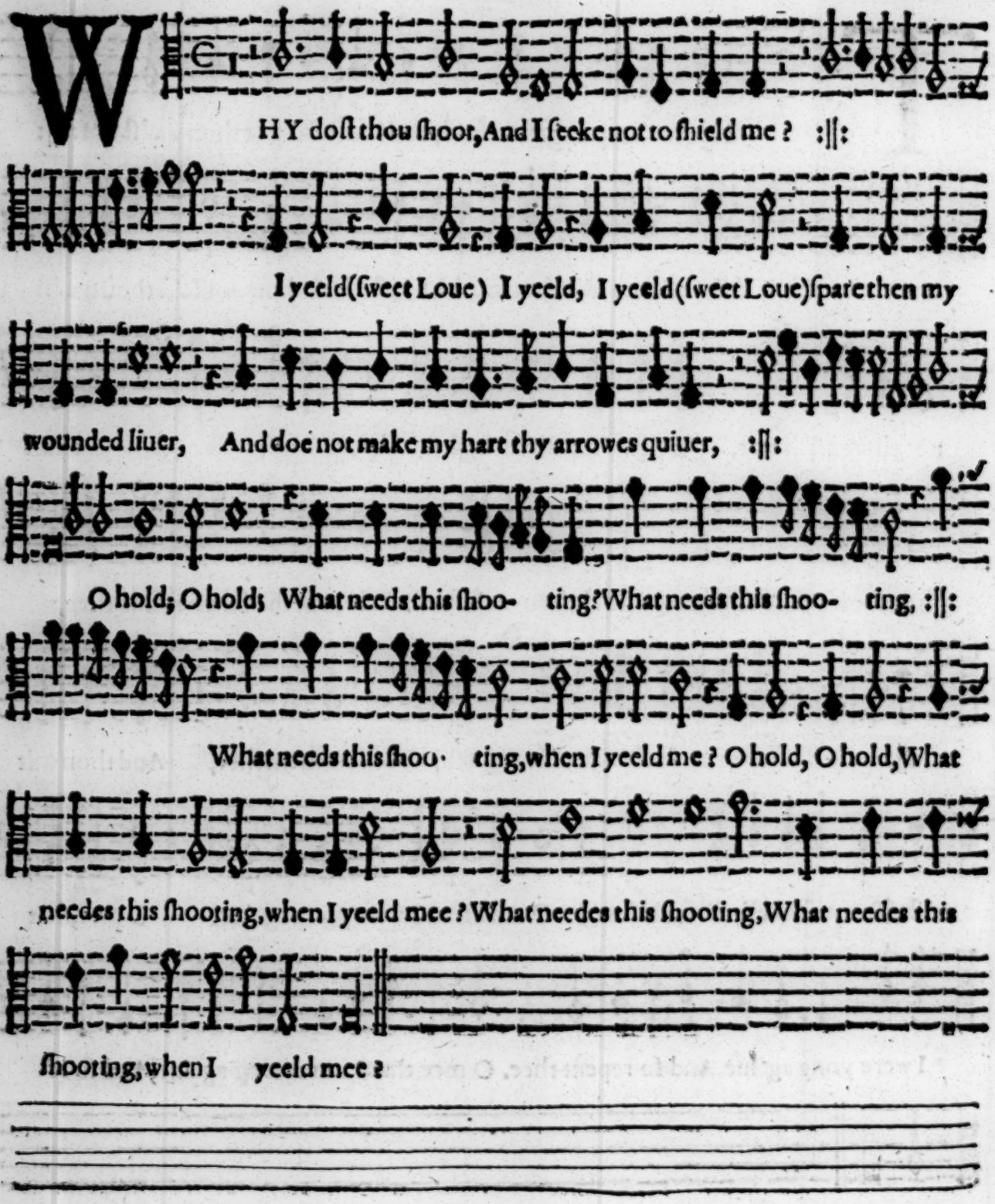
:||: A double double anguiſh, will torment thee, And thou wilt

wiſh, (But wiſhes all will faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that

I were yong againe, And ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And ſo re-

pent thee.




WHY doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield me ? :||:
I yeeld (ſweet Loue) I yeeld, I yeeld (ſweet Loue) ſpare then my
wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes quiuer, :||:
O hold; O hold; What needs this ſhoo- ting? What needs this ſhoo- ting, :||:
What needs this ſhoo· ting, when I yeeld me ? O hold, O hold, What
needes this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee ? What needes this ſhooting, What needes this
ſhooting, when I yeeld mee ?

FINIS.

QVINTVS.

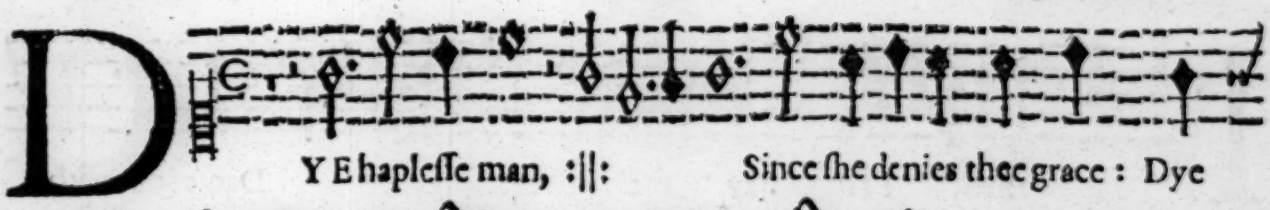
THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

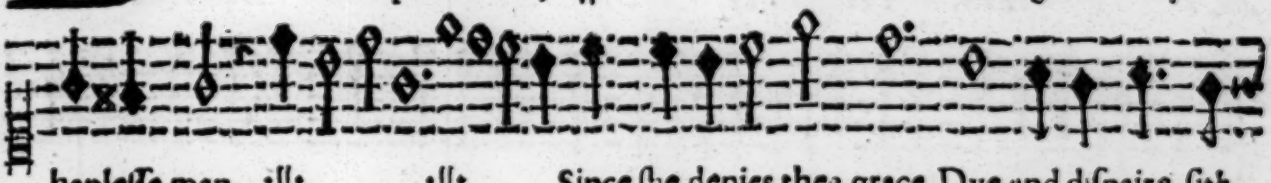
BY

IOHN WILBYE.

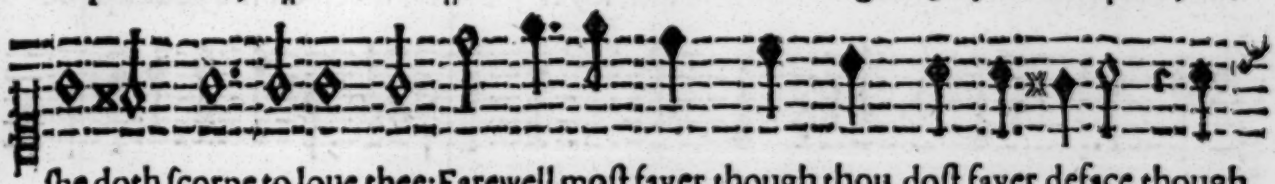
AT LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.



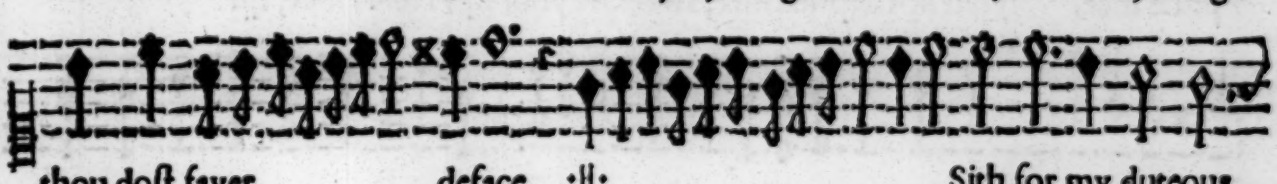
DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace : Dye



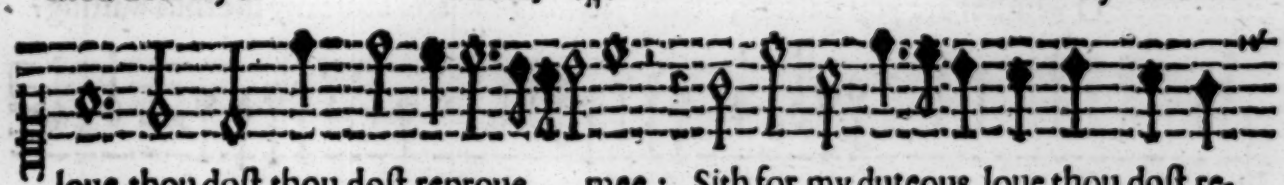
hapleſſe man, :||: :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace, Dye and diſpaire, ſith



ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, though

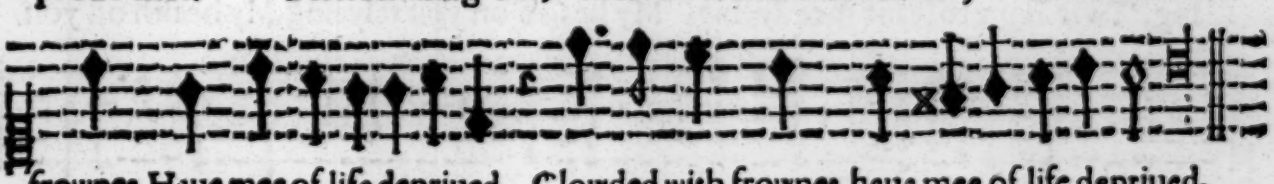


thou doſt fayer deface, :||: Sith for my duteous

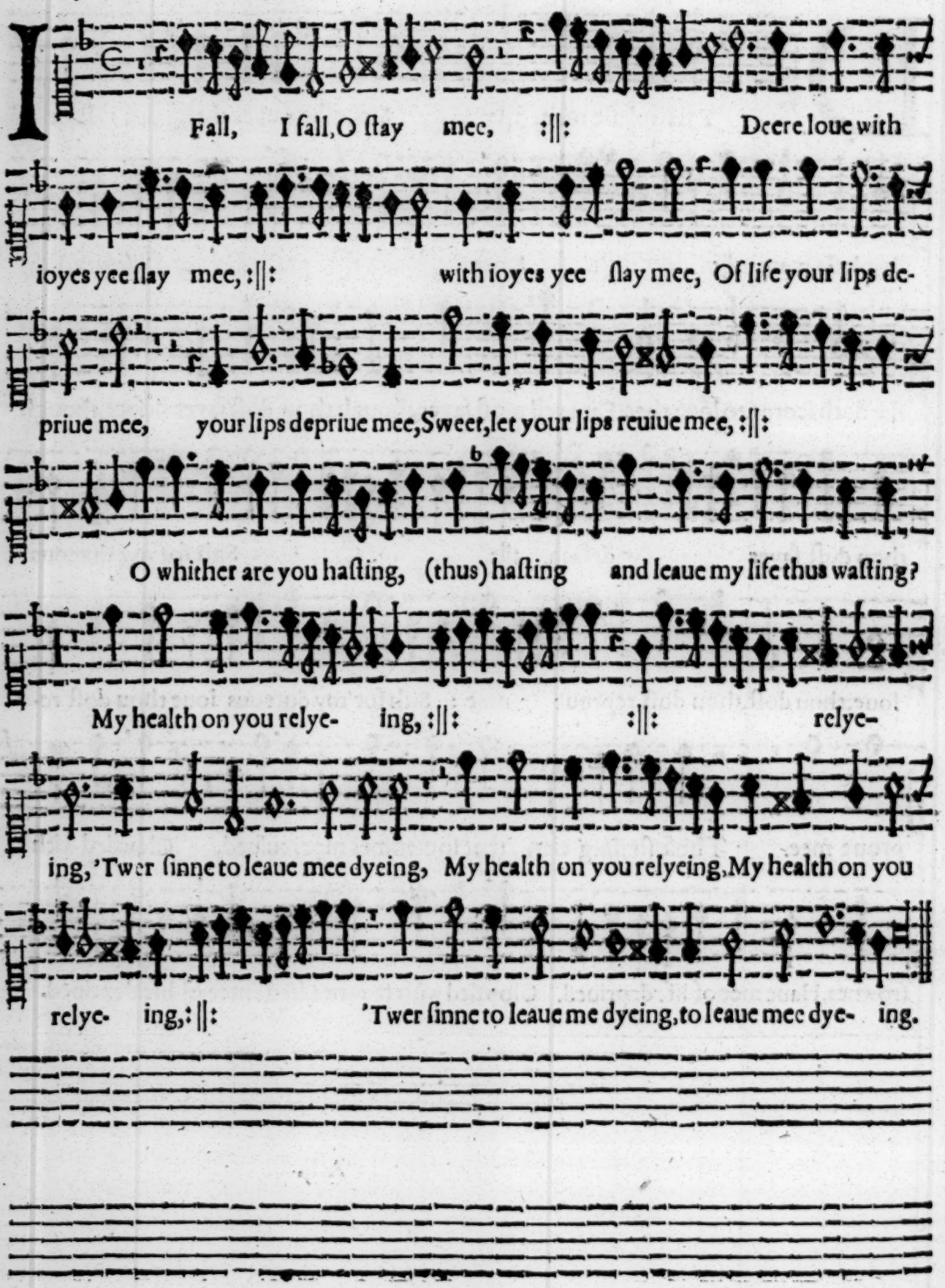


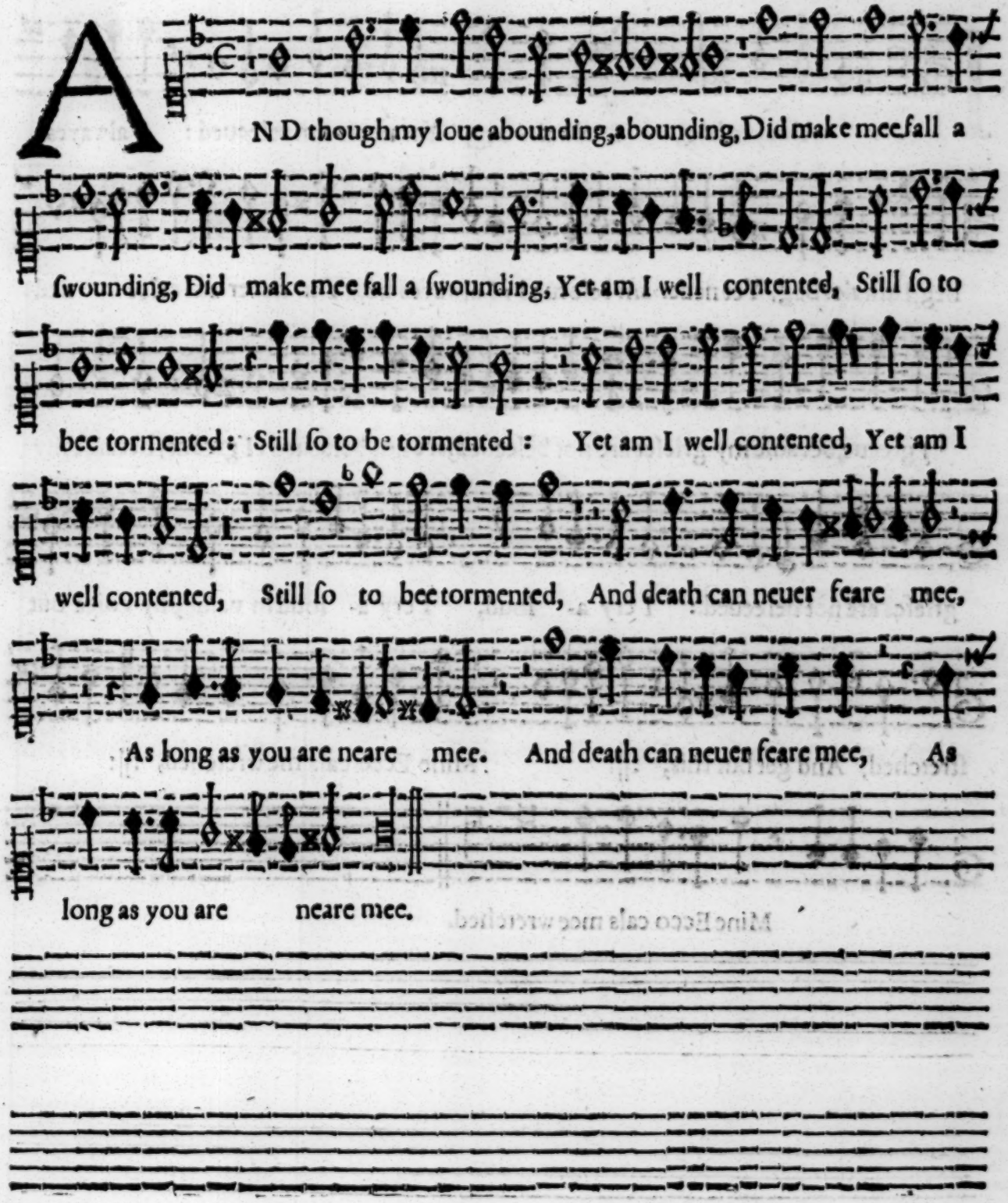
loue, thou doſt, thou doſt reproue mee : Sith for my duteous loue thou doſt re-

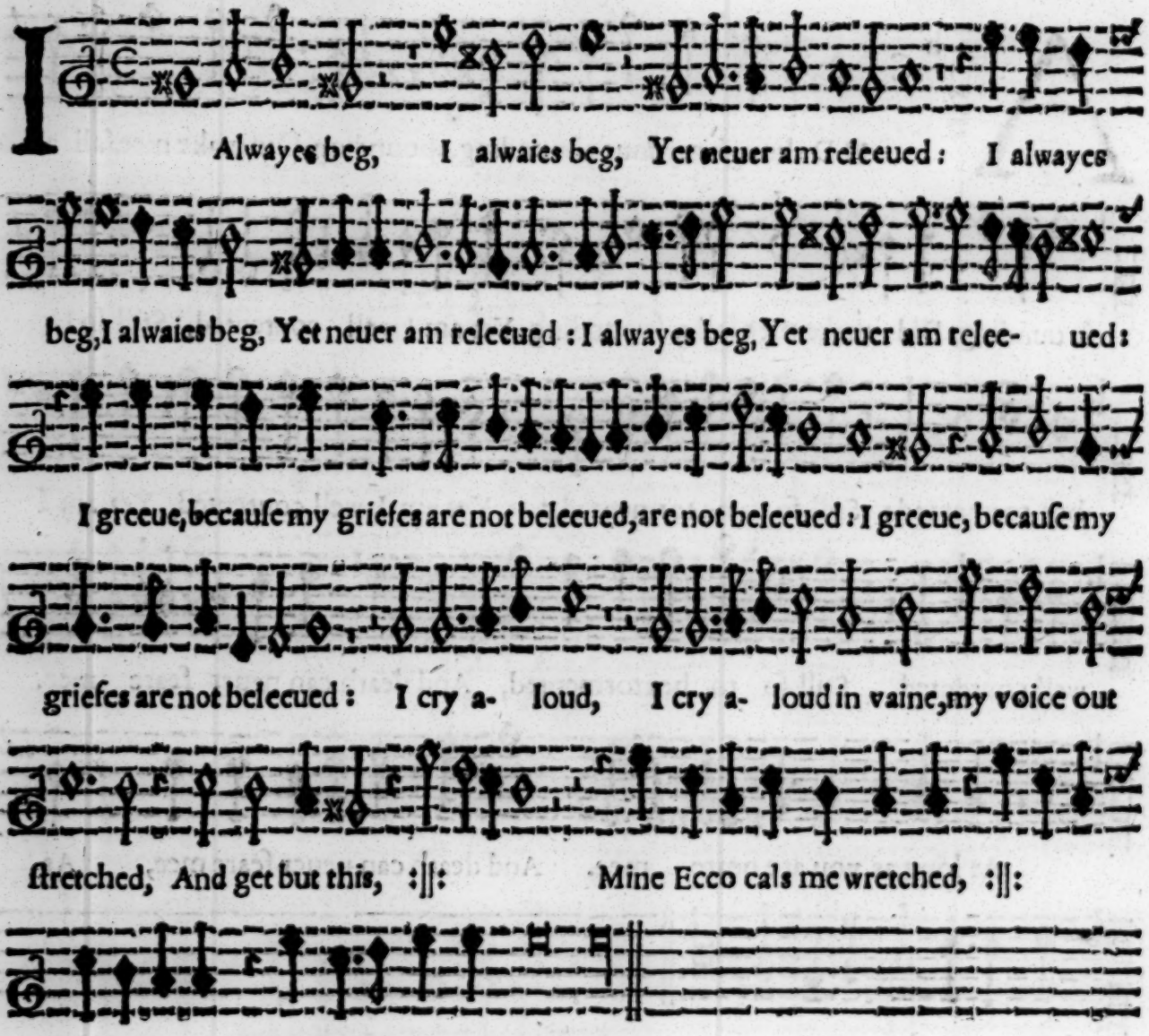
proue mee. Thoſe ſmiling eies, that ſometimes mee reuiued, Clowded with

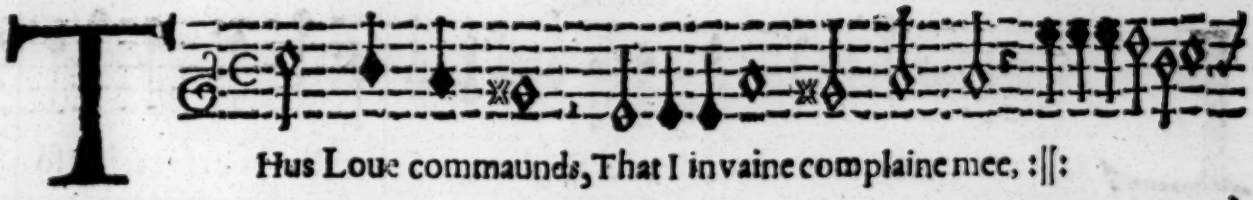


frownes, Haue mee of life depriued. Clowded with frownes, haue mee of life depriued.


I Fall, I fall, O ſtay mee, :||: Deere loue with
ioyes yee ſlay mee, :||: with ioyes yee ſlay mee, Of life your lips de-
priue mee, your lips depriue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, :||:
O whither are you haſting, (thus) haſting and leaue my life thus waſting?
My health on you relye- ing, :||: :||: relye-
ing, 'Twer ſinne to leaue mee dyeing, My health on you relyeing, My health on you
relye- ing, :||: 'Twer ſinne to leaue me dyeing, to leaue mee dye- ing.


AND though my loue abounding, abounding, Did make mee fall a
ſwounding, Did make mee fall a ſwounding, Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to
bee tormented: Still ſo to be tormented: Yet am I well contented, Yet am I
well contented, Still ſo to bee tormented, And death can neuer feare mee,
As long as you are neare mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As
long as you are neare mee.


I Alwayes beg, I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued: I alwayes
beg, I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued: I alwayes beg, Yet neuer am relee- ued:
I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued, are not beleeued: I greeue, becauſe my
griefes are not beleeued: I cry a- loud, I cry a- loud in vaine, my voice out
ſtretched, And get but this, :||: Mine Ecco cals me wretched, :||:
Mine Ecco cals mee wretched.

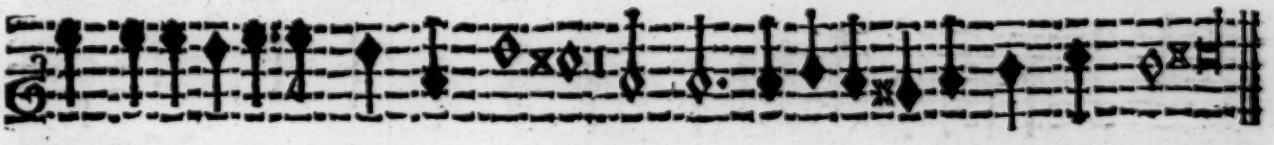


THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, :||:

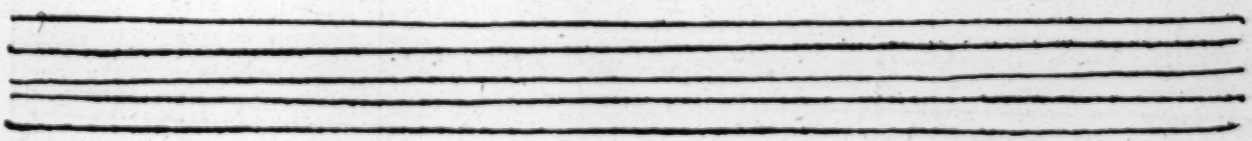
That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in vaine complaine mee: :||:

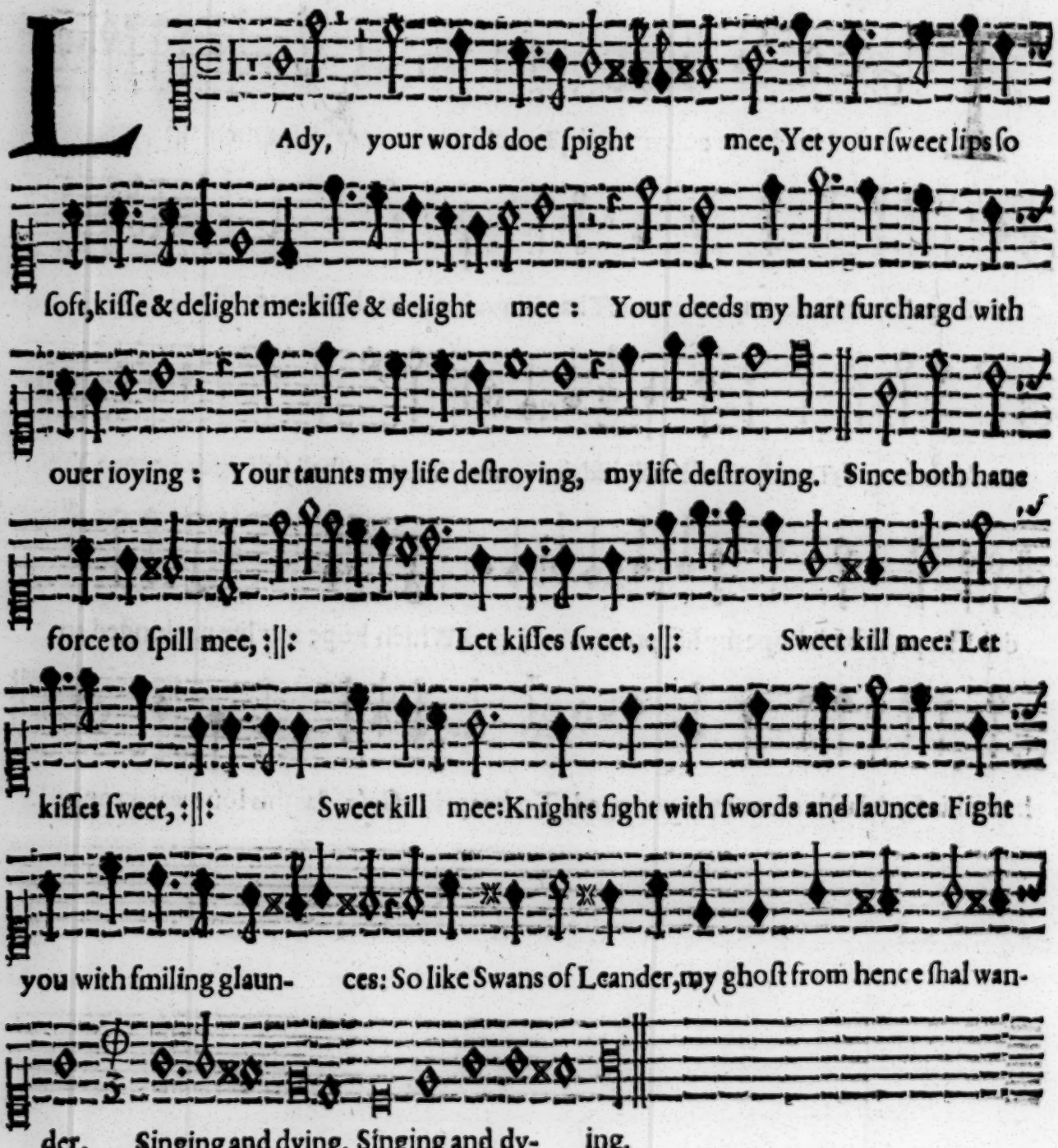
And ſorrow will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine me: Yet

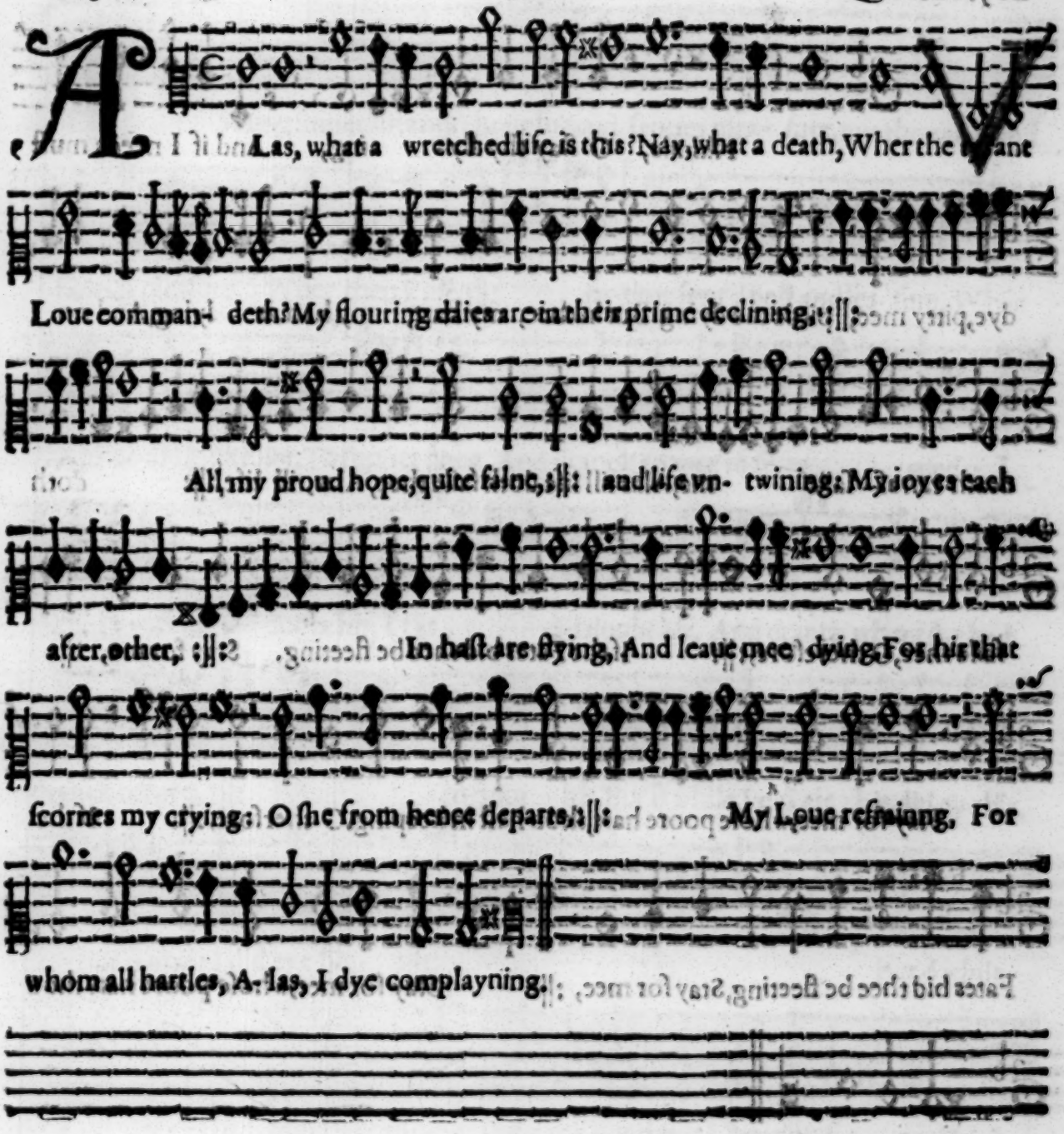
did I hope, Which hope my life prolon- ged, Which hope my life prolonged, to

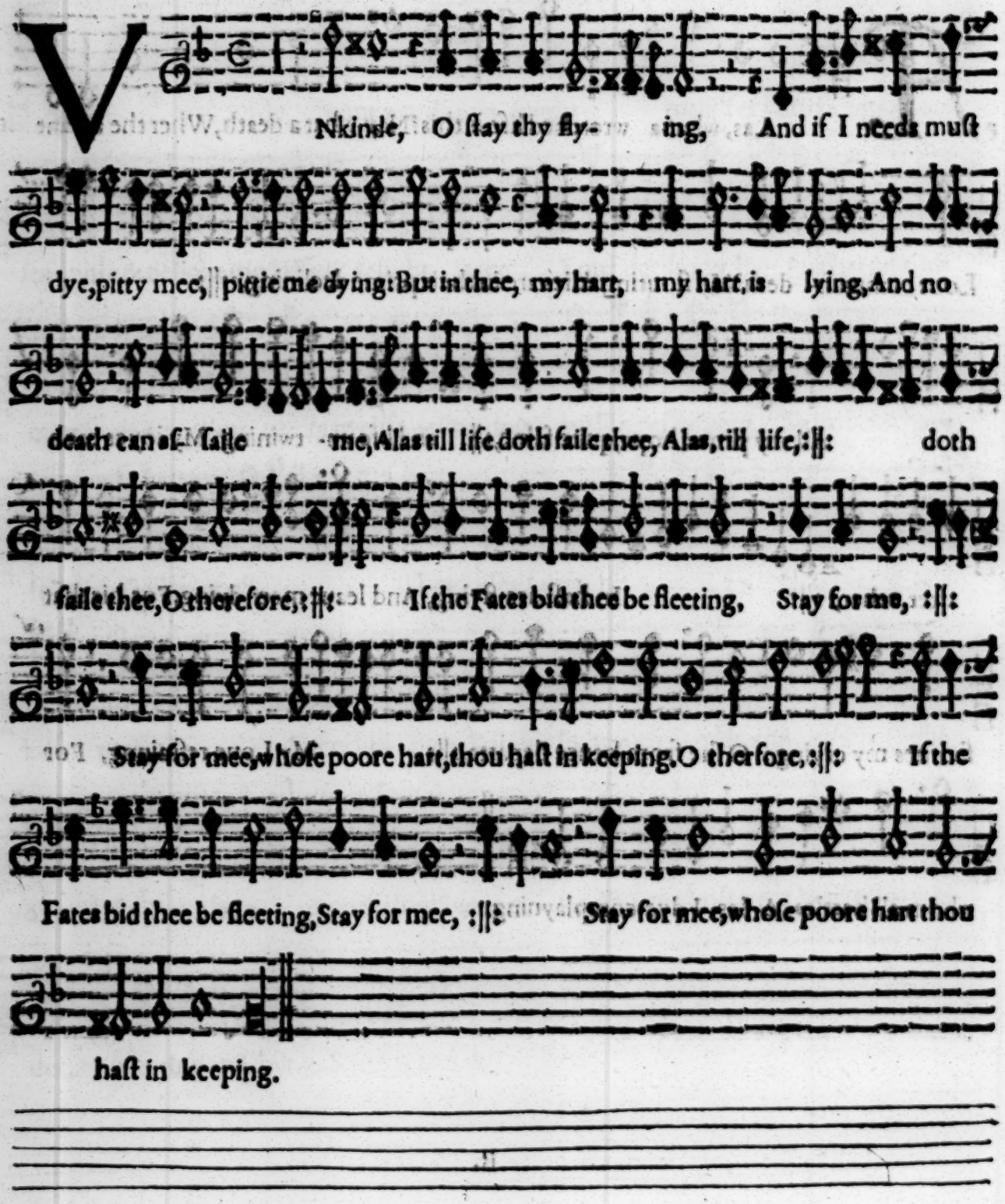


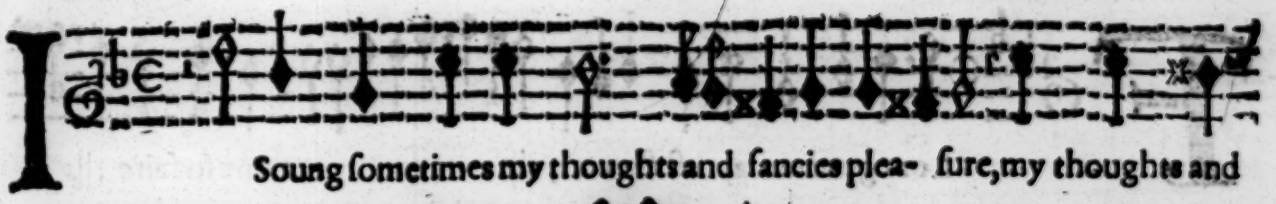
heare hir ſay (alas) his Loue was wronged. To heare hir ſay (a- las) his loue was wronged.




Lady, your words doe ſpight mee, Yet your ſweet lips ſo
ſoft, kiſſe & delight me: kiſſe & delight mee : Your deeds my hart furchargd with
ouer ioying : Your taunts my life deſtroying, my life deſtroying. Since both haue
force to ſpill mee, :||: Let kiſſes ſweet, :||: Sweet kill mee: Let
kiſſes ſweet, :||: Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with ſwords and launces Fight
you with ſmiling glaun- ces: So like Swans of Leander, my ghoſt from hence ſhal wan-
der, Singing and dying. Singing and dy- ing.


ALas, what a wretched life is this? Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant
Loue comman- deth? My flouring dayes are in their prime declining:
All my proud hope, quite faine, and life vn- twining: My ioyes each
after other, In haste are flying, And leaue mee dying, For his that
scornes my crying: O she from hence departs, My Loue remaining, For
whom all hartles, A- las, I dye complayning.


VNkinde, O stay thy flying, And if I needs must
dye, pitty mee, pitie me dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And no
death can faile me, Alas till life doth faile thee, Alas, till life, :||: doth
faile thee, O therefore, :||: If the Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for me, :||:
Stay for mee, whose poore hart, thou hast in keeping. O therfore, :||: If the
Fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: Stay for mee, whose poore hart thou
hast in keeping.



I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies plea- ſure, my thoughts and

fancies pleaſure, Wher then I liſt, :||: or time ſeru'd beſt and lea- ſure, While

Daphne did inuite me, To ſupper once, And dranck to mee to ſpite mee. I

ſmild : yet ſtill did doubt hir, I :||: did doubt hir, And dranck where ſhe had

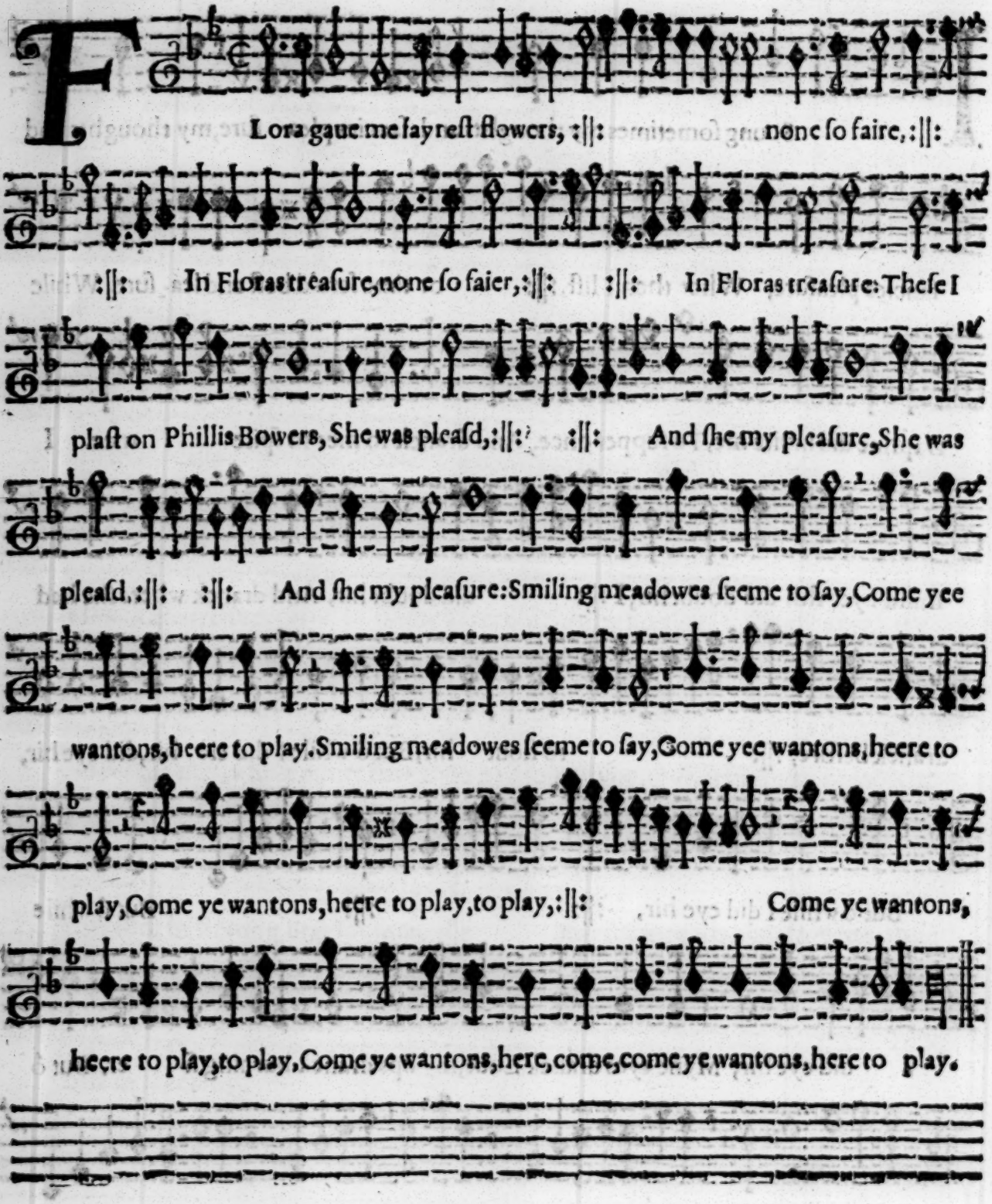
dranck before, :||: to flout hir, But ô while I did eie hir, did eye hir,

But ô while I did eye hir, :||: :||: But ô while

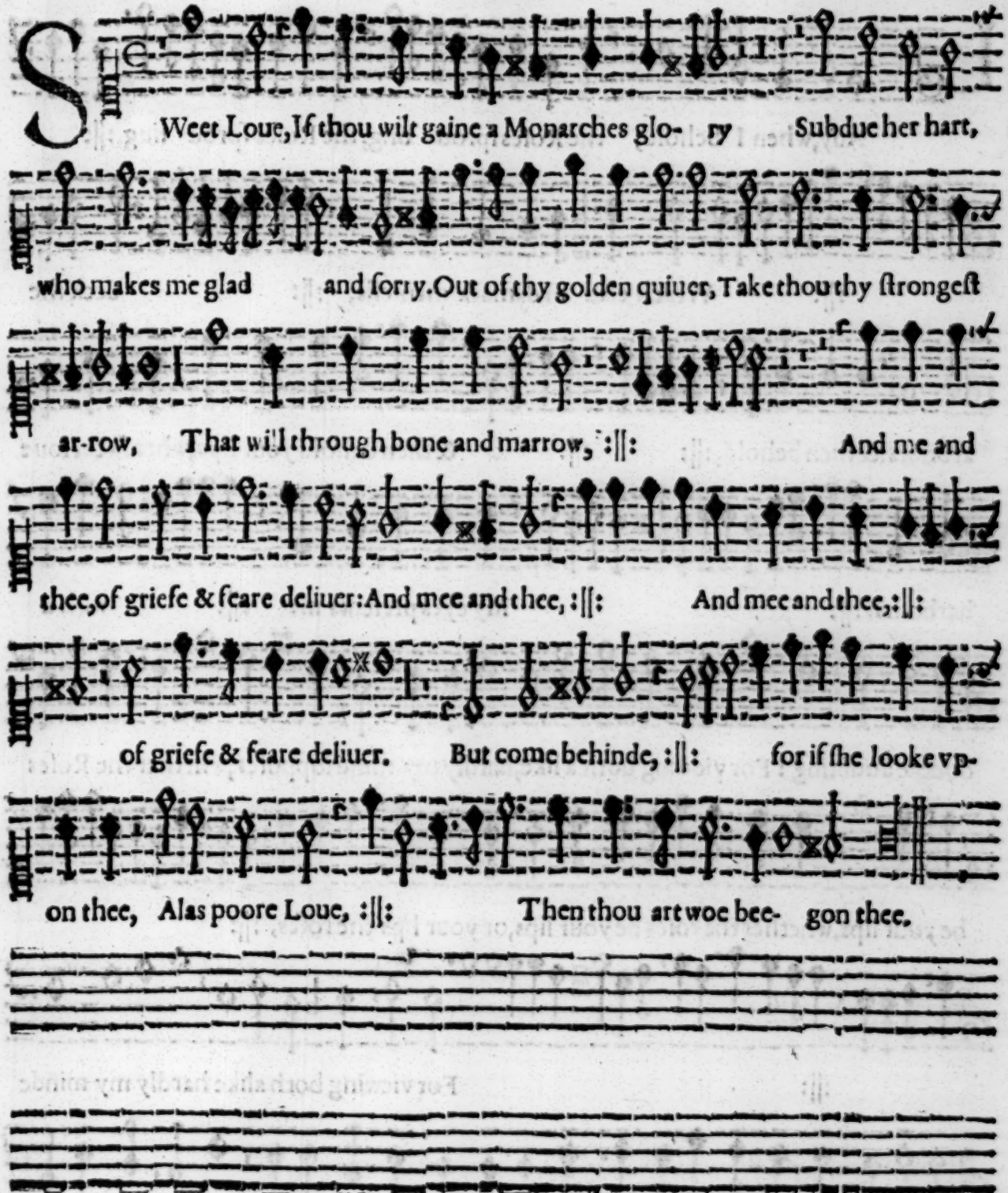
I did eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fi- er. But ô

while I did eye hir, :||: :||: :||:

But ô while I did eye hir Mine eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fi- er.



Heere endeth the ſongs of 5. parts.

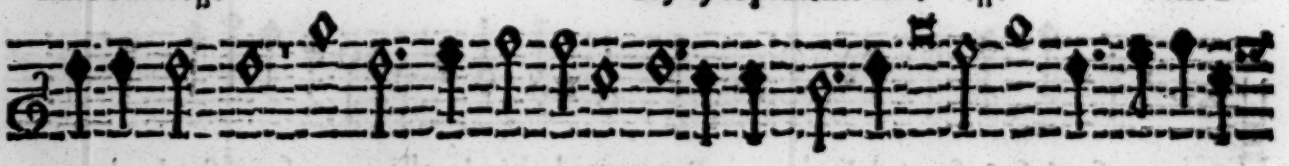

Sweet Loue, If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glo- ry Subdue her hart,
who makes me glad and sorry. Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest
ar-row, That will through bone and marrow, :||: And me and
thee, of griefe & feare deliuer: And mee and thee, :||: And mee and thee, :||:
of griefe & feare deliuer. But come behinde, :||: for if she looke vp-
on thee, Alas poore Loue, :||: Then thou art woe bee- gon thee.

Ady, when I behold, the Roſes ſprou- ting, the Roſes ſprou- ting, :||:

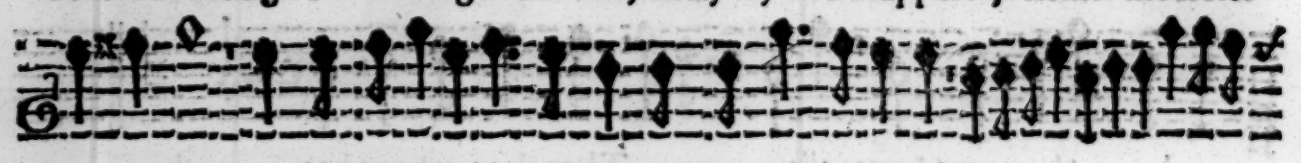
:||: Which clad in damask mantells, :||: deck the

arbours: & then behold, :||: :||: & then behold your lips, wher ſweet loue

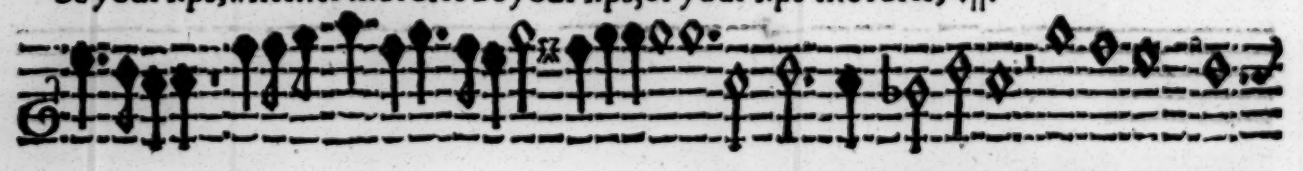
harbours: :||: My eyes preſents me, :||: with a



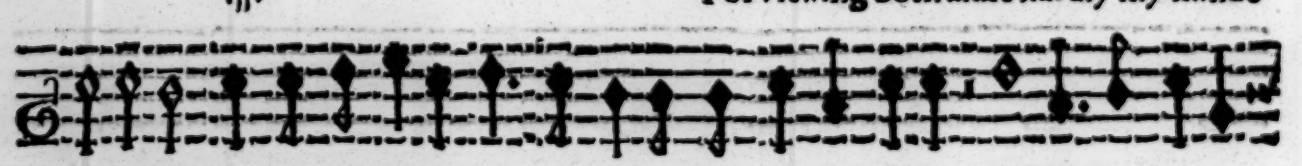
double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes



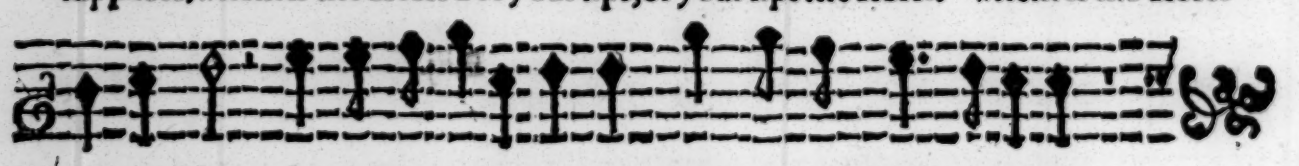
be your lips, whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes, :||:



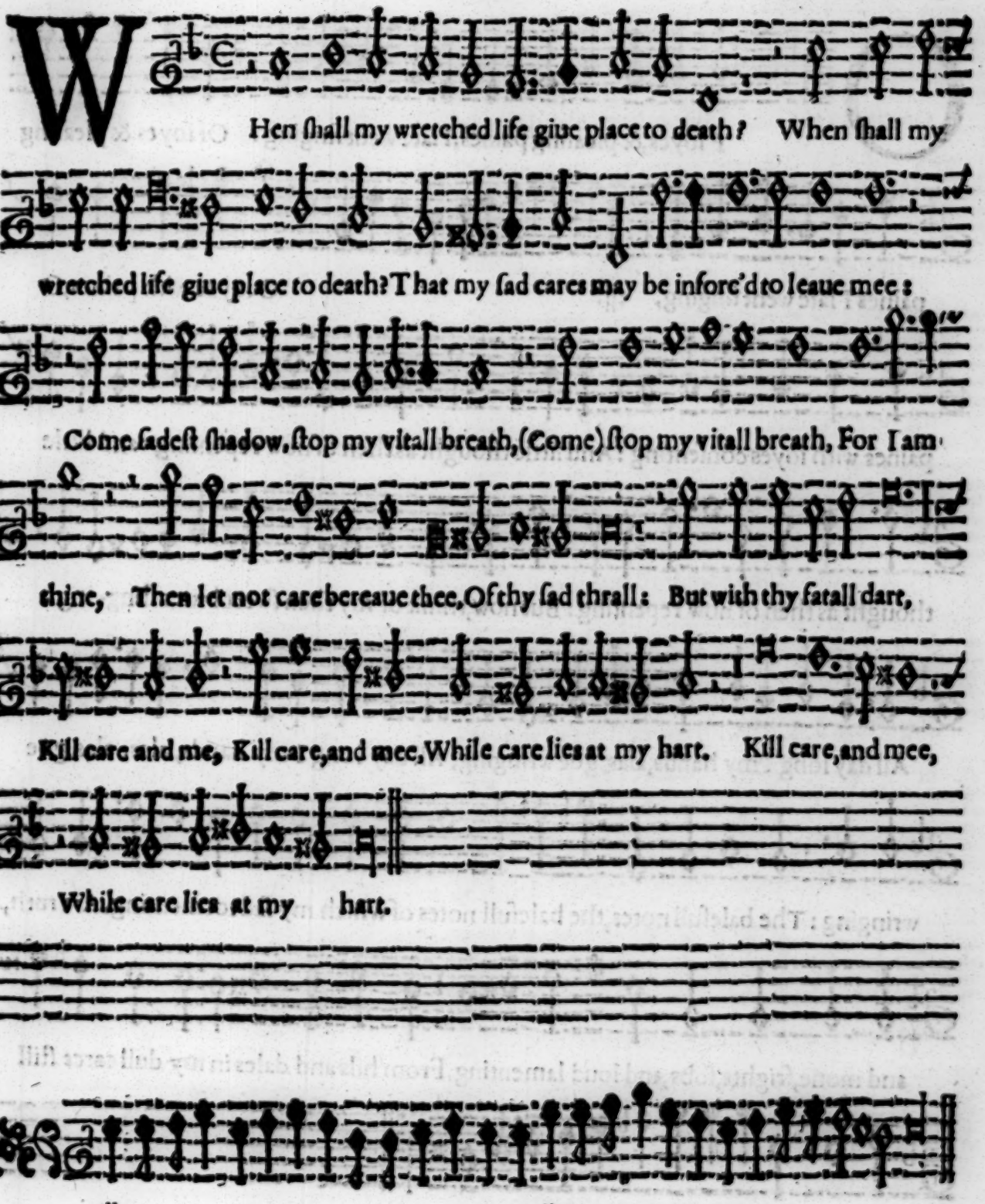
:||: For viewing both alike hardly my minde

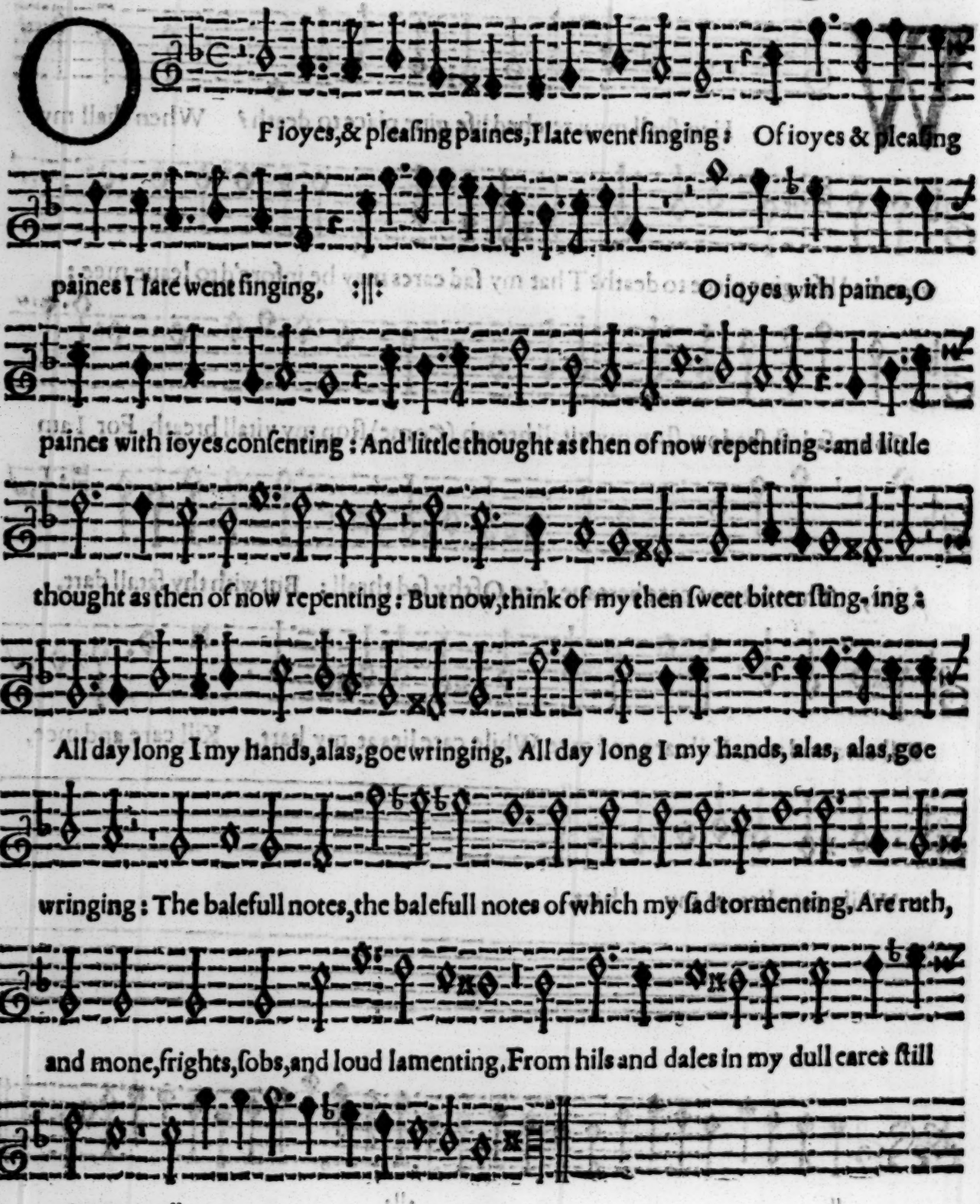


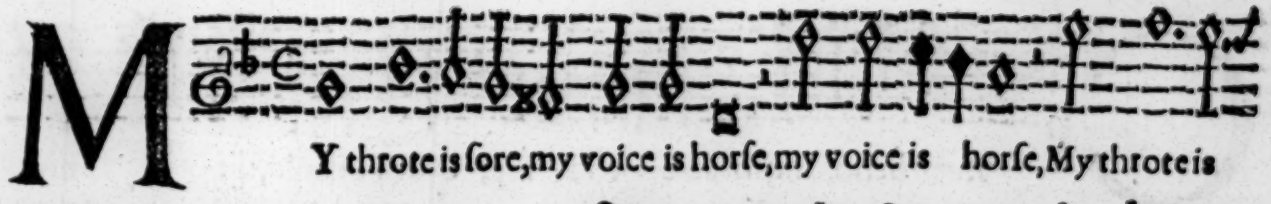
ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes bee your lips, or your lips the Roſes. whether the Roſes



be your lippes, whether the Roſes bee your lippes, or your lippes the Roſes.


When ſhall my wretched life giue place to death? When ſhall my
wretched life giue place to death? That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:
Come ſadeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, (Come) ſtop my vitall breath, For I am
thine, Then let not care bereaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart,
Kill care and me, Kill care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee,
While care lies at my hart.


O F ioyes,& pleasing paines,I late went singing : Of ioyes & pleasing
paines I late went singing, :||: O ioyes with paines,O
paines with ioyes consenting : And little thought as then of now repenting : and little
thought as then of now repenting : But now,think of my then sweet bitter sting- ing :
All day long I my hands,alas,goe wringing, All day long I my hands, alas, alas,goe
wringing : The balefull notes,the balefull notes of which my sad tormenting, Are ruth,
and mone,frights,sobs,and loud lamenting,From hils and dales in my dull cares still
ringing. :||:

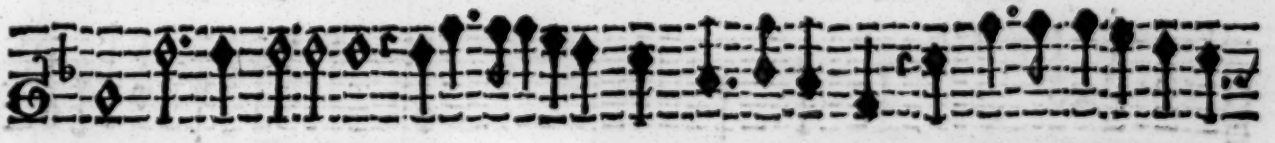


MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe, my voice is horſe, My throte is

ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking: :||: My reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from the

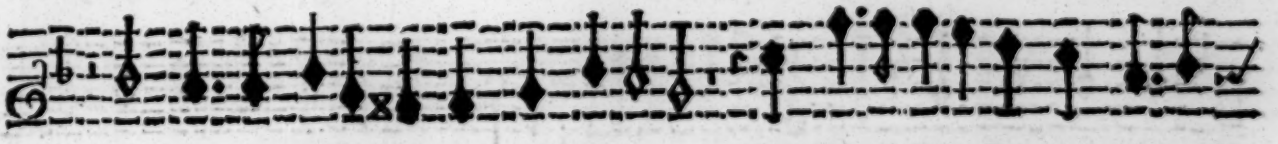
hart root fetched: My ſong runnes all on ſharps, :||: And with oft ſtri-

king time on my breſt,:||: I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched: :||:



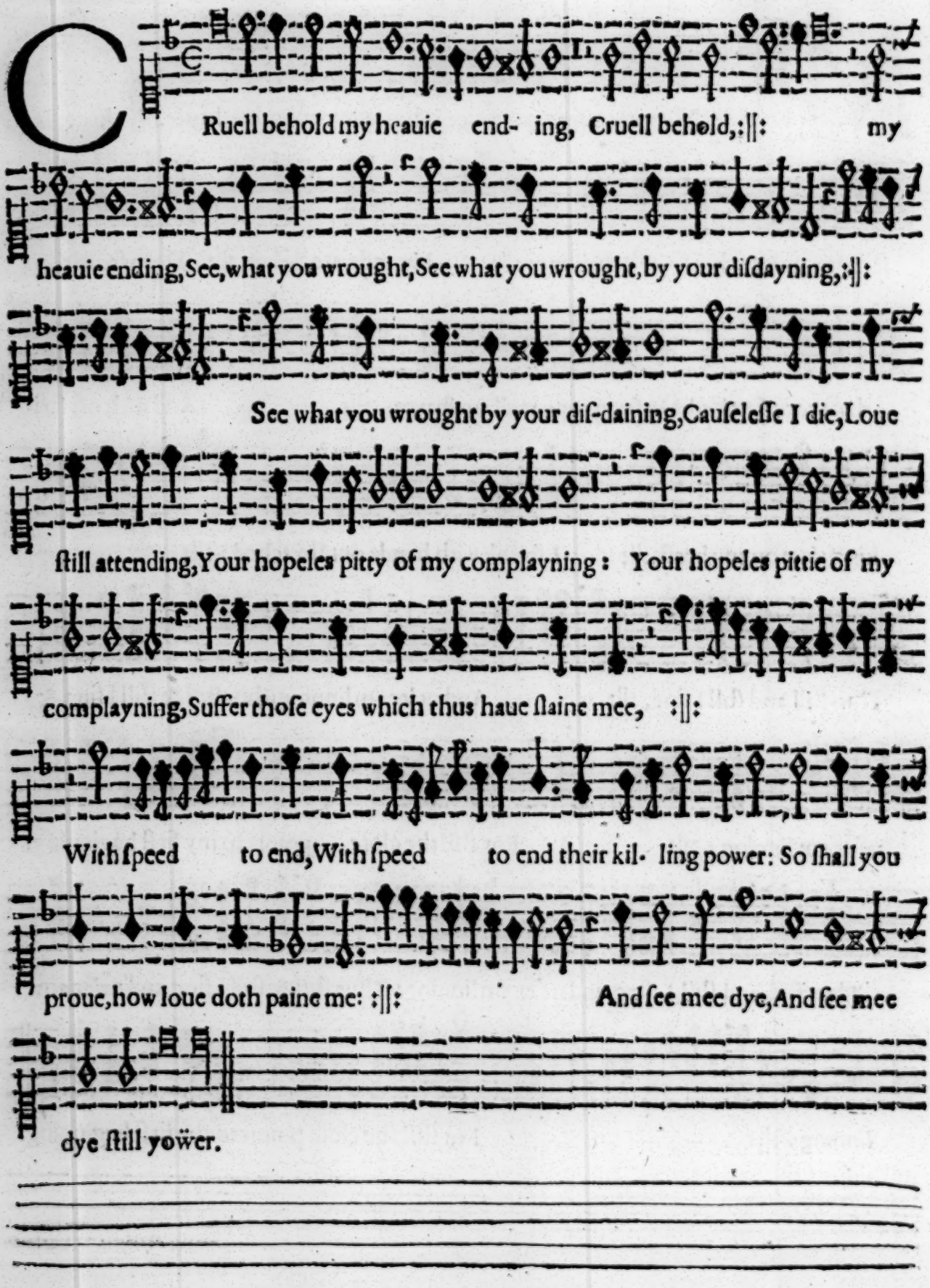
Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, :||: And ne'er am linning: thus ſtill & ſtill I ſing, &

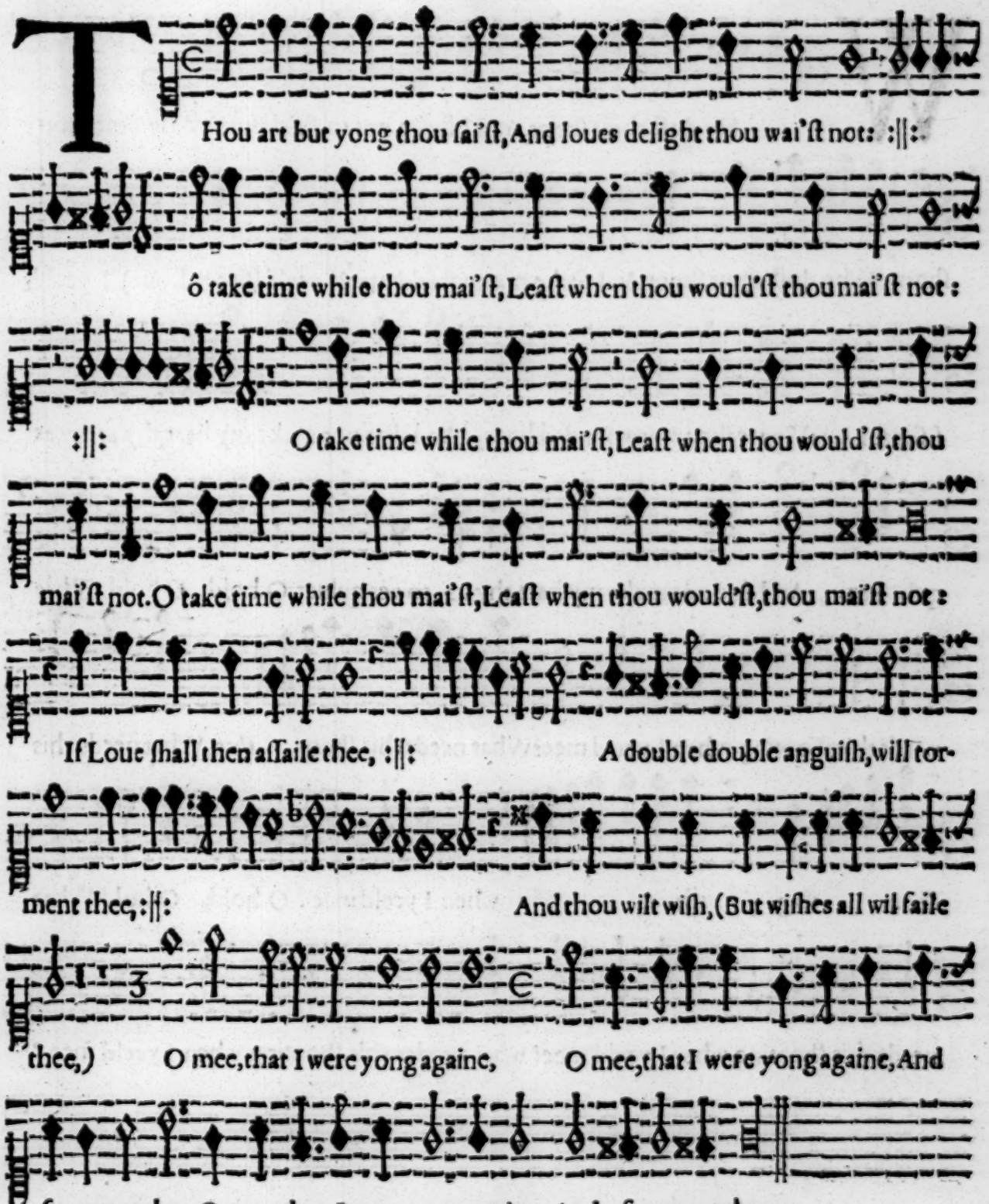
ne'er am linning: :||: For ſtill the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning.

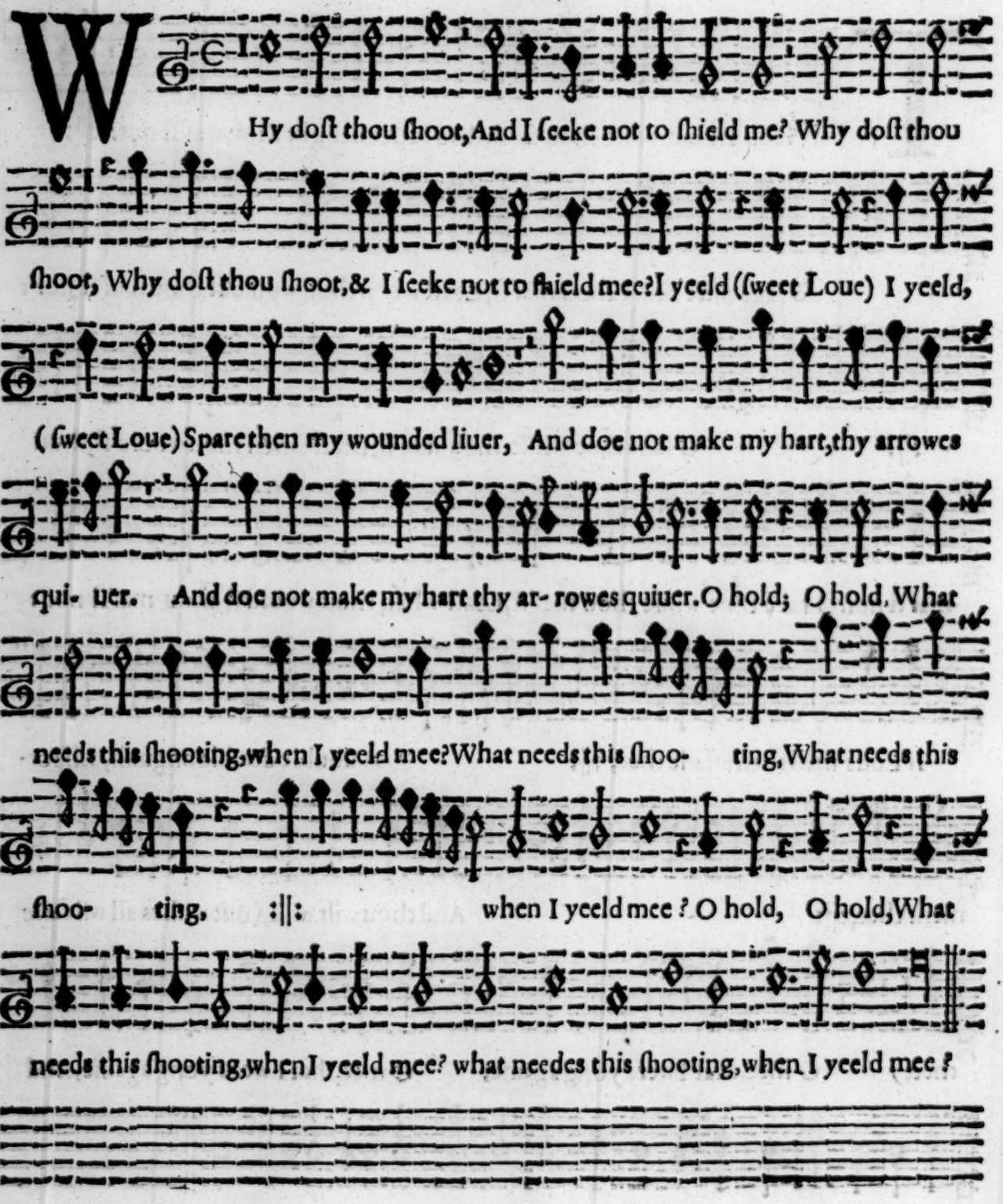


Thus ſtill, and ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am linning: Thus ſtill, & ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am

linning: :||: For ſtill the cloſe points to my firſt beginning.


CRuell behold my heauie end- ing, Cruell behold,:||: my
heauie ending, See, what you wrought, See what you wrought, by your diſdayning,:||:
See what you wrought by your diſ-daining, Cauſeleſſe I die, Loue
ſtill attending, Your hopeles pitty of my complayning: Your hopeles pittie of my
complayning, Suffer thoſe eyes which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||:
With ſpeed to end, With ſpeed to end their kil- ling power: So ſhall you
proue, how loue doth paine me: :||: And ſee mee dye, And ſee mee
dye ſtill yoẅer.


Thou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, And loues delight thou wai'ſt not: :||:
ô take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not :
:||: O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou
mai'ſt not. O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou mai'ſt not :
If Loue ſhall then aſſaile thee, :||: A double double anguiſh, will tor-
ment thee, :||: And thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all wil faile
thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that I were yong againe, And
ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And ſo repent thee.


Why doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield me? Why doſt thou
ſhoot, Why doſt thou ſhoot, & I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? I yeeld (ſweet Loue) I yeeld,
(ſweet Loue) Spare then my wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart, thy arrowes
qui- uer. And doe not make my hart thy ar- rowes quiuer. O hold; O hold, What
needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? What needs this ſhoo- ting, What needs this
ſhoo- ting, :||: when I yeeld mee? O hold, O hold, What
needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? what needes this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee?

FINIS.

SEXTVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE.

AT LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

RIGHT VVorſhipfull and renowmed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit ſome of my labours to the preſſe. VVhich (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perſwades mee, (though they ſeeme not abſolute) that your Countenance is a ſufficient warrant for them againſt ſharp tongues & vnfriendly cenſures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accompliſhments to be ſuch: as may iuſtly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it ſhall pleaſe you to Patronize. If perchance they ſhall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, & honour I owe to all other your moſt ſinguler vertues, and eſpecially alſo for your excellent skill in Muſicke, and your great loue and fauour of Muſicke. There remaineth onely your fauourable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with proteſtation of all dutie, and ſeruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Auguſtinè Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your Worſhips: euer moſt bounden,

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn Wilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices.

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumor. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee reſtleſſe thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4. voices.

WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The firſt part. VII.
O fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady, when I behold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew ſweet Amarillis. XII.

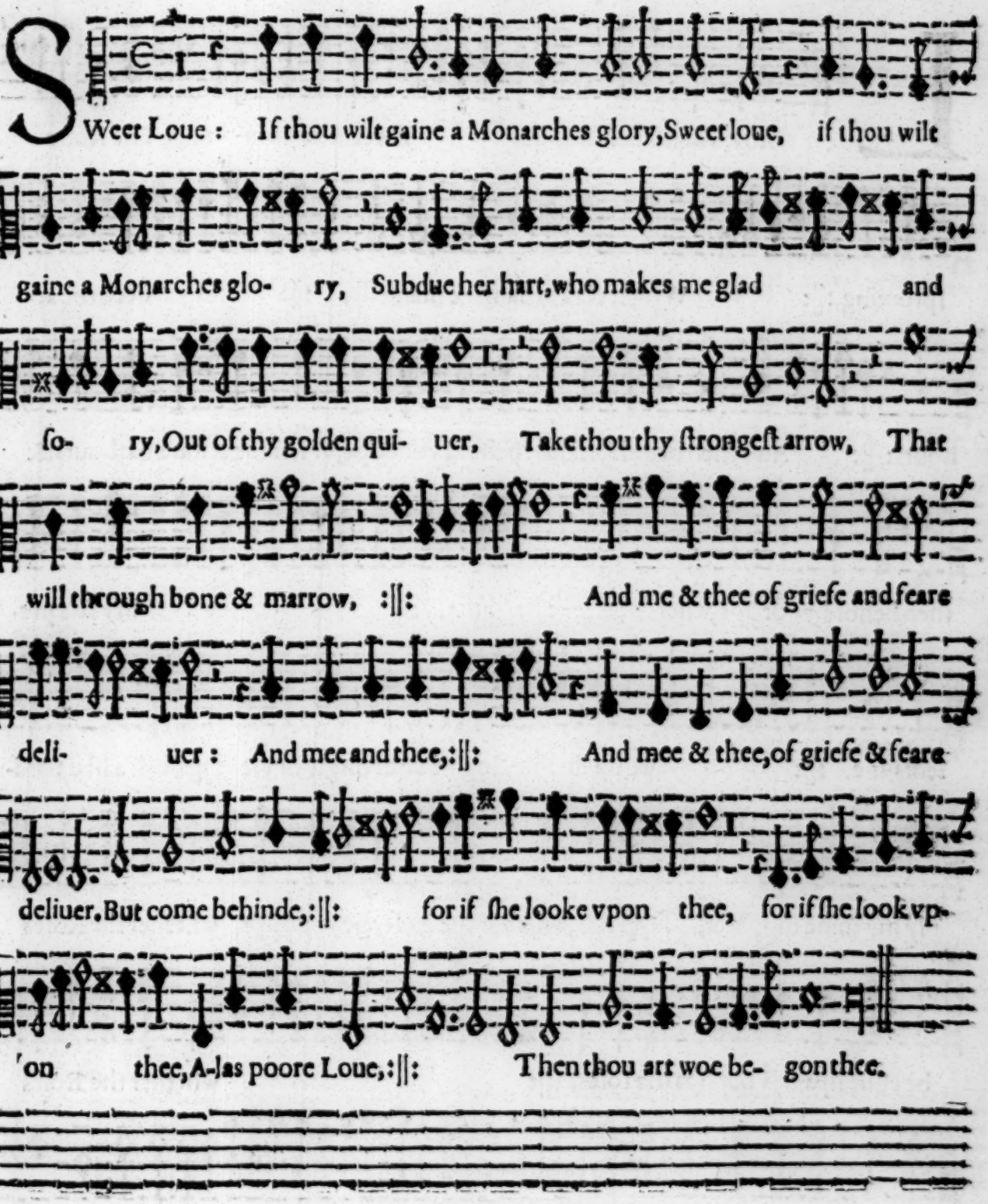
Songs to 5. voices.

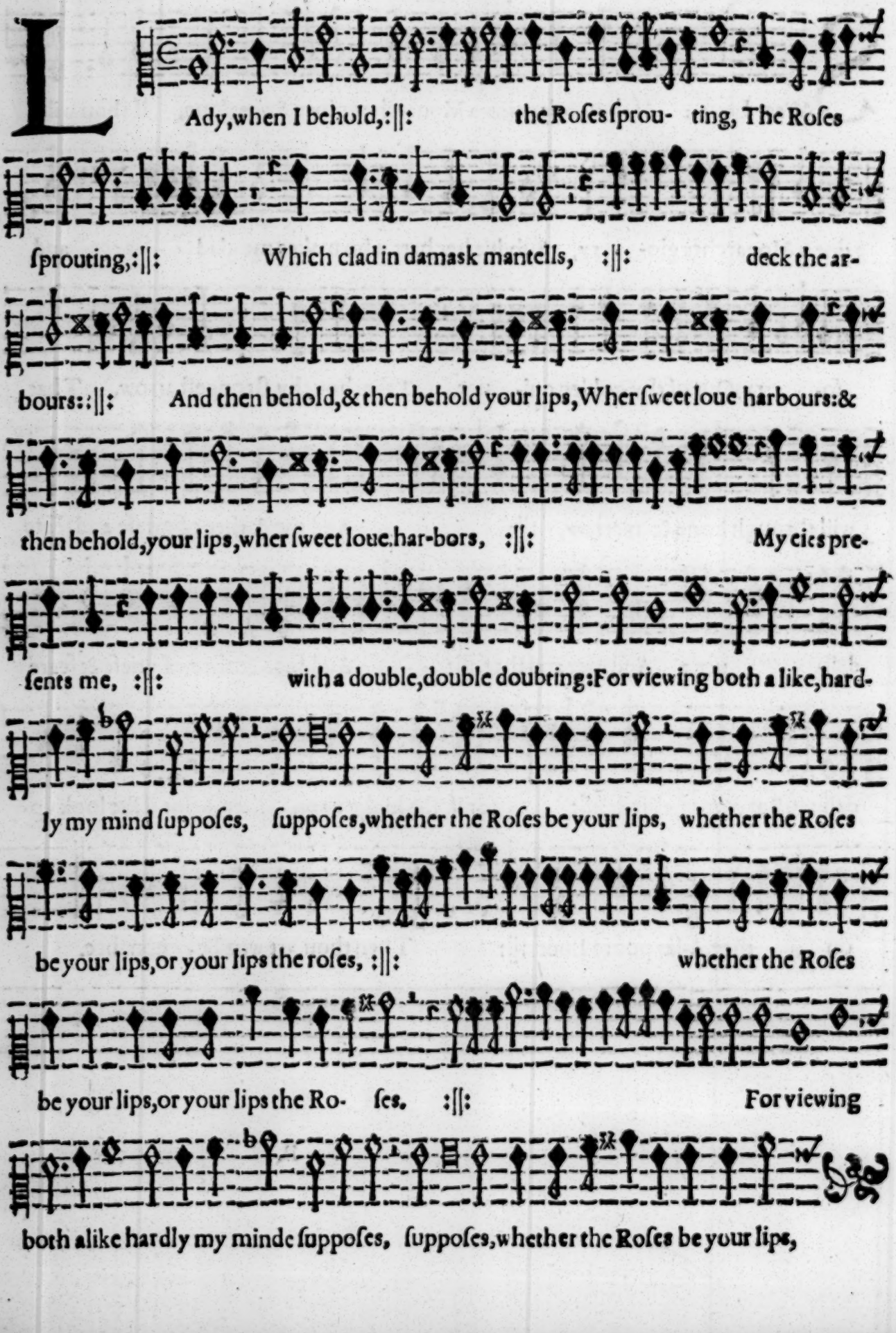
DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhe denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
And though my Loue abounding. The ſecond part. XV.
I alwayes beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The firſt part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying. XX.
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue me faireſt flowers. XXII.

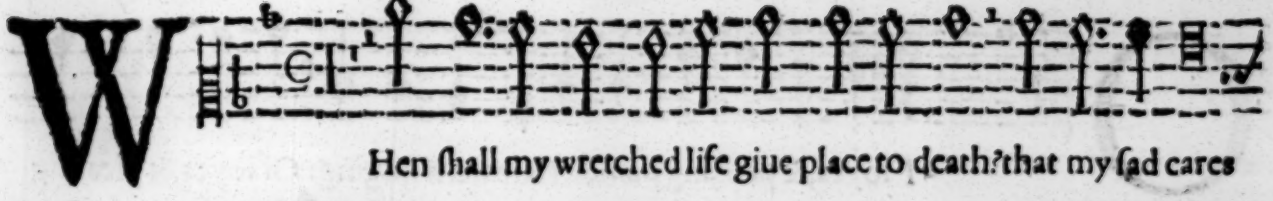
Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady when I behold the Roſes ſprouting. XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voyce is horſe with skriking. The ſecond part. XXVII.
Cruell behold my heauy ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but yong thou ſai'ſt. XXIX.
Why doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? XXX.

FINIS.


SWeet Loue : If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Sweet loue, if thou wilt
gaine a Monarches glo- ry, Subdue her hart, who makes me glad and
ſo- ry, Out of thy golden qui- uer, Take thou thy ſtrongeſt arrow, That
will through bone & marrow, :||: And me & thee of griefe and feare
deli- uer : And mee and thee, :||: And mee & thee, of griefe & feare
deliuer. But come behinde, :||: for if ſhe looke vpon thee, for if ſhe look vp-
'on thee, A-las poore Loue, :||: Then thou art woe be- gon thee.


LAdy, when I behold, :||: the Roſes ſprou- ting, The Roſes
ſprouting, :||: Which clad in damask mantells, :||: deck the ar-
bours: :||: And then behold, & then behold your lips, Wher ſweet loue harbours: &
then behold, your lips, wher ſweet loue har-bors, :||: My eies pre-
ſents me, :||: with a double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hard-
ly my mind ſuppoſes, ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, whether the Roſes
be your lips, or your lips the roſes, :||: whether the Roſes
be your lips, or your lips the Ro- ſes. :||: For viewing
both alike hardly my minde ſuppoſes, ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips,

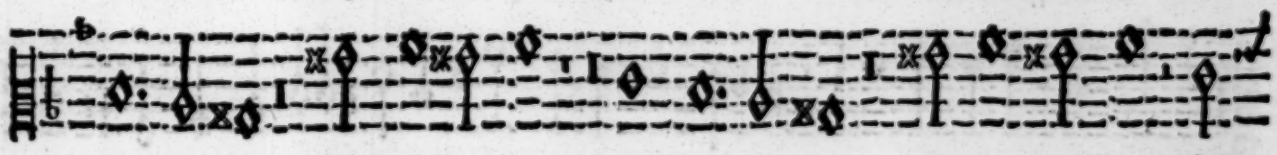


WHen ſhall my wretched life giue place to death? that my ſad cares

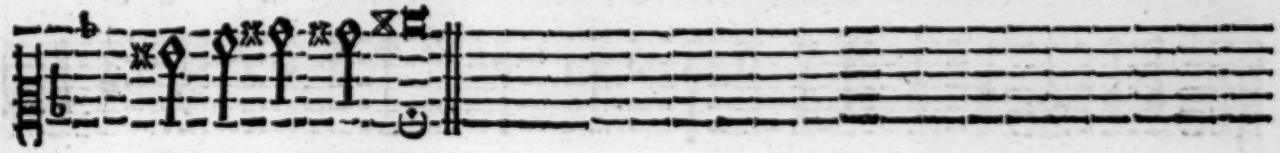
may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, Come ſaddeſt ſhadow,

Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine, Then let not care be-

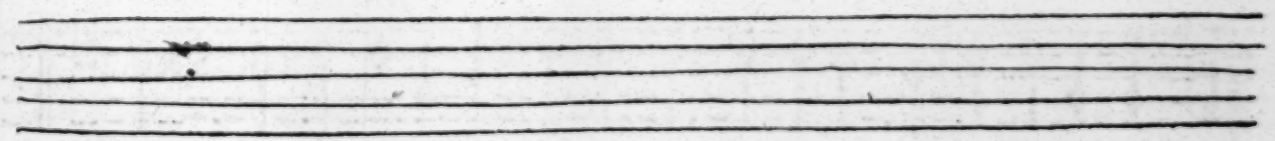
reaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill



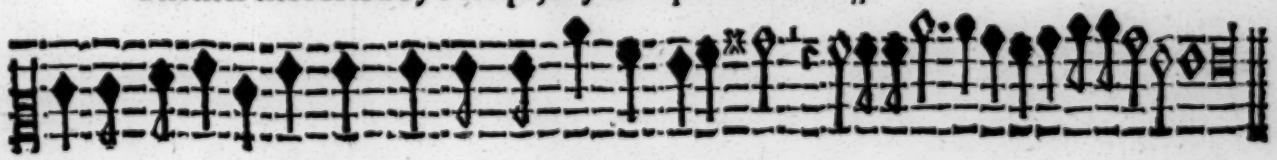
care, and mee, Kill care, and mee, Kill care and mee, Kill care, and me, While



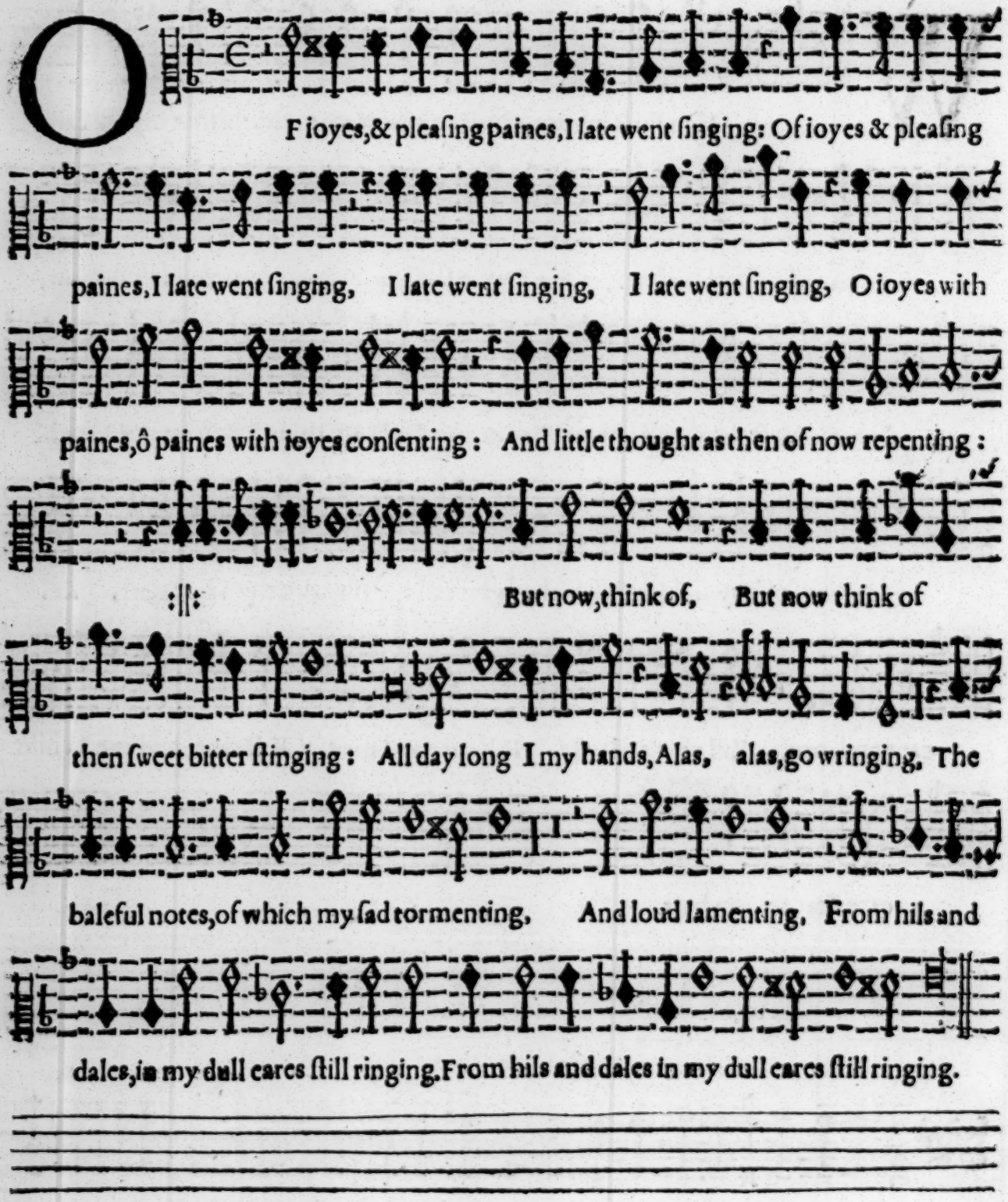
care lies at my hart.

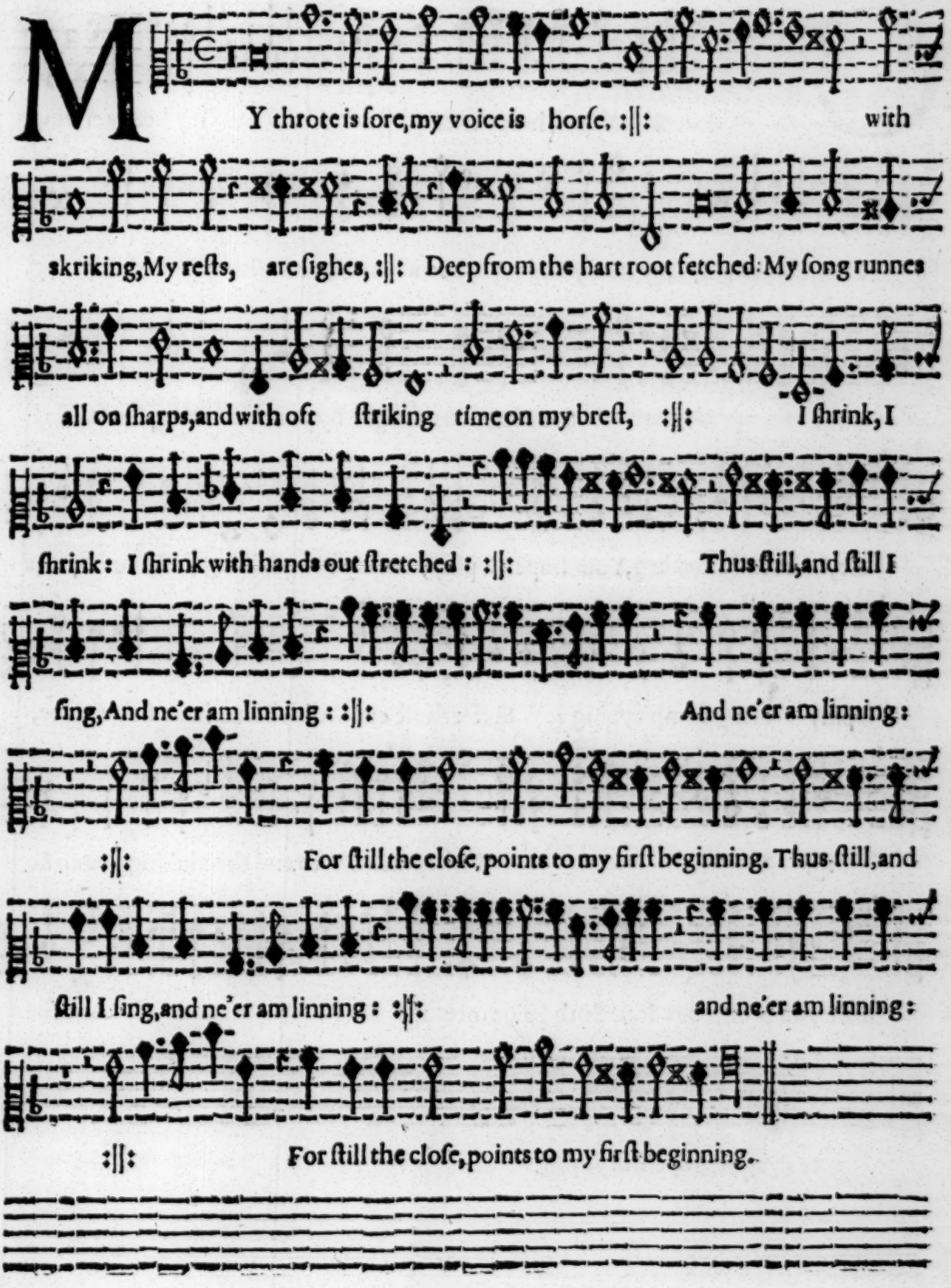


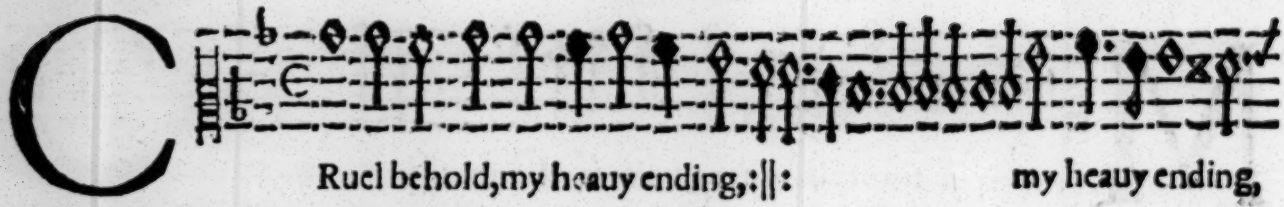
whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes. :||:



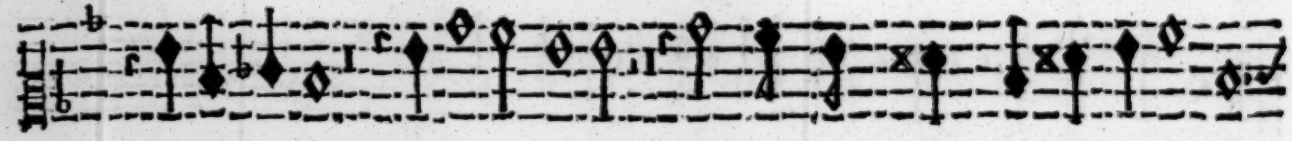
whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Ro- ſes :||:


O F ioyes,& pleasing paines, I late went singing: Of ioyes & pleasing
paines, I late went singing, I late went singing, I late went singing, O ioyes with
paines, ô paines with ioyes consenting: And little thought as then of now repenting:
But now, think of, But now think of
then sweet bitter stinging: All day long I my hands, Alas, alas, go wringing. The
baleful notes, of which my sad tormenting, And loud lamenting, From hils and
dales, in my dull eares still ringing. From hils and dales in my dull eares still ringing.

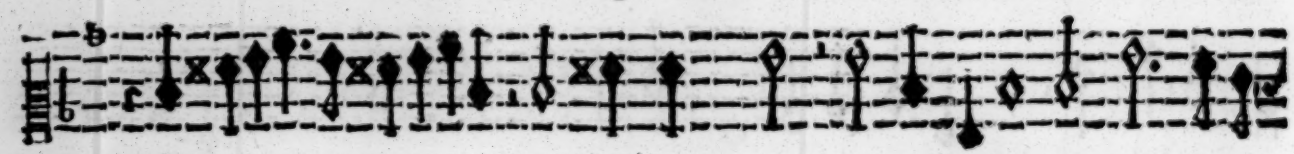

MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe, :||: with
skriking, My reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My ſong runnes
all on ſharps, and with oft ſtriking time on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink, I
ſhrink: I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched: :||: Thus ſtill, and ſtill I
ſing, And ne'er am linning: :||: And ne'er am linning:
:||: For ſtill the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning. Thus ſtill, and
ſtill I ſing, and ne'er am linning: :||: and ne'er am linning:
:||: For ſtill the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning.



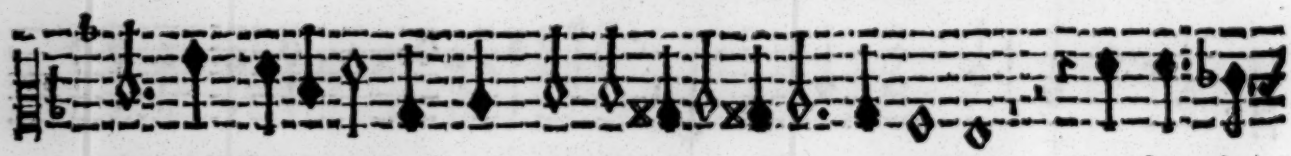
Ruel behold, my heauy ending, :||: my heauy ending,



Cruell behold, my heauy ending See, what you wrought, by your diſdayning,



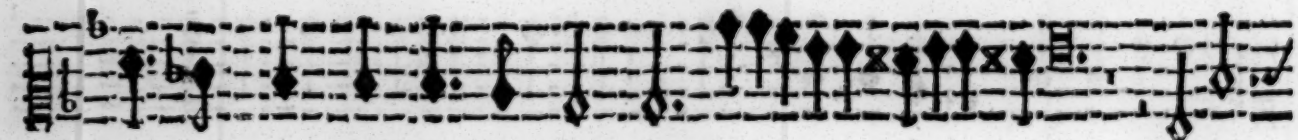
:||: See what you wrought, by your diſdaining, Cauſeleſſe I



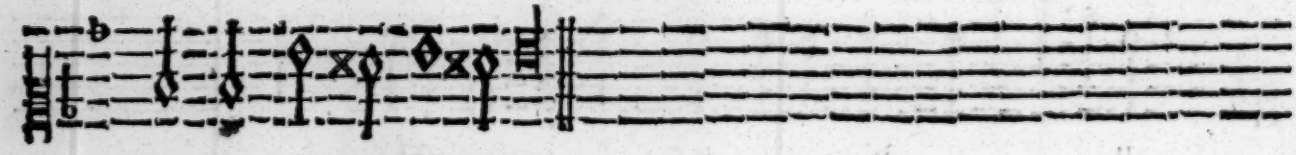
die, Loue ſtill attending, Your hopeles pitty, of my complaining: Your hopeles

pitty of my complayning: Suffer thoſe eyes, which thus haue ſlaine mee,

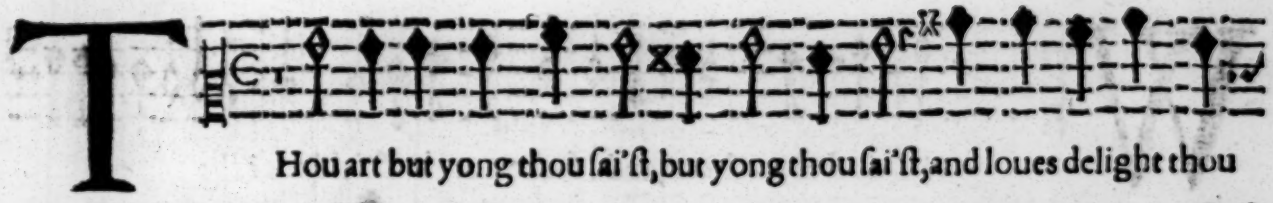
:||: With ſpeed to end their killing power. So



ſhall you proue, how loue doth paine mee: :||: And ſee



mee dye, mee dye ſtill yoẅer.



THou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, but yong thou ſai'ſt, and loues delight thou

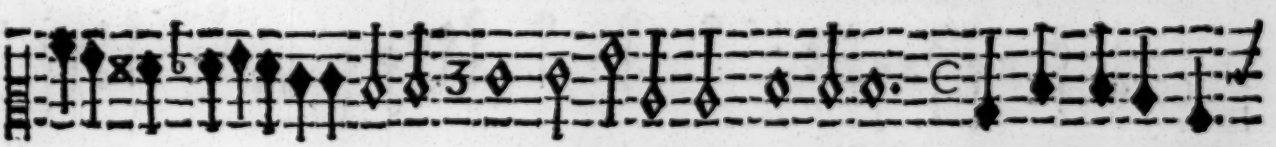
wai'ſt not: :||: ô take time while thou mai'ſt,:||: Leaſt

when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not::||: O take time while thou mai'ſt,

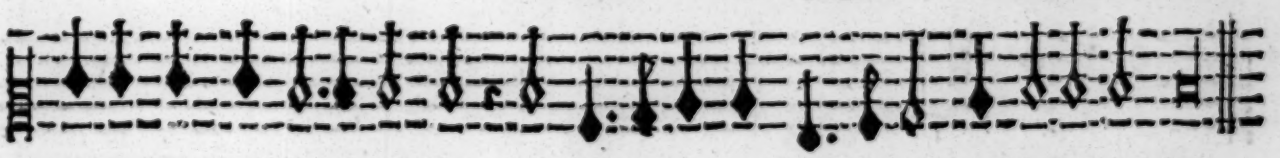
Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou mai'ſt not. Leaſt when thou wouldſt,:||: thou

mai'ſt not. If loue ſhall then aſſaile thee, :||: A double double anguiſh,:||:

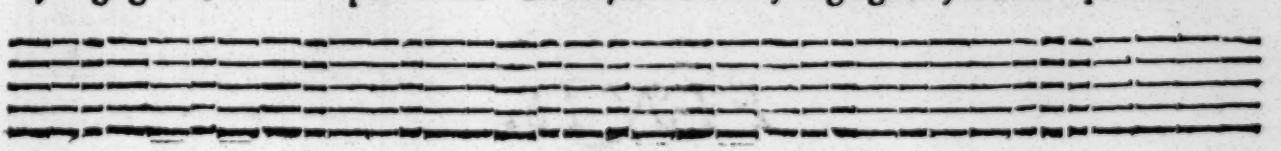
will tor- ment thee, And thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all will faile thee,):||:

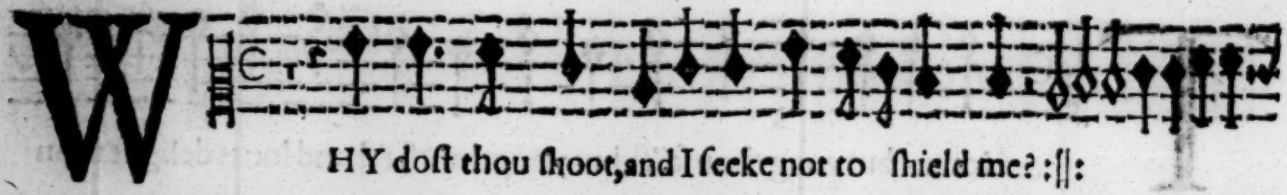


O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that I were



yong againe, And ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And ſo repent thee.





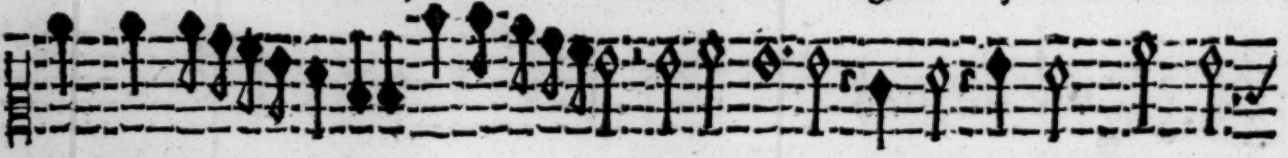
WHY doſt thou ſhoot, and I ſeeke not to ſhield me? :||:

Why doſt thou ſhoot, & I ſeeke not to ſhield me? :||:

I yeeld (ſweet loue) I yeeld (ſweet loue) ſpare then my wounded liuer, and doe not

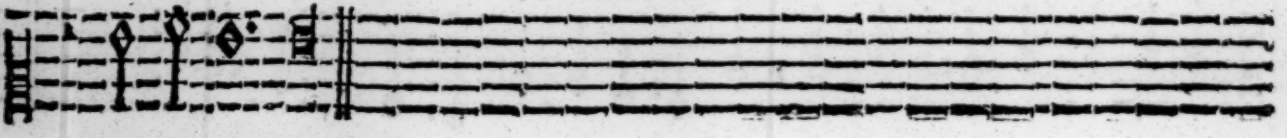
make my hart, thy arrowes quiuer, And do not make my hart, thy arrowes quiuer, :||:

O hold; O hold; What needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? What



needs this ſhoo- ting, :||: when I yeeld me? O hold, O hold. What needs

this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? What needes this ſhoo- ting, :||:



when I yeeld mee?

FINIS.